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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE ALLIES ASK RESTITUTION, REPARATION, SECURITY

COMPLETE RESTITUTION, full reparation, and effectual guaranties of security for the future against the aggressions of Prussian militarism—these three demands, thus forcibly worded by the British Premier, are declared the minimum conditions, not only of peace, but of any discussion of peace between the Entente Allies and the Central Powers. In other words, if Germany desires a hearing for her peace-suggestions, she must speak in the tones, not of a victor, but of a suppliant. This statement of the Allies' peace-terms, which is also a general definition of the things for which they are fighting, was made before the receipt of President Wilson's note to the belligerent nations, but while that note was actually on the wires. The President's communication, which is discust on another page, suggests that all the nations now at war shall make "an avowal of their respective views as to the terms upon which the war might be concluded." "Without reparation peace is impossible," declares Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking in complete accord with all his country's allies; and again: "We will wait until we hear what terms and guaranties the German Government offers surer than those which she so lightly broke, and meanwhile we shall put our trust in our unbroken Army rather than in broken faith." This, read in conjunction with the even more uncompromising replies from Petrograd, Rome, and Paris, makes it clear, remarks the New York *Globe*, that "the Entente Allies have no intention of negotiating a peace that will leave unsettled the major issues of the war, and thus compel Europe to forge new weapons against a renewal of the conflict." And the New York *Evening World* points out that if Germany hoped to sow dissension among her enemies by her proposal of peace-negotiations, that hope has been disappointed. Consequently, adds this paper—

"If Germany still wants to discuss peace, and there are reasons for believing she is desperately anxious to do so, but one course is now open to her. She must show her hand. Neutral nations as well as those that are fighting her have made it plain that only a proffer of specific terms which she is ready to submit can claim the support of neutral Governments or the attention of hostile ones."



PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE.

It is certain, remarks the morning *World*, that "the Allies have a complete understanding as to their treatment of the German note, and that they are agreed that Germany must take the second step as well as the first step." It would be Utopian, thinks the New York *Evening Sun*, to hope that the situation promises a speedy peace. "At the utmost," this paper remarks, "Lloyd-George's speech shows a willingness to negotiate for peace just as soon as there is a prospect of ending the war on the Allies' terms." The Entente Powers, it goes on to say, have a specific end in view, and—

"We doubt if anything short of overwhelming disaster will induce them to modify their position. Therefore it would seem the outlook for peace now, as in the past, is the outlook for German defeat and submission, neither more nor less. At present this conclusion can not be regarded as immediately

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A STRING TO IT.

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

impending. So the war is likely to go on for some months at least, perhaps for a year; not impossibly for two."

Yet the all-important fact remains, as many of our editors point out, that Lloyd-George's words, despite their sternness, leave the door open to further exchanges. And the attitude of Ambassador von Bernstorff, as reported by the Washington correspondents, makes it evident that Germany will not turn her back on this opening. "To me it looks as if there will be at least one more exchange of notes, which will talk of the future and the past," says the German Ambassador; while another German official in Washington is quoted on the subject of reparation as saying that it might be many times cheaper to pay indemnities now than to continue the war for another year. And the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* gathers from the outgivings of the German Embassy the following outline of the German position:

"The Teutonic Governments are ready to discuss disarmament, arbitration, and a league to enforce peace. Territorial terms have not been mentioned, and most certainly will not be in advance of a conference, Germany's view being that a public discussion of these vexed questions of boundary would only entangle the whole business, and defeat an agreement on the general principles, the foundations of a lasting peace.

"The above represents Germany's desire; but in seeking to bring about peace the strategy of the Imperial Government will be to answer the note from the Allies and engage in a continuous correspondence, so that eventually some basis for the guaranteeing of world-peace can be found. The point that is emphasized here, and it certainly is reflected in everything the German Ambassador says and does, is that Germany is determined to make peace, and is willing to meet the general principles of the Allies' position—its desire for guaranties and an equitable basis for the future settlement of international disputes."

Assuring the House of Commons of his conviction that "ultimate victory is sure if the nation shows the same spirit of endurance and readiness to learn as the mud-stained armies at the front," Premier Lloyd-George, on December 19, pointed out that each of the Allies, "separately and independently, arrived at identical conclusions" concerning Germany's proposal to call a peace-conference. To enter into such a conference, without knowledge of the proposals to be made, on the invitation of a Germany proclaiming herself victorious, declared the Premier, "is to put our heads into a noose with the rope end in the hands of Germany." The attitude of the Entente Allies, he affirmed, is well exprest in the words of Lincoln, who, under similar conditions, said:

"We accepted this war for an object, and a world object, and the war will end when the object is attained under God. I hope it will never end until that time."

Recalling the ingenuity and skill with which Napoleon inaugurated peace-movements to enable him to concentrate his military resources for fresh acts of aggression, Mr. Lloyd-George proceeded:

"This is not the first time we have fought a great military



WHILE THE PICKING'S GOOD.

—Evans in the Baltimore *American*.

despotism overshadowing Europe, and it won't be the first time we have helped to overthrow a military despotism.

"We have an uncomfortable historical memory of these things, and can recall one of the greatest of these despots, whose favorite device was to appear in the garb of an angel of peace, either when he wished time to assimilate his conquests or to reorganize his forces for fresh conquests; or, secondly, when his subjects showed symptoms of fatigue and war-weariness, an appeal was always made in the name of humanity. He demanded an end to the bloodshed at which he profest himself horrified, altho he himself was mainly responsible.

"Our ancestors were taken in once, and bitterly they and Europe rue it. The time was devoted to reorganizing his forces for a deadlier attack than ever upon the liberties of Europe. Examples of this kind cause us to regard this note with a considerable measure of reminiscent disquietude.

"We feel that we ought to know, before we can give favorable consideration to such an invitation, that Germany is prepared to accede to the only terms on which it is possible peace can be obtained and maintained in Europe. Those terms have been repeatedly stated by all the leading statesmen of the Allies. . . . They are—complete restitution, full reparation, and effectual guaranties."

Are Germany's "outrages against humanity on land and sea to be liquidated by a few pious phrases about humanity"? he asked. And he went on to say:

"The German note states that it was for the defense of their existence and the freedom of national development that the Central Powers were constrained to take up arms. Such phrases are intended to delude the German nation into supporting the designs of the Prussian military caste. Who ever wished to put an end to their national existence or freedom of development? We welcomed their development so long as it was on the paths of peace.

"The Allies entered this war to defend Europe against the aggression of Prussian military domination, and, having begun it, they must insist that the only end is the most complete,

effective guaranty against the possibility of that caste ever again disturbing the peace of Europe. Prussia, since she got into the hands of that caste, has been a bad neighbor—arrogant, threatening, bullying, shifting her boundaries at will and taking one fair field after another from her weaker neighbors and adding them to her own dominions.

"With her belt ostentatiously full of weapons of offense and ready at a moment's notice to use them, she has always been an unpleasant, disturbing neighbor in Europe. . . . . .

"Now that this great war has been forced by the Prussian leaders, it would be folly not to see to it that this swashbuckling through the streets of Europe and this disturbance of peaceful citizens were dealt with here and now as the most serious offense against the law of nations.

"We will wait until we hear what terms and guaranties the German Government offers other than those, better than those, surer than those which she so lightly broke, and meanwhile we shall put our trust in our unbroken Army, rather than in broken faith."

"What Germany suggests," declared the Russian Foreign Office, "is a peace dictated by her and in accordance with the very ideas which the Allies are fighting to destroy—ideas of German hegemony of the Prussian type." And it adds: "What Russia, in common with her allies, desires, is not a destroyed Germany, but the final defeat of those ambitions of German domination." And the Duma passed a resolution declaring that "a lasting peace will be possible only after a decisive victory over the military power of the enemy and after definite renunciation by Germany of the aspirations which render her responsible for the world-war and for the horrors by which it has been accompanied." The French Premier characterized the German proposal as "a gross trap," and told the Senate



"LET'S QUIT!"
—Chapin in the St. Louis *Republic*.

the Allies had agreed to inform the Central Powers "that it is impossible to take their request for peace seriously." And he added: "Germany will bear before the ages the responsibility for having unchained this war." Calling attention to "the accent of boastfulness and the lack of sincerity" in Germany's note, Baron Sonnino, Italy's Foreign Minister, emphasized the solidarity of the Entente, and appealed to the deputies of all parties not to let this move of the Central Powers "poison the mind of the people." Germany's proposals, declared Mr. Asquith, Britain's ex-Premier, are not prompted by "a sudden access of chivalry," but "are born of military and economic necessity." And Earl Curzon, one of the five members of the British War Council, hailed Germany's offer as "an indication of the strength of the pressure of our blockade."

Turning to the British press, we find the Premier's words enthusiastically indorsed and applauded. "The German Chancellor must be both more modest and more explicit before he can expect any favorable answer to his invitation," says the Manchester *Guardian*, which adds:

"Security we certainly require. The best security is the firm, unbroken front of the alliance, fortified when the war ends by a universal league to enforce peace. In such a league America would play a great part, and her presence alone would be no small security."

The London papers agree that Lloyd-George's views about peace are the views of the British nation. "There is no obstacle whatever to peace if Germany really wants it," declares the London *Daily Mail;* "she has merely to withdraw from the occupied countries and we are willing enough to discuss reparation and guaranties for the future."

In Berlin, on the other hand, we find the *Täglische Rundschau* protesting indignantly that "reparation could be demanded by England only if Germany had declared war on England, if we were to blame for the war, if we had committed crimes against international law, and if we had been defeated." And in the *Lokal Anzeiger* we read:

"If Lloyd-George means to postpone satisfying Europe's desire for peace until the time when the Entente is successful in conquering Germany's armies and those of her allies, then the whole of Europe, as well as Lloyd-George, knows full well that this announcement means eternal war, unless it is in the power of the German command to bring it to an earlier termination than Lloyd-George supposes."

The prevailing hope of the American press is that in some way some good may come of the peace-discussions thus launched. "Overtures for peace once under way may lead, even by a tedious and circuitous route, to the long-sought goal." But the prospect, most of them agree, is none too bright. "No sign is yet afforded," remarks the New York *Globe*, "that the German people are to break the idol they have been worshiping, altho such iconoclasm would form the basis of a just and honorable peace."

"The reparation which the Allies demand they will have to go and get, and the guaranties of which Lloyd-George speaks Germany will take, no longer by meeting the enemy half-way, but with the sword of the victor," declares the New York *Deutsches Journal*. "It is possible," agrees the *New-Yorker Herold*, "that more German blows must be struck."



LOUD APPLAUSE.
—Greene in the New York *Evening Telegram*.

THE PRESIDENT AS PEACE-PILOT

TWO QUESTIONS are suggested by President Wilson's proposal to the European belligerents to state their terms of peace. They are, as seen by the New York *Times*, "whether it is timely, and whether it can do any good." Senator Stone, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, declares it "a very timely proffer," and believes "it is the beginning of the end." Professor Ellery C. Stowell, of Columbia University, an authority on international law, declares "the President has chosen the psychological moment." The German *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung* says precisely the same thing. Mr. Hearst's New York *American* is certain that "the President's brave and manly and opportune appeal to the nations at war ends the war." "Now," says Ambassador Count von Bernstorff, "I am positive there will be a peace-conference." On the other hand, Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, has declared the President's act "ill-timed and unwise." The New York *Tribune* "profoundly regrets" that the President should have made such a "mistake" at this time, for "now American influence for real peace, for just peace, is abolished." In Entente circles in Washington, says the New York *Herald's* correspondent, there is a prediction "that the President's action will arouse more resentment against the United States among the people of the Entente nations than anything that has yet been done."

Yet it seems to the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*—as it does likewise to the New York *Times* and *World*—that the President's peace-note "is so courteously worded and is so impartially friendly in its spirit that it ought not to give offense to any one of the belligerents." In the note sent by Secretary Lansing on December 18 to the belligerent Governments, and to neutrals for their information, the hope is exprest at the outset that the suggestion of the President of the United States be taken "in the most friendly spirit." It should be taken, the note continues, "as coming not only from a friend, but also as coming from the representative of a neutral nation whose interests have been most seriously affected by the war and whose concern for its early conclusion arises out of a manifest necessity to determine how best to safeguard those interests if the war is to continue." The President, we are told, has long had this idea in mind, and "is somewhat embarrassed to offer it at this particular time, because it may now seem to have been prompted by a desire to play a part in connection with the recent overtures of the Central Powers." (Here the notes to the Entente Powers differ slightly from the others in their wording, and in the sentence just quoted the phrase "a desire to play a part in connection with" is omitted.) Any connection between the President's proposal and the overtures of the Central Powers is specifically denied, and the note continues:

"The President suggests that an early occasion be sought to call out from all the nations now at war such an avowal of their respective views as to the terms upon which the war might be concluded and the arrangements which would be deemed satisfactory as a guaranty against its renewal or the kindling of any similar conflict in the future as would make it possible frankly to compare them.

"He is indifferent as to the means taken to accomplish this. He would be happy himself to serve, or even to take the initiative in its accomplishment, in any way that might prove acceptable, but he has no desire to determine the method or the instrumentality. One way will be as acceptable to him as another, if only the great object he has in mind be attained.

"He takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the world.

"Each side desires to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small states as secure against aggression or denial in the future as the rights and privileges of the great and powerful states now at war. Each wishes itself to be made secure in the future, along with all other nations and peoples, against the recurrence of wars like this and against aggression or selfish interference of any kind."

The people and Government of the United States "stand ready, and even eager, to cooperate in the accomplishment of these ends." But, the note proceeds, "the war must first be concluded." Our Government and people are not at liberty to suggest terms; "but the President does feel that it is his right and his duty to point out their intimate interest in its conclusion, lest the situation of neutral nations, now exceedingly hard to endure, be rendered altogether intolerable, and lest, more than all, an injury be done civilization itself which can never be atoned for or repaired." It may be "that peace is nearer than we know; . . . that an interchange of views would clear the way at least for conference and make the permanent concord of the nations immediately practicable." After this hopeful observation comes the final paragraph of the note:



"AN UNFRIENDLY ACT."
—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post.*



"WHAT'S REALLY IN IT?"
—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post.*

"The President is not proposing peace; he is not even offering mediation. He is merely proposing that soundings be taken in order that we may learn, the neutral nations with the belligerent, how near the haven of peace may be for which all mankind longs with an intense and increasing longing. He believes that the spirit in which he speaks and the objects which he seeks will be understood by all concerned, and he confidently hopes for a response which will bring a new light into the affairs of the world."

To the Allies, says the New York *Tribune*, this proposal of the President's "will seem a deliberate effort to give force and power to a German maneuver made in the name of peace but intended to promote the process of profit-taking as a result of a violation of right and justice." In *The Tribune's* opinion,

"He has given to the German peace-proposal a character it could not otherwise have gained. He has bestowed upon it the color of an indorsement which it did not yet deserve.



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THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"In the eyes of Europe to-day the United States is no longer a nation dedicated to the championship of noble principles and committed to the support of a just peace. To-day and henceforth we have become the agents and purveyors of a German peace. The nation that did not protest when Belgium was invaded could not wait until the liberation and restoration of Belgium were assured before raising its voice on behalf of what?—of whatever German purpose lies undisclosed behind the German peace-proposal."

It is well known in Washington that President Wilson's sympathies "are all with the cause of the Allies." Why, then, asks *The Tribune's* correspondent, "has he taken important action so certain to favor the German side and possibly be resented by the Entente Allies?" The answer of those friendly to Mr. Wilson is that he fears being drawn into the war. He believes that a continuance of the war may involve a German campaign of "frightfulness," we read. Some untoward incident might lead to a diplomatic break and to a war for which this country would be wofully unprepared. But if Germany is "convinced that this country is willing to bend every effort to bring about peace," she will refrain from all offense in order to keep on friendly terms with us. Others not so kindly disposed to the President, continues this authority, hint that he acted at this time "through fear that otherwise his opportunity to play a part in the final peace might be lost."

To an extreme partizan of the Allies, like the Providence *Journal*, the President's note is but "a labored literary effort put forth at the most inopportune possible moment. The



WILL O' THE WISP, OR TORCH?

—Stinson in the Dayton *News*.

opposing forces in Europe are not two litigants appearing before the bar of American public opinion on equal terms; one side is fighting for liberty, for civilization, for the crushing out of militarism, for everything Americans hold dear, and no man knows it better than President Wilson."

To a daily like the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, on the other hand, the President's proposition seems "clear, direct, and fair to all." Ex-Secretary Bryan, perhaps regretting that his name could not be signed to such a document, declares that "the President has rendered a distinct service in throwing the great influence of this country into the balance on the side of peace, as against war." The New York *World* can only conjecture what may come of the President's request. "But, for one thing, it can not be ignored, and the answers must go further than any European statesman has yet gone in defining the objects of the war and the terms of peace." Even if the war goes on, "the United States and other neutrals will have obtained a clearer notion of the measures which they must take . . . to protect their rights and safeguard their welfare." The German *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung* is convinced that the President's warning "can not be without effect upon even the most reluctant European statesman, for it is the power of truth which turns itself upon the spirits of these rulers, hardened by the tumult of the bloody struggles."

Other German-American papers feel certain that the President consulted representatives of the belligerents before sending out the note of the 18th. But Secretary Lansing has promptly negatived such suggestions. He says in an authorized statement that neither the German overtures nor Lloyd-George's speech were taken into account. The reasons for sending the note were these:

"It isn't our material interest we had in mind when the note was sent, but more and more our own rights are becoming involved by the belligerents on both sides, so that the situation is becoming increasingly critical.

"I mean by that that we are drawing nearer the verge of war ourselves, and therefore we are entitled to know exactly what each belligerent seeks in order that we may regulate our conduct in the future. . . . . .

"The sending of this note will indicate the possibility of our being forced into the war. That possibility ought to serve as a restraining and sobering force, safeguarding American rights. It may also serve to force an earlier conclusion of the war. Neither the President nor myself regard this note as a peace-note; it is merely an effort to get the belligerents to define the end for which they are fighting."

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEACE-MOVES

WHEN GERMANY STARTLED the ears of the world with an outright bid for peace on December 12, she merely brought to the grand crescendo the peace-whisperings and the murmurs that have been heard officially and unofficially at intervals during the past two years. Looking backward through our files during this period



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A PEACE ADVOCATE.

—Pancoast in the Philadelphia *North American*.

we first meet the word peace under the date of September 5, 1914, when the French center withstood the German attack, while the French left wing commenced to surround and turn the German right. On that day representatives of Great Britain, France, and Russia signed an agreement that none of the three should make terms of peace without the concurrence of the others. Pro-Ally sympathizers rejoiced because they feared it was Germany's plan, as they called it, to defeat quickly one of her enemies, force her into immediate peace, and thus be stronger for the others. Peace is next mentioned in these pages October 3, when we learned that "informal conversations" had been initiated at some of the European capitals. The German Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg announced through Ambassador Gerard that Germany "could accept only a lasting peace, one that would make her people secure against future attack," and Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington, was quoted as saying that "there can be no lasting peace if even one square inch of German territory is taken. When I say German territory, I refer to her colonial possessions as well as her territory in Europe."

In manifestoes of the German Social Democrats noticed in our issue for July 10, 1915, pleas were made for peace and protests made against a policy of conquest and annexation. These manifestoes were published in the advertising columns of the *Berliner Vorwärts*, the leading Socialist organ in Germany, and resulted in its immediate suppression. Yet in THE LITERARY DIGEST for July 31 we find the liberated *Vorwärts* again referring to the topic, while the official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* was at pains to deny that the Government was seeking peace, as was rumored in a few Dutch and German organs. The *Kölnische Zeitung* said at that time that the Germans did not want any peace which could have been obtained without war, and explained that the two essential conditions for peace were: "The first is that our enemies must ask us for it, and next, experts must express their views on what Germany wants—so far as peace-terms are concerned."

On September 4, 1915, we learn that the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* made an official denial of the report that Germany had made an offer of peace to Russia through the King of Denmark, and the journal of the Prussian military class, the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung*, said that it was curious that rumors of peace should find credence anywhere. Yet, on September 11, 1915, we read of a peace-petition presented to the Imperial Chancellor by a number of distinguished professors, diplomats, and officials, among them Dr. Dernburg and Professors Delbrück and Harnack. On October 6, 1915, it is recorded that victory first, then peace, is the cry of the German press, which saw victory so near that the word peace, long absent from its columns, had suddenly reappeared. Even the unenthusiastic Maximilian Harden saw in the Balkan drive, we are told, the first sign of what soldiers term "a decision."

Then on November 13, 1915, we were reminded that since the beginning of the Balkan drive rumors of peace-negotiations had been so numerous that official denials hardly coped with them, and we were told of the persistent story, altho denied by Prince von Bülow himself, that he, Germany's ex-Chancellor, was the bearer of tentative peace-proposals for submission to King Alfonso of Spain and President Wilson, with a view to sounding the Allies. We read on November 20, 1915, that the equally persistent peace-talk and denials that Germany had any desire to open negotiations presented curious contradictions. It was considered significant also at this time that the possible conditions of peace were debated among members of the various political parties in Germany, even to the extent of breaking the political truce, which had prevailed since the war began.

It is recorded December 4, 1915, that the peace-talk, so rife in the German press, was making its appearance in the newspapers of her allies, and that while the German editors somewhat bluntly exprest the desire for an early and profitable peace, their Turkish colleagues, tho more subtle in the exposition of



CHORUS (*Interested*)

—Fung in the Seattle *Post Intelligencer*.

their views, showed hope of a speedy termination of hostilities, but exprest it by indirection, representing the Allies as being more anxious for peace than themselves. On December 18, 1915, we read that a propaganda for peace seemed to be established in Germany. Its origin was difficult to discover, but as papers of all classes kept publishing articles on peace, it was

apparent that some backing of public sentiment was behind the movement. In England the suspicion was felt that these peace-hints were intended to sow dissension among the Allies and induce some of them to sheathe the sword, but most of the British papers regarded them as signals of distress.

On February 19, 1916, we learn that so-called German peace-terms were published in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, but were declared later to have no official basis. Among the conditions named were, first, that Belgium should retain independence, provided the repetition of the events of 1914 were made impossible by treaties, and perhaps also by the holding of pledges. The occupied French departments were to be restored and Germany would waive war-indemnity from the Republic if France ceded to Germany her claims on Russia to the amount of about $3,600,000,000. Russian Poland was to be made entirely independent under a German prince as king.

As an official statement of peace-terms we have a Reichstag address of the Imperial Chancellor, delivered April 4, 1916, when he said in part:

"Let us suppose I suggest to Mr. Asquith to sit down with me at a table and examine the possibilities of peace, and Mr. Asquith begins with a claim of definitive and complete destruction of Prussia's military power. The conversation would be ended before it began. To these peace-conditions only one answer would be left, and this answer our sword must give.

"If our adversaries want to continue the slaughter of human beings and the devastation of Europe, theirs will be the guilt, and we shall have to stand it as men. . . . . .

"And what is our intention? The sense and aim of this war are for us the creation of a Germany so firmly united, so strongly protected, that no one ever will feel the temptation to annihilate us, that every one in the world will concede to us the right of free exercise of our peaceful endeavors. This Germany, and not the destruction of other races, is what we wish. Our aim is the lasting rescue of the European Continent, which is now shaken to its very foundation. . . . . .

"The peace which shall end this war shall be a lasting peace. It must not bear the germ of new wars, but must provide for all peaceful arrangements of European questions."

In Germany's submarine note to the United States, received in Washington May 4, 1916, a peace-passage conveyed the information that "the German Government, conscious of Germany's strength, twice within the last few months, announced before the world its readiness to make peace on a basis safeguarding Germany's vital interests, thus indicating that it is not Germany's fault if peace is still withheld from the nations of Europe." But June 24, 1916, we are informed that not peace but the sword was the watchword of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, who, since the battle of Jutland, had changed his mind and recanted the opinions he held in December, 1915, when he told the Reichstag that Germany was willing to accept peace, as he exprest it, on the basis of the existing war-map. In December the Chancellor had said that Germany was "invincible and secure," and could, therefore, afford to wait until her enemies were prepared to submit "peace-proposals which are in consonance with Germany's dignity." He warned the Allies that Germany would exact hard returns from them, the more obstinately they persisted in fighting: "the longer and bitterer they wage this war against us, the greater will be the necessary guaranties." He threw upon the Allies the entire responsibility for the further continuance of the war.

Nevertheless, on August 26, 1916, we learn that a nation-wide campaign had been inaugurated on the first of the month by the German "National Committee for Securing an Honorable Peace." The organization started operations by holding meetings in some thirty-five cities, at which speakers of national fame appeared. Of course, some journals opposed the propaganda of this organization. On October 14, 1916, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg is quoted as saying at the opening of the Reichstag that the Germans had since the beginning of the war sought nothing but defense of their existence, and therefore they were able first and alone to declare for peace-negotiations. He recalled that on February 9, 1915, and repeatedly afterward, he had exprest himself with sufficient clearness on the subject, but he asked whether any one would dare to demand that Germany should make offers in the face of Premier Briand's declaration that the "conclusion of peace to-day would be a sign of weakness, or that memory was dead." Then on November 25, 1916, we hear that Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg said in the Reichstag, partly in answer to President Wilson's speech in Cincinnati before the League to Enforce Peace and Viscount Grey's comment upon it, that Germany was ready at all times "to join a league of nations—yes, even to place herself at the head of such a league to keep in check the disturbers of peace." The Chancellor's views were heartily indorsed by the press of Berlin and the leaders of all parties in the Reichstag, and the *Freisinniger Zeitung* saw an olive-branch in it, for it said: "Now is the time for the Entente Powers, especially Great Britain, to come forward with a program." The next talk we hear of peace is on December 2, 1916, when it is related that the crisis in the Russian Duma was a successful fight by the Duma to keep the Government from actually accepting a tempting offer from Germany. These reports were strenuously denied by responsible journals on the side of the Entente, yet it was said there was disquiet in the Allied camps, where many were minded of the old proverb—"where there is smoke there is fire." Finally, on December 12, came Germany's open proposal for peace recorded in these pages one week ago.

BUYING ISLANDS FOR DEFENSE

STRATEGIC CONSIDERATIONS ALONE, our editorial observers point out, justify us in paying Denmark $25,000,000 for three small West Indian islands of problematical economic value, with an area of only 138 square miles and a population of less than 33,000. "While the price is apparently more than they are worth," remarks the Indianapolis *Star*, "it is approximately the price of one of our new super-dreadnoughts, and the islands in an emergency might be worth more to us than a squadron of super-dreadnoughts." "We are buying something more than a little land in the ocean," says the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger;* "we are making it easier to maintain the Monroe Doctrine in the trying times that are coming." If we did not buy them there was always the danger that Denmark would sell them to Germany or another of the great European Powers, which would mean the establishment of a foreign naval base in dangerous proximity to the Panama Canal. As Roland G. Usher puts it: "Why not take out an insurance policy of $25,000,000 on a property worth, at a modest computation, about $500,000,000?—a policy all paid up for the rest of time so far as that particular source of trouble is concerned." "These ocean outposts," agrees the Atlanta *Journal*, "will strengthen the Navy's grasp and be of far-reaching value to the preparedness program on which the United States has entered."

This renewed discussion of our proposed purchase of the islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John is occasioned by the plebiscite taken in Denmark on December 14, when 283,000 voted in favor of the sale and 157,000 against it—about 40 per cent. of the electorate voting. This vote, the Copenhagen correspondents predict, will result in the ratification of the treaty of sale by the Danish Riksdag. It will be remembered that this treaty was ratified some months ago by our Senate and by the upper chamber of the Danish Parliament, and that a plebiscite of the islanders themselves showed an overwhelming majority in favor of American annexation. The popular vote in Denmark, as our papers note, apparently removes the last obstacle in the way of the transfer. "There should be no needless delay, after they are in our possession, in the work

of adapting them to the purposes of national defense," remarks the New York *Times*, which goes on to say:

"We need the islands for no other reason. The harbor of St. Thomas must be a naval base, or its acquirement will go for nothing. There should be a navy-yard there with docks for the repair of large ships."

Discussing the sale from the points of view of Denmark and of the islands themselves, the Indianapolis *News* remarks:

"The Danes could not possibly use the islands as a naval base, because they have no need of a naval base so far from home. The inhabitants of the islands have exprest their willingness to come under the American flag, so there is no suggestion of forcing a weak people to unwilling allegiance to a foreign flag. Indeed, the impoverished conditions of the islands make it almost necessary that some step be taken to develop their resources under the guidance of some near-by friendly Power, and the United States is the only country fit and willing to help."

Dispatches tell of a mass-meeting in St. Thomas which adopted resolutions declaring that "the island does not wish to be governed by Porto Rico, but wishes to be permitted to manage its own affairs under Federal Government, American ownership to be accorded immediately on the transfer and the port to be free." In addition to an important naval base, many editors remind us, Uncle Sam is acquiring for his $25,000,000 several new problems and new responsibilities. Says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

"There is no use of disguising the fact that the purchase of the islands, a step that is wholly in accord with the one continuing feature of our foreign policy, will bring with it serious problems of administration. The islands are not at present prosperous under Danish rule or under the economic conditions forced upon them by world-trade movements. We shall have, moreover, to meet the issue of a just as well as an efficient method of local administration. There is already a strong aversion at St. Thomas to any scheme of administration which would link the islands with the Government of Porto Rico, and the question of citizenship, evaded in the case of the Porto Ricans, will have to be met. . . . . .

"For some time to come these islands are bound to be an object of expense, as they are certain to be a subject of serious concern that our moral obligations to the people shall be fulfilled with generosity and justice. It is to be hoped that the Washington Government, Congress and the Executive alike, will approach the problem of their right administration with a full realization of the difficulties to be met and the duty which we owe as a modern and progressive Power in dealing with a weaker community which has been brought under the national protection."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

MR. BRYAN thinks the water-wagon is the band-wagon.—*Brooklyn Times.*

GERMANY would be invincible with a sense of humor.—*Wall Street Journal.*

WHY not give the Nobel peace-prize to the Kaiser?—*Baltimore American.*

WALL STREET is crying for help. The war-brides are fainting.—*Baltimore American.*

THE British censor who reads the letters can have no illusions about himself.—*Wall Street Journal.*

CHICAGO'S pie-eating burro may have got his tip from the Democratic donkey.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

IT is reported from Juarez that Villa is not using crutches. People had begun to suspect as much.—*Kansas City Star.*

JAPAN has not done much fighting, but Japan will be heard before there is any *status quo ante-bellum* peace.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

ONE can't help distrusting any offer that talks of "peace" and "settling the Balkan problem" at the same time.—*Philadelphia North American.*

SOME of Mr. Osborne's good friends would like to share his fate in being barred out of Sing Sing, probably.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

ADVANCE in marine insurance-rates to 15 per cent., coincident with the peace-move, may be called constructive criticism.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE Allies, in awarding Constantinople to Russia, have evidently forgotten the famous recipe for rabbit pie.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THOSE 448,000 rounds of ammunition permitted into Mexico will doubtless be returned to the United States in the usual way.—*Wall Street Journal.*

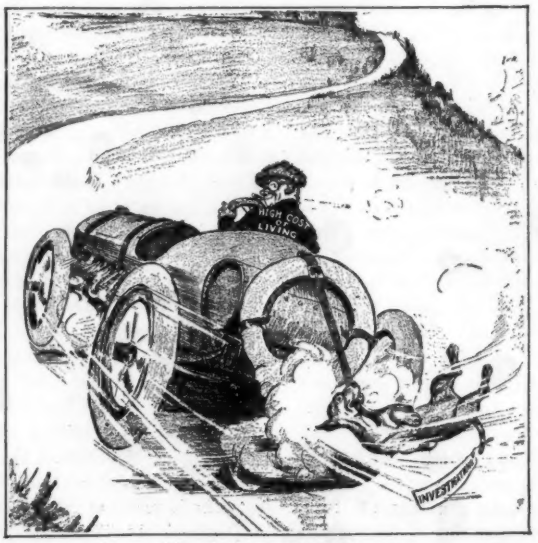
GENERAL SCOTT thinks that more men might be attracted to the regular Army if the soldier's pay was raised. It does look reasonable.—*Dallas News.*

IT was not reasonable to suppose the war-babies could attain the age of two years without ever keeping their proud parents awake nights.—*Cleveland Leader.*

SPEAKING of large returns from a small investment, how about Mr. Wilson's contribution of $2,500 to the Democratic campaign fund?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

OUTLINES of the Kaiser's peace-terms indicate that he has failed to include a provision that Americans may again be allowed to travel on steamships.—*Philadelphia North American.*

AN Eastern professor thinks women are satellites revolving round the men. The astronomer of 1000 A.D. believed the sun revolved around the earth. That professor needs to look up Copernicus.—*St. Louis Republic.*



PUP—"I've got him!"
—Marcus in the New York *Times.*

THAT historic peace-map is getting blurred in its outlines.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE Kaiser's dove of peace screams very much like an eagle.—*Baltimore American.*

THE Allies prefer a real scrap to a scrap of paper.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE obvious thing for a poor man to do is to join a diet squad.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

WHAT the world would like to see is a peace that passeth all misunderstanding.—*New York Sun.*

COMPULSORY military training is popular among those above the age of liability.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE French Army has adopted the poncho. Now if they would only adopt Pancho!—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times.*

IF the King of Roumania had it to do over again, probably he would choose some other form of physical exercise.—*Dallas News.*

THE German navy officers would welcome peace. It would give them a chance to engage in some war-practise.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A DIVIDEND of but 12 per cent. for the Krupp company seems moderate for what must have been a rather busy year.—*Springfield Republican.*

GERMANS say the enslaved Belgians are happy, and they can get similar arguments from the South before the Civil War.—*Wall Street Journal.*

CHICAGO is to have a society for the prevention of murders. That 1920 census is beginning to loom up on the horizon.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

As things are now drifting, the next Hague Conference will draft regulations to prevent neutrals from annoying the belligerent nations.—*Washington Post.*

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is planning a trip to the Fiji Islands to visit the extinct volcanoes. Birds of a feather will flock together.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE Kaiser must be puzzled by the fact that the Almighty has seen fit to reduce the potato-crop of Germany more than 50 per cent. under last year's yield.—*New York Sun.*

AND the $25,000,000 War Department deficit caused by the detention of the National Guard on the border takes no account of the boys' own deficits.—*Cleveland Leader.*

DENMARK voted overwhelmingly to accept $25,000,000 for her West Indies, not letting the fact that they aren't worth it interfere with her altruistic desire to aid the United States.—*Philadelphia North American.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHAT GERMANY MEANS BY PEACE

THE TRIUMPHANT GESTURE with which the Imperial Chancellor, conscious of present victory, offers peace to the Entente Powers seems to many onlookers to be justified by the actual military situation. On almost every side the Teutonic Powers fight upon the territory of their enemies, and their latest campaign has been one of hardly disputed success. As the Chancellor phrased it in his address to the Reichstag:

"The Western front stands. Not only does it stand, but in spite of the Roumanian campaign it is fitted out with larger reserves of men and material than it had been formerly. The most effective precautions have been taken against all Italian diversions. And while on the Somme and on the Carso the drum-fire resounded while the Russians launched troops against the Eastern frontier of Transylvania, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg captured the whole of western Wallachia and the hostile capital of Bucharest, leading with unparalleled genius the troops that, in competition with all the Allies, made possible what hitherto was considered impossible."

This, says the Chancellor, is the position after two and a half years of war, yet—

"During these long and earnest years of the war the Emperor has been moved by a single thought: How peace could be restored to safeguard Germany after the struggle in which she has fought victoriously."



GERMANY OFFERS PEACE.

GERMANY—"If you will only let me keep what I have, I will let you go."

—Raemaekers in *Land and Water* (London).

The Teutonic Powers do not begin by offering their enemies definite terms of peace; their aim seems to be revealed by the semiofficial *Frankfurter Zeitung's* suggestion that the Entente Allies will necessarily reveal the conditions which they consider indispensable to peace. In the absence of official German terms we can learn something of what lies behind the peace-proposals by consulting some more or less inspired paragraphs which appeared just before the Chancellor took action. For example, the organ of the Krupps, the Essen *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*, claims that the Fatherland is in a position to dictate a victor's terms, and says:

"Our ultimate aim is to push through to the west and the ocean. Whatever offers resistance must be crusht."

As regards the German colonies now in Allied hands, it considers that—

"If we should not succeed in reconquering what we have lost, we believe that the French provinces are worth three times as much as our colonies, and we will take compensation out of France. Let us daily tell the French that every foot which we can win is ours. We need not waste words over Belgium. We require access to the Channel and need Antwerp. Whoever wants Belgium must take it from us."

This, no doubt, represents a somewhat extreme view, but it agrees in the main with the proposals of the powerful Pan-German League, as published in the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung*. As the result of her victories, say the Pan-Germans:

"1. Germany must annex part of the occupied French territory.

"2. Belgium must be permanently attached to Germany.

"3. Germany must have a naval base in the English Channel west of the Strait of Dover.

"4. Germany must annex the Baltic province of Russia, the whole of Lithuania, all Russian Poland, and the greater part of the Ukraine, that is to say, all Russian territory west of a line drawn from Kief to the Crimea, including Odessa and part of the western coast of the Black Sea.

"5. Germany must annex the Belgian Kongo, which, when united to her African colonies, will permit of the constitution of a vast empire in central Africa.

"6. Germany must establish in all parts of the world as many naval stations as may be judged necessary by competent persons.

"7. Austria and Bulgaria must divide between them Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, and Albania.

"8. Turkey must annex Egypt, the Sudan, and Tripoli, so that the Turkish Empire in northern Africa will extend southward to the frontier of the central African Empire."

Yet, notwithstanding all the notable successes in the field, there seems to be a not inconsiderable section of German opinion that would hail the advent of peace with joy. Among those who would even consider the reestablishment of the *status quo ante* are the Socialists of all schools, and in voicing their views the Berlin *Vorwärts* says:

"If we are going to drag this war out indefinitely, all Europe will be bled to death, and America and colored people will be our heirs. But we want Europe to live. We see France bleeding white, but we have never hated her. We want peace for Germany, France, England, and Russia—peace for the whole blood-stained world."

In the camps of the Allies the Chancellor's offer has been productive of somewhat divided views, altho the tendency of the Entente press is to regard Germany's offer as "insincere." The prompt action of the Russian Duma is, in view of recent political events in that country, significant both of the attitude of the Muscovite Empire and its allies. In flatly rejecting German overtures the Duma expresses itself in a unanimous resolution which runs:

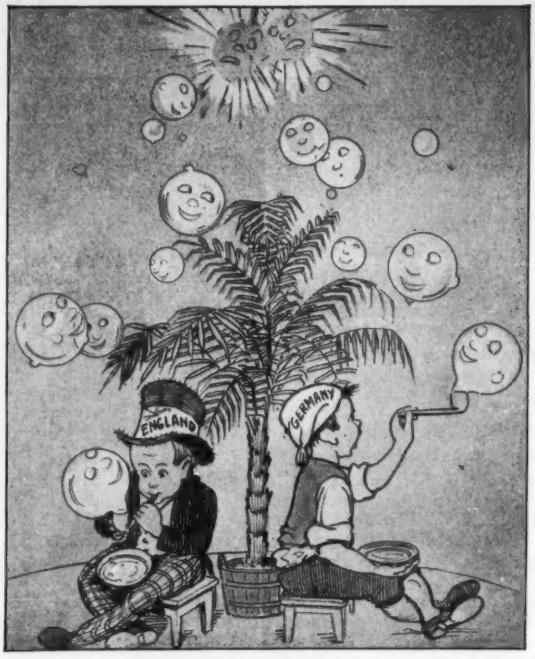
"The Duma, having heard the statement by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, unanimously favors a categorical refusal by the Allied Governments to enter, under present conditions, into any peace-negotiations whatever.

"It considers that the German proposals are nothing more



THE UNSUCCESSFUL SERENADER.

WILHELM—"I sing them lovely peace-songs, but they don't appreciate my music."
—*Mucha* (Moscow, late Warsaw).



PACIFIST BUBBLES.

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

than fresh proof of the weakness of the enemy and a hypocritical act from which the enemy expects no real success, but by which it seeks to throw upon others the responsibility for the war and for what happened during it, and to exculpate itself before public opinion in Germany.

"The Duma considers that a premature peace would not only be a brief period of calm, but would also involve the danger of another bloody war and a renewal of the deplorable sacrifices by the people. It considers that a lasting peace will be possible only after a decisive victory over the military power of the enemy and after definite renunciation by Germany of the aspirations which render her responsible for the world-war and for the horrors by which it has been accompanied."

Neutral opinion, in the main, adopts the view that Germany's offer is more a sign of weakness than of strength. Several editors recall the admitted failure of the German potato-crop, the unsuccessful attempt to conclude a separate peace with Russia, and, combining these incidents with the alleged decline of Teutonic man-power as shown by the conscription of a Polish army and Belgian deportations, argue that the two Kaisers wish to escape before a possible *débâcle* sets in. The Cophenhagen *Politiken* adopts the "weakness theory," and tells us that Germany is thoroughly anxious about their enemies' reply. Its Berlin correspondent wires:

"What the entire city and the country are discussing now is not the proclamation by the Emperor or the speech of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, but the nature of the reply from abroad. The anxiety before the delivery of the Chancellor's speech was great, but now it is many times greater.

"Despite the press opinions from enemy countries of a discouraging nature telegraphed to Germany, it is hoped they do not express the opinions of the respective Governments."

Dutch opinion is very much divided, but on the whole the journals of the Netherlands incline to the view that the Chancellor's offer is made more for the effects it will produce at home than abroad. This view is set forth by the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, when it says of the German offer:

"It is meant partly to convince the armies and peoples of the Central Powers that peace is impossible because the Entente rejects all the proposals, and therefore the supreme command must be given *carte blanche* in the prosecution of all further requisite measures. Partly it is intended to persuade neutrals to grant Germany *carte blanche* in all the frightfulness necessary to produce peace, which is possible only with further German victories."

IF ENGLAND WON—A lurid picture of what would happen in the Fatherland if England happened to win this war is painted by the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which urges its readers to strain every nerve "to prevent such a calamity." The Rhenish organ says:

"The majority of our people still have no conception of the consequences which would follow if we were defeated, and defeated by such an enemy as England. It is a dangerous mistake to regard as vain boasting the speeches of English Ministers and deputies, who, after our overthrow, desire to destroy German 'militarism,' to blow up Krupp's works, and to banish the Kaiser to St. Helena. In the event of her victory England will act quite differently. 'Sink, burn, and destroy' was always England's motto.

"For God's sake let us not deceive ourselves about England's determination so to force Germany to her knees that she must accept England's conditions without resistance, and be wiped out forever as a competitor in the world's markets. All classes of the people are united in this resolve, from the First Sea Lord to the humblest dock-laborer at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It can not be too firmly insisted that such a victory for England would mean an irreparable catastrophe for the German Empire. Not only would the German Empire be dissolved, but our people itself would be most seriously threatened with extinction, especially in view of the Russian torrent pouring in from the East.

"Such an English victory would not only mean the bankruptcy of our industry and our oversea trade, but it would be the ruin of our whole middle class. It would be felt especially by our trading middle class, because such an English victory would totally exclude the possibility of our enemies being made to pay our war-costs, and for generations to come our own war-burdens would grow enormously. Among our workmen there would be misery which would throw them back eighty years—back to the times when English machine-made yarns drove out German hand-made yarns, and starvation fever carried away thousands, especially in Silesia and Saxony."

A FANTOM KINGDOM

THE PEOPLE MOST CONCERNED, the Russian Poles, strenuously refuse to have anything to do with the Kingdom of Poland so recently proclaimed by the two Kaisers. They insist in a somewhat marked manner that, as the German and Austrian Poles are not to be included in the new State, the Teutonic Powers have erected a "fantom kingdom" which, whatever else it may be or become, is not Poland. On the other hand, some have not been slow to point out that Russia has missed her opportunity. Most marked was the conduct of one of the Polish leaders in the Russian Duma. The London *Nation* succinctly recounts the incident and says:

"Mr. Garusewitz delivered an astonishingly bold speech. Speaking for the Poles in Russia he declared that they could not accept the German offer, which would convert Poland into an instrument of German Imperialism. On the other hand, he reminded the Russian Government that it had done nothing 'to confirm the assurances given in the Grand Duke's proclamation. On the contrary, it had done everything to weaken them, and had left many of the restrictions against the Polesin force.' This from a conservative Russophile Pole (no other section can be represented in this Duma) was strong language; but Mr. Garusewitz went further and asked for 'a solemn assurance that Poland would be united and would receive independent statehood.' This demand, of course, goes beyond the Grand Duke Nicholas's proclamation, even on a liberal reading of the word 'autonomy.' The fact is that the shrewd action of the German Chancellor has raised the bidding, and for the first time for a century the Poles are not quite helpless. They can give or withhold their support."

The organ of the Moscow Poles, the *Gazeta Polska*, laughs at the German offer, and is especially ironic over the announcement that the new kingdom is to receive a constitutional monarch:

"It is the very essence of constitutional organization that the Government represents the will of the people. If Germany and Austria really aimed at creating a constitutional Polish kingdom they would have convoked a national assembly which would have established the governmental organization and determined its policy. Further, it would have decided what a Polish army ought to do. If our people had been given an opportunity for a free expression of will, we are convinced that it would have manifested itself in a direction undesired by the Germans.



HOW IT WAS DONE.

GRATEFUL POLAND—"Long live Wilhelm, he gave us back our crown."
—*De Amsterdammer.*

"Germany, however, is not interested in the will of the Polish nation. She ignores it. She states only what the German and Austrian Emperors have agreed upon, have decided, and intend to undertake. It is, therefore, not difficult to see the direction in which things in Poland will proceed. First of all there will be the compulsory drafting of a Polish army which Prussian cannon and machine guns will drive into action, then, sometime in the indefinite future—or perhaps not at all—there will come Diet, King, and Constitution!"



A SWISS VIEW.

The Resurrection of Poland.
—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

One of the *Gazeta's* Russian neighbors in Moscow, the *Russkoye Slovo*, agrees that it is the need of men that moves the Central Powers and not any "burning zeal for Polish nationality."

"The immediate purpose of the creation of a Polish kingdom is to remove the last formal obstacles in the way of turning the Polish legion of volunteers into a Polish army recruited from Russian Poles and designed for the reenforcement of the Kaiser's armies. The need of human material outweighs in the eyes of the German staff all considerations of international law. . . . This step, notwithstanding all its hidden aims and glaring omissions, must in no case be underestimated. German diplomacy gets into its hands a big trump for propaganda in neutral countries where public opinion will be imprest by the very fact of the declaration of Polish independence by the Kaiser. And the real motive for it the Germans will attempt to conceal."

Similarly the Petrograd *Novoye Vremya* writes that the German Emperor wants—

"To create the semblance of a right to recruit an army in the Polish provinces, not for the Polish, but for the Prussian, kingdom, not for the Polish King—for the Czar of Poland is now reigning—but for the head of the mortal enemy of Poland. A 'Polish kingdom' without Posen, Silesia, and the Polish provinces of Galicia would be not at all a Polish kingdom, but a new Prussian province—a second Posen.

"The liberty-loving Polish nation, which has retained its nationality through two centuries of dismemberment and bitter trials, will not go voluntarily into Prussian, or into any, slavery. From the very beginning of the war it joined its fate with the Russian people and their allies and sealed that new compact with torrents of warm blood and innumerable sufferings. Does the servant of the Prussian King imagine that he can make those martyrs forget the spilled blood and tears by this circus-like performance?

"To compel the Polish nation to fight for the Prussian King or be outlawed, that is the last bloody aim which is concealed behind General von Besseler's proclamation."

Meanwhile the Allies allege that the workmen of Poland and Lithuania are being drafted into the interior of Germany, and we find this dispatch quoted by the London *Wireless Press:*

"Forcible deportation of Lithuanian peasants to work in Germany has provoked several revolts in Lithuania. There was a formidable rising in the Samogitian province of Suwalki. Peasants armed with hatchets attacked the German military commission sent there to enroll workmen.

"In other districts many peasants are hiding in the forest and marshes. In many parts of Lithuania bands of peasants have destroyed railways, bridges, and telegraph-lines."

DEFENDING BELGIAN DEPORTATIONS

THE CIVILIZED WORLD has given its sympathy to the Belgian people in generous measure, and Cardinal Mercier's protest against the enforced deportation of his countrymen has renewed and augmented that kindly feeling. Despite the fact that Allied and neutral journals have branded Germany's action as a revival of slavery, despite the fact that Belgium's most distinguished litterateur has solemnly asserted with all the force of his gifted pen that Belgian youths are drafted to the firing-line where, "in defiance of the law of nations," they are "forced to dig trenches," yet we are officially assured by Germany that all these stories are the result of a



RAS TAFARI.
The new Regent and heir to the Queen of Sheba's throne.



LIJ YASU,
The ex-Emperor of Abyssinia, deposed for becoming a Moslem.

"slanderous press campaign," and that her present actions in the conquered territory are "absolutely in accordance with the principles of international law." This we learn from the reply made by Germany to the inquiries initiated by the United States, and it is published in the official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. It runs:

"The unemployed (Belgians) sent to Germany shall be distributed from central receiving-places established in Palten-Gradow, Guben, Cassel, Meschede, Münster, Soltau, and Wittenberg. Thence they will be sent to places where they shall be engaged in agricultural and industrial establishments. Of course they will be excluded from occupations to which a hostile population, according to international law, can not be coerced.

"If the American Government attaches importance to it, a member of its Embassy at Berlin will with pleasure be permitted to obtain information about the conditions under which these persons live by personally visiting them.

"The German Government highly deplores that by the slandering press campaign of her enemies the conditions explained above have been completely distorted in the United States. The German Government also, and not in the least in the interest of the Belgian population, would extremely deplore if by these distortions the highly beneficial action of the relief committee should be hampered in any way."

From this reply we learn that similar deportations have been conducted by Entente Powers, for the official journal proceeds:

"The German Government finally feels obliged to point out the fact that the deportation of the German population from parts of Germany and from German colonies occupied by hostile troops, especially the deportation of women, children, and old persons from eastern Prussia to Siberia, has, as far as known here, given to neutral States no incentive to take steps with the respective Governments similar to these now taken toward Germany.

"At all events, there could be no doubt that these measures are gross violations of the laws of humanity and of the rules of international law, while, after the explanations given above, the German Government is absolutely in accordance with these principles."

Neutral opinion in the land nearest to Belgium does not look upon the present policy with any very favorable eye. For example, the *Gazette de Holland*, published at The Hague, remarks:

"No one outside Germany has been found to accept the German standpoint. Rather in every country there is a growing repulsion to the contemptuous disregard of all human feeling involved in seizing on the persons of thousands of men, carrying them off to a foreign country, and compelling them to work in the interests of their enemies. The German system of frightfulness or ruthlessness or *Kultur* or whatever other name may be given to the particular policy of which the deportations form only one manifestation, ought to be studied carefully and as a whole. May we not fairly say that every fresh manifestation of this *Kultur* adds fresh fuel to the conflagration, adds to the bitterness of the struggle, and renders peace further off than ever?"

THE NEW QUEEN OF SHEBA

THE FIRST CROWN TO FALL as a direct result of the present war is an African one. The only state left in Africa that is not under the domination of one or other of the Great Powers is the ancient Christian Empire of Ethiopia, commonly called Abyssinia, whose sovereigns claim descent from the biblical Queen of Sheba. Now another Queen rules the land as the result of a revolution which took place a month or two ago. The story as told by the Paris *Illustration* runs:

"The revolution in Ethiopia shows the influence of the war upon that Christian land, and it has resulted in favor of the Allies.

"The young Emperor Lij Yasu became a Moslem under—it is alleged—German influence. Notwithstanding the discontent aroused among the Abyssinian princes by the apostasy and libertinism of the Emperor, he managed to maintain himself in power by the aid of the Mohammedan tribes on the eastern border and by moving the capital of the Empire from Addis Abeba to Harrar. Ras Tafari, Governor of the Province of Harrar—a son of the famous Ras Makonnen—whom Lij Yasu had tried to put out of the way, placed himself at the head of the opposition which was composed of all the ministers and native princes, and he proposed the dethronement of the Negus—as the Emperor is called.

"On the 27th of September *Maskal* was celebrated, the national feast-day, and at Addis Abeba the supreme head of the national church, the Abuna Matheos, solemnly released the Abyssinian nation from its oath of allegiance and declared Lij Yasu deposed from the throne. Amid scenes of much popular enthusiasm, he proclaimed as Empress Zaouditou, younger daughter of the late Emperor Menelik II., and installed as Regent and heir to the throne Ras Tafari. A tentative rebellion was promptly suppressed, some thirty chiefs were put to death, others were thrown into prison, and order was restored."

Meanwhile, the ex-Negus made a fight for his rights. *L'Illustration* proceeds:

"The deposed ruler, who was at Harrar when these events took place, attempted to reestablish his throne, aided by his father, the powerful Ras Michael. The army of the new Government promptly joined battle with the troops of Lij Yasu, and on October 27, after a second and very sanguinary engagement, captured Ras Michael.

"Thus terminated a tragedy that was started by German and Turkish intrigue. Ethiopia remains Christian, while our Moslem colonial Empire and that of England have withstood all the assaults of our enemies."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



Courtesy of "Engineering and Contracting," Chicago.

THE COMPOSITE GENIUS THAT MASTERED THE PROBLEM OF TRANSCONTINENTAL TELEPHONY.

The members of this group, reading from left to right, are: E. H. Colpitts, C. H. Arnold, S. H. Browne, C. A. Robinson, F. B. Jewett, F. B. Driscoll, K. W. Waterson, L. F. Morehouse, E. F. Sherwood, B. Gherardi, J. J. Carty, G. K. Thompson, G. A. Campbell, R. F. Esterbrook, W. L. Richards, J. A. Barrett, C. E. Scribner, O. B. Blackwell, F. L. Rhodes, T. Shaw (top), H. S. Osborne (lower), J. L. McQuarrie, H. S. Warren, W. E. Farnham, F. P. Valentine.

INVENTING AN INVENTOR

AN INVENTION is a combination of elements so arranged as to effect some desired result. Similarly, an inventor is nothing but a combination of nerve-cells capable of conceiving useful arrangements of this sort. Why then can not the inventor himself be invented? Halbert P. Gillette thinks he can, and says so in an article printed in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago, November 29). In other words, Mr. Gillette believes that the art of inventing can be taught, and that where the desired invention is so huge that the necessary number and kind of nerve-cells are not all present in any one man at once, a "composite genius" can be constructed by combining several brains—the method, in fact, by which some of the greatest triumphs of modern invention have been brought about. Mr. Gillette instances particularly the achievement of transcontinental telephony, and gives us a photographic reproduction of the "composite genius"—twenty-five strong—that made it possible. We read:

"There is a little shop in Rochester, N. Y., that is fascinating to every man that enters it. None enter save inventors, would-be-inventors, and their 'angels.' As this little shop is both the cradle and the graveyard of inventions, it is a place of uncommon interest.

"At one of the benches in this little shop stands a long, stoop-shouldered man, and at intervals he stops his filing or fitting and holds up a piece of metal at which he squints critically through steel-rimmed spectacles. This man has himself invented innumerable appliances of every-day usefulness, and there stand to his credit two major inventions. But in his later years, whether through the dimming of his intellect or whether through the pleasure of helping younger inventors to succeed, this old inventor devotes most of his time to the making of models of devices designed by other men. Often, it is true, a 'design' that is brought to him is better termed a hope or a vague desire. But he listens in his kindly way, offers a practical hint, and shortly he is given a commission to 'go ahead with the model.'

"I have been both a customer of his and an interested observer of his customers. I pronounce him a genius not only at mechanical invention, but at inspiring enthusiasm in the young inventors who come to him for help. Were there a university where inventing were taught as a profession, and had I the power to do so, I should nominate this man as a fit candidate for a professorship.

"Inventing, however, is not yet regarded as a teachable art. I am persuaded that it is teachable. Surely it is inspirable—and what is good teaching if it be not the act of inspiring action?

"Bachelor of Invention may be a degree that will eventually find place with others now obtainable by the studiously inclined. For the present one must go to such shops as the one in Rochester and write one's thesis in brass or iron, listen to lectures from a 'model-maker,' and receive one's parchment from the Patent Office.

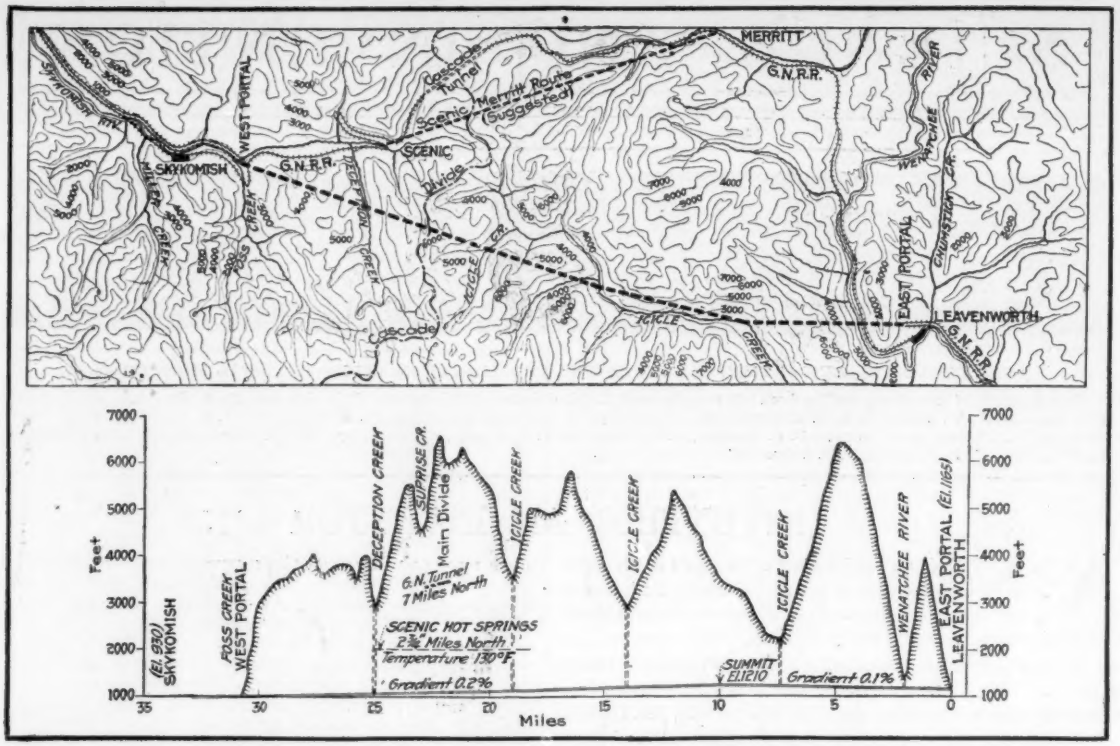
"If the teaching of the art of inventing still seems chimerical, much more so will appear the suggestion that inventors can be invented. An invention, perhaps I should have said before, is a new combination of previously known 'elements.' A discovery is the finding of a new 'element.' By 'element' I mean any energy-group or thing that is susceptible of combining with or acting with other 'elements' to produce a new complex. Electric energy is an 'element.' The combination of electric energy and a wire wound around a core of iron produces the invention of an electromagnet."

If, then, an invention consists in combining energy-groups or 'elements' so as to effect new results, Mr. Gillette's idea that it is possible to invent an inventor is by no means absurd. An inventor is a rare combination, he admits, and it is not every day that a good one is born. But man is capable of outdoing nature. In fact, Mr. Gillette says he can point out a score or more of "artificial" inventors busily at work now. The "composite genius" already mentioned is one of them, as the writer tells us:

"The composite genius shown in this photograph consists of twenty-five Bell telephone engineers to whose combined effort the world is indebted for a most remarkable achievement—the transmission of the human voice across the North American continent. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, having decided that it would master a problem that had baffled the inventors of Europe, put into the hands of a group of its brightest engineers the task of finding a commercially practicable way of talking from New York to San Francisco. What no one of these men could have accomplished singly, save perhaps in a whole lifetime, was wrought into reality in a few years. Before the close of the San Francisco Panama Exposition, a year ago, hundreds of guests of the Bell company had talked across the continent and had heard the replying voice as distinctly as if it were from across the street.

"To me, knowing as I did that this was the achievement of a group of minds working in concert, the miracle of transcontinental telephony—great tho it was—seemed overshadowed by an even greater miracle. I saw here a new order of being—a superman, an inventor invented, a composite genius. True, I had heard of such a creature before. I had even seen parts of him, but I had never before seen all of him. I knew that the General Electric Company, for example, had produced the composite genius that had invented first the tungsten lamp and later the remarkable nitrogen-filled lamp. I knew that a German corporation had produced the composite genius that had invented the process of producing synthetic rubber. These, and some other specimens of this new species of superman, I had heard of, but had not seen. At last I had seen one, and I was imprest.

"A generalization began to take shape, and finally I gave it this form: By the coordinated efforts of a group of trained minds, any problem in creative reasoning may be solved as effectively as by a single transcendent genius, and with greater speed. The transcendent genius is a brain endowed with keen



MAP AND PROFILE OF THE PROPOSED THIRTY-MILE RAILROAD-TUNNEL UNDER THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

perception, great persistence, and lively power in coordinating known facts. Altho few transcendent geniuses are born, a relatively great number can be 'made,' or formed, by a composition of separate minds acting in unison under the direction of a leader."

Mr. Gillette confesses that there is really nothing very novel in this conception. But he inquires pertinently of the managers of great industries, "Have you been accustomed to attack each new problem by coordinating several minds upon it?" The truth is, he believes, that relatively few managers attack new problems by summoning a group of men to their assistance. Usually a new problem is handled by one man. He goes on:

"Cooperative effort in military and naval planning is not new, altho in warfare the necessity of quick decision has always tended to make a 'board of strategy' somewhat inefficient. In commercial and industrial life there have long existed boards of business strategists, and perhaps most of the phenomenal successes of our Rockefellers and Carnegies are attributable to their solving business problems through the aid of groups of skilled assistants who work together on each new problem. Be this as it may, the mechanical and chemical inventor has, until very recently, been a monad, a single-cell creature, working usually for himself, by himself. Have we not come to a new era of invention, when to the composite genius will come most of the great successes? Is not Edison himself, working in his laboratory at the head of scores of assistants, a type of the composite genius? Are not most of the Edison inventions the work of many men rather than of the one man, Edison, to whom the patents are granted?

"Let me close with this suggestion: If there is merit in the composite-genius method of attacking great problems, there must be merit in the composite-man method of solving small problems. Because your problems are such that you can not afford to employ a number of high-salaried men to solve them, do not go to the extreme of attempting to solve them by a one-brain power machine. Have several men work upon every new problem, even if each gives only a fraction of his time to it, and even if some of the men are not experts in the given work to which the problem relates. Often the best suggestions for improvements in a given line come from men who have had little experience in that line."

A GIGANTIC TUNNEL PROJECT

A RAILWAY-TUNNEL, thirty miles long, under the main range of the Cascade Mountains, to constitute the longest tunnel in the world, has been projected by Gen. Henry M. Chittenden, of Seattle, and is described by him in an illustrated article contributed to *Engineering News* (New York). General Chittenden was one of the best-known officers in the United States Engineer Corps, and his position as chairman of the Seattle port commission, since his retirement, has made him practically familiar with traffic conditions throughout the Pacific Northwest. The building of this tunnel would enable railway traffic between Puget Sound ports and the interior, which now has to be lifted 2,500 to 3,300 feet in crossing the range by the present railway-lines, to pass under it at an elevation of only 1,200 feet. Says the editor of the paper named above:

"It is not merely the waste of the energy required to elevate this traffic, amounting to over 60,000 tons daily, to a height of 1,300 to 1,800 feet, which the tunnel would save. A much more important advantage . . . is the elimination of the expense and risk involved in the maintenance of the large mileage of steep grades on the present railway-lines across the mountains. The extent to which this huge mountain-barrier hinders commerce and intercourse between the great fertile agricultural section on the eastern side of the mountains and the commercial centers on the Coast is hardly realized in the East.

"Perhaps the most striking illustration of the advantages of the proposed tunnel-route over the present mountain-lines is the statement that the time of passenger-trains would be reduced, between the east side and the west side of the mountains, from the present schedule time of three hours to forty minutes, and the time of freight-trains from ten hours to one and a half hours.

"The estimated cost of the proposed tunnel and approaches is $50,000,000, and this in itself a few years ago would have been sufficient to compel the dismissal of the project as chimerical. At the present day, however, railways are investing sums in the improvement of their facilities which would have staggered the imagination of financiers a quarter century ago. . . . . .

"By way of illustration, take the Rogers Pass tunnel now nearly completed on the Canadian Pacific Railway. This work has involved the building of eighteen miles of new railway-line and a five-mile tunnel. The summit-elevation is reduced 540 feet and the length of snow-sheds from about five miles to less than one mile, but the maximum grade on the line is still 2.2 per cent., and of course the maximum train-load that can be hauled is unchanged. To effect this improvement, the Canadian Pacific has deemed it worth while to carry out work involving a total expense of probably not less than $8,000,000."

In comparison with this the thirty-mile Cascade tunnel would lower the summit-elevation on the Great Northern Railway 2,166 feet, would save forty-eight miles on its line to Tacoma, would reduce the maximum grade from 2.2 per cent. to 0.6 per cent., and would eliminate curvature amounting to 6,855 degrees. Most important of all, the tunnel would be available not for the traffic of a single railway, but for all the railways terminating on Puget Sound. To quote further:

"It is self-evident that where traffic can be equally distributed, the capacity of a double-track railway is great. With trains spaced no closer together than ten minutes and uniform train-movement through the twenty-four hours, 144 trains per day each way can be moved. Taking in connection with this figure the enormous tonnage of freight now handled in a single train, it is evident that the traffic capacity of the Cascade tunnel would be ample to take care of all the business tributary to it for as long as can be foreseen. Furthermore, that traffic promises to be enough to make the tunnel profitable.

"Some questions may be raised as to the practicability of successfully operating a tunnel of such unprecedented length, altho such questions will be raised by laymen rather than engineers. If it is practicable to operate the Simplon tunnel, twelve miles long under the Alps, which has now been in use for a dozen years, it would be practicable to operate a thirty-mile tunnel under the Cascades. . . . . .

"It has hardly as yet been realized outside the engineering profession that the electric locomotive in combination with the present-day possibilities in fast and economical tunnel-driving has shown a way whereby radical reconstruction could be undertaken on the summit divisions of some main-line railways with the prospects, at least, of large profits.

"The advances in tunneling practise, too, have given a different basis for computing problems of railway relocation involving the use of long tunnels. The next decade or two, therefore, may witness not alone the realization of General Chittenden's great scheme, but of the driving of a long tunnel by the Pennsylvania to lower the summit of its main line across the Alleghenies from its present elevation of about 2,200 feet; or the Lackawanna or the Lehigh Valley may undertake a long tunnel to save part of the long climb now necessary to lift the anthracite coal from the Wyoming Valley over the mountains on its way to markets at tidewater."



By courtesy of "Engineering News," New York.

IN THE HEART OF THE CASCADES.

The proposed thirty-mile tunnel would cut through such mountains as these.

INJUSTICE TO THE INSANE

EVERY YEAR we send unjustly to prison hundreds of insane and feeble-minded persons who in the course of their mental disturbances have violated the penal law. This accusation is made by Dr. Paul E. Bowers, medical superintendent of the Indiana hospital for insane criminals, in an address before the American Prison Conference, on October 9, now printed in pamphlet form. Dr. Bowers advocates an official medical examination of prisoners at the time of trial. He disclaims indulgence in "maudlin sentiments or impractical theories," but pleads that to send insane and defective persons to prison for a term and then release them from custody uncured is a poor way to protect society from them. We do not send infantile-paralysis patients to jail for an arbitrary period; we send them to a hospital until they are cured. Why not treat mental defectives in the same way? Our court procedure is irrational, Dr. Bowers thinks. He goes on:

"Up to the present time far more attention and consideration have been given to the legal classification of crime and to the various modes of punishment than have been given to the criminal himself.

"Probably 50 per cent. of all juridical proceedings are concerned with criminality, and yet our jurists placidly and contentedly continue to study their books instead of men, searching in ponderous and ancient volumes of citations, resurrecting decisions from the legal graveyard of the past; and, with crumbling, moth-eaten, and time-worn precedents, they attempt to regulate the antisocial conduct that springs from a disordered mentality.

"In a recent study that I made on one hundred recidivists, each of whom had been convicted not fewer than four times, twelve of them were insane, twenty-three were feeble-minded, ten were epileptic, and in each instance the mental defectiveness bore a direct causal relation to their crimes. No fewer than one hundred and eighty trials have been held for these persons. It is reported by good authority that it costs no less than one thousand dollars to convict a prisoner; so at that rate the lowest possible expense to the commonwealth was one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. And three times each one of these defective individuals had been released to prey upon society, while no permanent good whatever has been accomplished.

"The presence of insane persons in penal institutions is extremely detrimental to discipline, because they can not be punished as a normal prisoner should be, owing to their defective sense of responsibility; and advantages are taken of this humanitarian leniency by the more intelligent prisoner to commit offenses against the rules. No less than 75 per cent. of the men who appear before the disciplinary officer of the Indiana State Prison are mentally defective.

"Why has this outrage been permitted to exist as a blot upon the escutcheon of our social justice? Why have we stigmatized

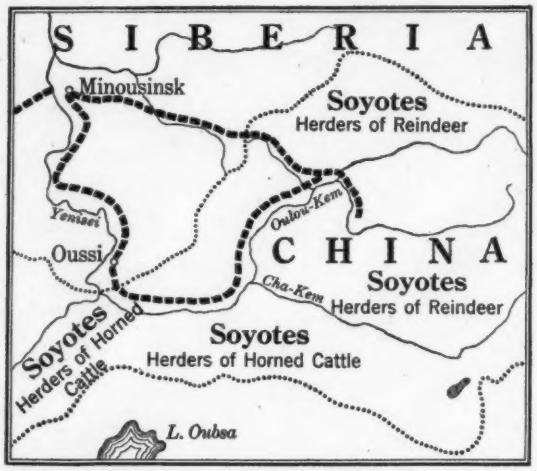
mentally sick individuals as criminals? The answer is to be found in our ignorance of the psychology of crime, in the spirit of '*laissez faire*' of the legal fraternity which has always been exceedingly slow to eradicate the evils of our legal procedure, and who have sought the protection of bristling, misleading technicalities, and that much-abused phrase, 'constitutional rights,' when legal reforms have been imminent."

What shall we do about it? asks Dr. Bowers. He proposes no panacea, but gives it as his opinion that the medical and psychiatric examination of all prisoners, at the time of trial, would go a long way toward the solution of these criminal problems. Dr. Bowers would not have this examination take the place of the trial, as now conducted, but the official medical report should be submitted to the judge before he pronounces sentence. He would then suspend sentence, send the prisoner to jail, commit him to a hospital, or entrust him to a probationary officer, as the facts might indicate. Dr. Bowers does not believe that this procedure would please the lawyers, but he urges its reasonableness. He says in substance:

"The medical examination of prisoners would correct, in a large measure, the evils that attend the employment of medical experts. It is the height of medical absurdity to permit a general practitioner who is without knowledge and experience in psychiatry to give opinions and statements in courts which are likely to affect the life or liberty of an individual. Our present method of employing expert testimony makes the alienist, no matter how well qualified and honest, give testimony that is entirely unsatisfactory to his own conscience and to the merits of the case in hand.

"The physicians are hired by the plaintiff and the defendant and pitted against one another in a wordy battle. Very equivocal, hypothetical questions are presented which are often not supported by salient facts, and the doctor is required to answer the unproved statements without the privilege of due and careful consideration.

"To correct some of the wrongs which I have enumerated, the court should appoint a physician who is qualified by training and experience in the science and practise of psychiatry. This physician should be a part of the personnel of the court; and it should be his duty to examine sociologically, physically, and mentally every prisoner at the time of his arrest and trial. A careful, written, detailed report should be made and presented to the court for the instruction of the judge and jurors. If this were the case, many unnecessary trials would be done away with and much needless expense would be saved."



THE LAND OF THE SOYOTES. THE NEW SIBERIAN HUNTING-GROUND.

Dr. Bowers further submits a form detailing the proper steps in such an examination as he advocates, and bids us note that the adoption of his plan would necessitate the establishment of special hospitals for special types of what we now call the "criminal" insane, whose delusions make them dangerous. Prisons would cease to be "dumping-grounds for all classes of defectives."

PERFECTLY PLAIN TALK—This paragraph from a manual of infantile paralysis is quoted by *American Medicine* (New York) to show that the authors' assertion that their work "is as free from technical terms as possible" must not be taken literally:

"From the foregoing it may be deduced that the etiologic factor of acute poliomyelitis is a pleomorphic, motile, anerobic, pathogenic, obligative hemoprotozoon; with a developmental cycle consisting of a resisting, motile, dividing, and resistant spore stage; which elaborates a virus having a destructive affinity for myelin and susceptible to great augmentation and modification; capable of pure culture in an anerobic preparation of a solid or fluid, sterile, living body tissue; reacting specifically to the azure-carbonate dye; bearing a strong clinical and histologic analogy to rabies; pathogenic to man and domestic to animals; endemic in the tropics; epidemic in the tropics and in the temperate zone during the summer season; pandemic under conditions of prolonged heat and drought and other unknown factors most favorable for its wide diffusion."

MINING AT A GUN CLUB

MINING in two inches of ground may sound unreasonable, but it is really true, according to a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, cited in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York). Says this paper:

"Did you ever stop to consider what becomes of all the lead fired from the shells of trap-shooters' guns? Of course you know trap-shooters have the same hunting-grounds week in and week out. Therefore, the constant shooting over practically the same territory makes lead-mines, for whether the aim is good or bad, the lead finally falls to the ground. Far-sighted contractors have seen the business possibilities in 'getting after' this mining business. At prominent clubs, where many squads shoot every week, it is only a matter of a few years when it is profitable for the mining business. About three years ago the ground in front of the traps at the Du Pont Gun Club was 'mined,' and a pile of lead of twenty-three tons was the result. A portion of the grounds of a club at Columbus, Ohio, was put through the 'sieve' and twenty-six tons resulted. A year ago a second trip was made to the Du Pont Club, at Wilmington, Del., and results equal to the first attempt were obtained. Other club grounds are now undergoing mining treatments. The methods of securing this lead are simple. Plots of ground about 3 by 5 feet are skinned about 1½ inches deep. This top-soil is then put in piles and allowed to stand for two or three days until it dries. It is then put into a large, coarse cylinder sieve, which gets rid of the earth containing no lead. Then it is put through a fine sieve and more dirt is removed. If the earth sticks, several screenings are necessary until only the lead remains. Then the remainder of the shooting territory is handled in the same manner. On grounds like the Du Pont Club it takes about sixty pounds of earth to give off one pound of shot."

A NEW GAME-REGION—Our mighty hunters who are looking for new fields to conquer, after exhausting the possibilities of Africa and South America, may turn their eyes eastward to the country of the Soyotes. This is an almost unknown territory in Asia in the upper valley of the Yenisei River, lying partly in China and partly in Siberia. In July, 1914, a Norwegian expedition, led by Mr. Orjan Olsen, undertook the exploration of this region. It comprises an extent of more than 150,000 square kilometers inhabited by some fifteen or twenty thousand Soyotes. These are individuals belonging to the Finno-Ugrian race, *i.e.*, to the same race as the Finns, the Lapps, the Samoyeds, and the Ostiaks, tho residing thousands of miles distant from these. They live mainly by raising cattle or reindeer. The expedition referred to above has recently returned to Europe and published an account of its explorations, a résumé of which is given by Mr. Rabot in the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*. It is stated that the Soyote country has remarkable extremes of temperature. Fish and game are very abundant, and the fur-bearing animals particularly will doubtless attract many trappers, as in Siberia and the northern portion of the American continent.

ESCAPE FROM A SUNKEN SUBMARINE

POSSIBLY A THOUSAND MEN have lost their lives, in times of peace, through the bad behavior of submarines. These powerful agents of destruction occasionally turn on their own masters and asphyxiate them by lying down on the sea-bottom and sullenly refusing to rise. "The fault," says Lloyd M. Kuh, in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, December), "was nobody's"—for no practicable rescuing devices had been invented up to very recent times. Even now, altho we have many devices, there are only a few that even show that we are on the right track. These few, Mr. Kuh tells us, are divided into three classes—those with buoyant, detachable conning-towers; those having compartments fitted with hatches; and those that tap the upper air for oxygen and at the same time signal for help. Writes Mr. Kuh:

"In the first class are those devices which have a buoyant, detachable conning-tower. This tower contains all the appliances of an ordinary conning-tower; but such things as the steering-rod must be made in two parts which can be separated when the tower is disconnected from the body of the submarine. A windlass is mounted at each end of the tower and upon each a cable is wound. The other ends of the cables are fastened to the body of the submarine. Four large bolts hold the tower to the submarine's body.



Courtesy of "Popular Science Monthly," New York.

A DETACHABLE SUBMARINE CONNING-TOWER AS A RESCUER.

"This plan will work should the submarine sink as far as three hundred feet. Below this depth no scheme will be of use, for the water pressure is so enormous that it will actually force the water right through the pores of the steel hull."

"Should anything go wrong, all the men can climb into the tower, close the hatch behind them, turn on the oxygen from the tanks, unscrew the bolts, and rise to the surface. By means of the handles of the windlasses, the speed of the tower can be controlled as it rises. When they reach the surface, they can open the windows and send out signals of distress by an electric flash-light.

"This plan will work should the submarine sink as far as three hundred feet. Below this depth no scheme will be of use, for the water pressure is so enormous that it will actually force the water right through the pores of the steel hull. This 'sweating'—as an engineer would call it—would soon weaken the rivets and finally result in crushing the submarine like an egg-shell!

"An entirely different invention has two compartments within the submarine, from which the crew can escape through hatches to the top of the boat. To open the hatches, it is necessary to let water into the compartments through a valve, until the compartments are completely filled. In this way the great pressure of the water on top of the hatches is relieved.

"In an emergency, the crew immediately put on light diving-suits. These contain oxygen apparatus which not only prevent suffocation, but also prevent the water from crushing the body. Three or four men enter each compartment and shut the water-tight door behind them. Letting in the water, they open the hatch and climb out. After they have emerged, the hatch is closed by gears connected to it in the inside of the submarine. The water in the compartment is then ejected into the ocean through drain-pipes connected with a hydraulic hand-pump which the imprisoned men operate. Then three or four more of them may enter the compartment and escape in the same way.

"After all the crew reach the top of the boat they release a buoy which moves upward toward the surface carrying a cable with it. Up this the men must climb."

It may seem strange, Mr. Kuh remarks, that the men must climb out and are not forced upward as soon as they touch the water. The reason he gives for this is that the weight of the suits is so great that it tends to keep the men at whatever level they happen to be. He goes on:

"Due to the fact that the men have to expose themselves to the pressure of the water, this plan can not be used at a greater depth than 225 feet. Even at this depth, the pressure is 8¼ tons per square foot. Divers have gone down this far; but one, who went down 288 feet, at the time of the *F-4* disaster, permanently injured his lungs.

"The manner in which the oxygen is supplied from these suits is extremely interesting. A small cylinder strapped to the back of the wearer contains the oxygen, which is stored at an enormous pressure of 150 tons per square foot. The oxygen is slowly released from this by an automatic ejector which regulates its pressure as it is supplied to the body so that it nearly equals that caused by the ocean outside. After the oxygen has been consumed, it is thrown off by the lungs as carbon dioxid, and this the lungs force into a cartridge of chemicals where it is completely absorbed. After this absorption, only the nitrogen of the air remains, but this is again passed over the ejector and mixed with fresh oxygen before it enters the lungs once more. In this way the same nitrogen is used over and over again.

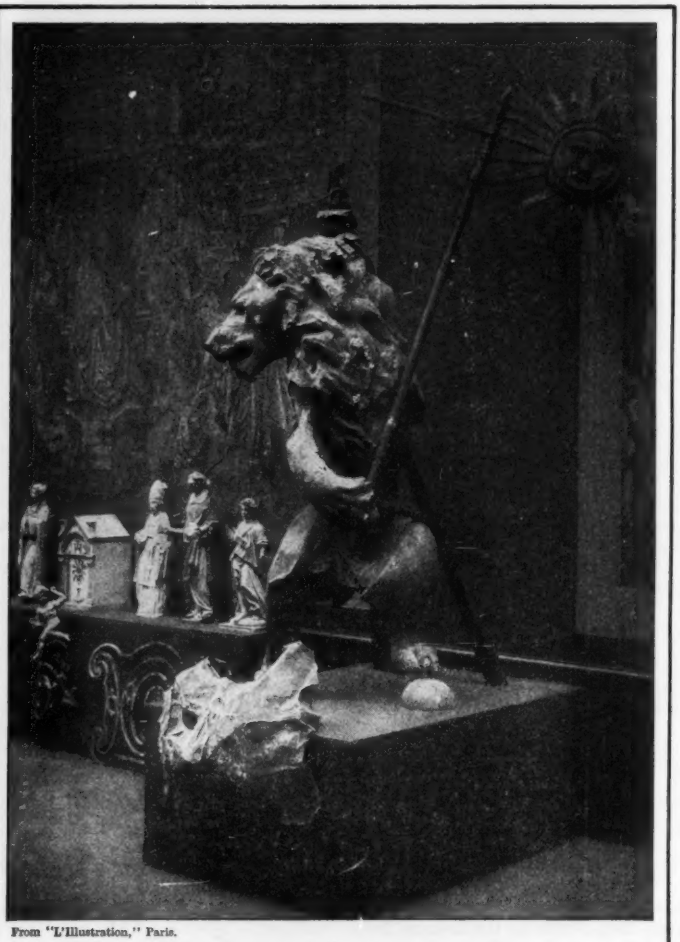
"In a third class of devices, the men do not leave the submarine at all. Two buoys are fitted in the superstructure at both ends of the submarine. Attached to each are a cable and two flexible hose, while directly under the point where each buoy is held on the submarine is a compartment into which the crew get in time of danger. Then the buoys are released. As they rise, they carry the cables and hose with them. An unlimited amount of fresh air can now be had by working air-pumps which are connected to the lower ends of the hose.

"In the two compartments, the men must stay imprisoned until a salvage vessel answers their distress signals, given out by an electrical flash-light within the buoys."

LETTERS - AND - ART

A FRENCH ART CRITIC'S OPTIMISM

DEPLORING THE DEVASTATION that has come upon so many places and objects of beauty in western Europe, the foremost art critic of France yet looks optimistically toward the future. Mr. Arsène Alexandre, inspector-general of the museums of France, now visiting in this country, bids us not to mourn, "for none can destroy either the soil or the soul of France." The earth, he declares to an interviewer for the New York *Sun*, may be torn by shells and blackened desolation be seen where once were fair fields; yet the earth will come to its own again. "From the soul of France will arise a new artistic impulse and new works of art will replace those which we have lost." No one knows better than he what the losses already have been, for the duty devolved upon him of retrieving whatever artistic fragments remained from the ruin of churches and public buildings, and of placing in safety many of the treasures which have been gathered in the course of centuries. "Where there was the slightest chance of their being destroyed by bombardment," he says, "the works were removed." He tells of the pathetic memorials of the hand of destruction now gathered into a safe place:



From "L'Illustration," Paris.

THE LION FROM THE BELFRY OF ARRAS,

Now exhibited at the Petit Palais, Paris, among other works of art brought from the devastated regions of France.

"One of the most interesting exhibitions which has been held in many a year was in progress in the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts in the Champs Élysées, in Paris, at the time I left. What more vivid evidences of vandalism could there be than were revealed in those mutilated examples of the art of the past!

"There I saw the great copper lion from the tower of Arras, a gaping wound torn in his side by a German shell, while on his face seemed to be the mark of agony itself. He appeared as if he were lifting up a cry of protest against the horrors of war.

"The Germans destroyed wherever they could with ruthless hands. They would force the doors of churches with battering-rams; throw bombs and fire-balls into the interior, and go on their way. So in this exhibition there were paintings once priceless scorched by the incendiary flame and rare carvings and sculptures broken and blackened.

"Four times since the bombardment I have been at Reims, the ruin of whose cathedral was so graphically told by the distinguished American architect, Whitney Warren, who had the courage to raise his voice in indignation against that great crime against all art. There could be no more preposterous charge than that which the Germans make—that the tower of the splendid old structure was used as an observation post.

"There were positions which served far better for that than the tower, and, besides, why should the French endanger the lives of the people of the city by using the tower as a station for artillery? The attack on the stately pile was merely a manifestation of a barbarian spirit, from which one day I hope the world may be freed."

With the end of the war and the soil of France once freed from German invasion, "there will come a new inspiration," for "not only France, but all civilization, has been oppressed by the German *Kultur*." What amount of justice Mr. Alexandre does to the artistic spirit of Germany, readers will have to judge for themselves. It will be seen that he rather gladly unloads upon the Germans the responsibilities for encouraging the Cubists, etc., altho it can not be said that the most modern art cults originated there. We read of the halcyon time to come:

"Imagination will then have sway. The world will know what real freedom means. The art of the future will rid itself from the trammels of ugliness. We shall find that we are no more oppressed by the hideous things which the Germans do and which, worst of all, they make. . . . . .

"In half a century I have seen many schools of art come and go. All have more or less left their impress upon art before they disappeared. The Germans have tried them all, seeing only the form and missing the spirit. They understand nothing of the beauty and grasp at the faults and eccentricities, as all imitators do.

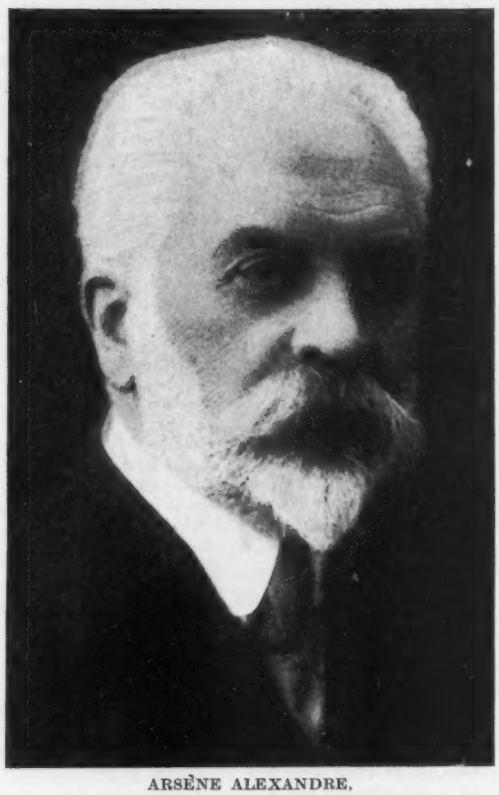
"The Germans make good Cubists. I may illustrate by comparing two noted painters, Lenbach and Sargent. Lenbach had power, and yet his work was essentially photographic. He even employed a photographer. His lines are crude and hard.

The best example of his work is his portrait of Bismarck, a brutal likeness. Your own American painter, John S. Sargent, shows in his work not only masterly technique but a power to read and interpret the soul of men.

"When all is over we shall be spared much ugliness. The Germans will go their own way in everything and especially, I should think, in art. We shall see no more of their chairs ungainly to look at and uncomfortable for sitting in. We shall not see any more of their fantastic, badly proportioned ornaments. Everybody will be the happier for that."

WAR ON THE CLASSICS IN GERMANY

CONSTERNATION MUST HAVE SEIZED the shades of German scholars now basking in Elysium over the revolt against classical scholarship in the Fatherland. Wolf, Böckh, and Theodor Mommsen, and thousands of their pupils looked upon Homer and Horace, Sophocles and Livy, as the educational pivots of Germany, and made of their country the home of classical philology. Now we find that a serious rumbling of the dry bones is brought about, chiefly by men in the trenches, so that the danger is imminent of seeing them pitched incontinently into the scrap-heap. Information comes to the outer world through Dr. V. H. Friedel, a French philologist of Alsatian descent, who, with a careful citation of German sources, treats the case in *La Grande Revue* (Paris).



ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE,

Who looks to the end of the war as the beginning of a period of real freedom in art, when "imagination will have sway."

The anticlassical revolution started officially in 1889–1890, and was codified in 1900 by the famous rescript of William II., placing the *Gymnasien* (classical colleges) and the *Realschulen* (non-classical colleges) upon the same level. As a natural sequel, the Polytechnic Institutes became gradually the equivalent of the old Universities, which had been until then the main doors leading to the Governmental positions of high honors and large emoluments. Doctors of chemistry, engineering, architecture, and what not, dared place themselves beside the Ph.D.'s, D.D.'s, and Doctors of Jurisprudence! Some well-informed people see even in that Imperial rescript of 1900 the beginning of the industrial preparation of Germany for the present war. But let us not anticipate Dr. Friedel. He says:

"This pedagogical quarrel could, one thinks, at least have waited until after the conclusion of peace. But the general confusion which, almost immediately after the mobilization, broke out in the entire educational system of the Fatherland also engulfed the Acropolis and the Forum. The woman conductor on the street-railways was joined—*horribile dictu!*—by the lady professor of Greek and Latin. The obligatory military training introduced in all the schools—every week an entire afternoon—played havoc with Greek and Latin grammar—Clausewitz expelled Plato.

"And whence came the heaviest shells? From a trench in France occupied by the principal of a *Gymnasium!* This soldier-scholar evidently reached the conclusion that his intimate knowledge of Cæsar's '*De Bello Gallico*' was of no great use to him for keeping off the literary products of Creuzot and other French munition-factories. His 'herostratic' essay in the *Monatsschrift für höhere Schulen* was echoed by a colleague of his, Herr Oberlehrer Dr. Rommel, in the *Vossische Zeitung*. They and their confederates, in their savage pulling down of the gods they yesterday adored, call the *Gymnasium* 'a miserable pedagogical sweat-shop cursed by pupils and parents alike,' 'an old ruin unfit for habitation,' and so on. They propose to replace the antiquated, 'anachronistic' institute by a sort of military training-school without Greek and Latin, and, for that matter, without any other foreign language—German being good enough and more than sufficient for a methodical education of the German youth.

"The famous writer, Fritz Mauthner, in an article in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of October 7, 1915, has at least sympathy with Montaigne and Rousseau, whose writings, besides those of Fichte and Pestalozzi, ought to replace Xenophon and Vergil, Herodotus and Juvenal.

"'What do we care, what does our youth care,' he exclaims, 'for the absurd Greek and Roman legends and myths? The classical school has rendered great services to the Fatherland, but its time is over. The world does not stand still. The stern realities of the present have an imperative claim on us. Our children represent the future, and the school is the future of this future. We want facts instead of empty words and formulas. We want a democratic school, we ask for the boy of the workingman the facilities for becoming, one day, if he be otherwise fit for the job, military attaché with our greatest embassies. And of what use are Greek and Latin for such a position?'"

The question did not go unanswered, we are told; nor did it evoke a chorus of approval. Herr Mauthner got his replies—among others, one from a young poet named Franz Werfel, who, from his bed in a military hospital, "asked the illustrious author whether he really intends to Americanize the school system of Germany by drying up the brains of the boys, making of all of them dentists or electrical engineers? 'Is it not revolting to be obliged to listen in the trenches to German chemists and surveyors who are anxious to see the end of this war so that they may return to their Russian and English flesh-pots?'" Dr. Friedel resumes:

"Our poet Werfel, we are afraid, is, for the present at least, in the minority. Even the 'Friends of the *Gymnasium*,' an association recently formed with the purpose of stemming the anticlassical flood, dares only to lisp its protest. Their adversaries admit that Greek and Roman culture has been the root of German '*Kultur*,' but 'why should we need the root since we have the very fruit and flower? Why should the poor boys be bothered with the study of Pausanias, since we have German Baedekers of Greece? Why all this archeological rubbish since we can buy, for a few marks, all the photographs we want of the famous ancient monuments?'

"And Greek ethics and idealism? Can they compare with the German articles? Certainly not.

"But all this can still be brought into harmony with the laws of logic. Even the proposition to replace Greek and Latin, French and English, with Flemish—you never know, the German wolf might one day hanker after the Dutch provinces—can be defended. The suggestion, however, of Dr. Hillebrandt, professor

at the University of Breslau, to introduce in place of the languages and literatures of Hellas and Rome Bulgarian and Turkish languages and literatures rather pertains to the chapter of war-patho-psychology; one single library book-shelf can hold the whole literature of both nations, as far as it can be considered palatable for the educated central European mind.

"The proposition of the *Deutscher Germanisten-Verband* (Association of Teachers and Students of German Literature) to lay more stress in the future on the study of the popular dialects and of Middle and Old High German must be called a sound and plausible one.

"Not only, however, the languages, literatures, and mythologies of the Greeks and Romans, but also their history ought to be curtailed, according to the program of the neo-Teutonistic pedagogs. The Prussian Minister of Education has decided that the history of Germany, and Prussia in particular, of the last fifty years should form henceforth the nucleus of historical instruction in the German *Gymnasium*. He refers in glowing words to the famous Imperial rescripts, on the same subject, of May 1, 1889, and February 13, 1890, where William recommends to teach history backward; from Sedan over Königgrätz, Solferino, and Sebastopol to Waterloo, and so on to the creation of the world."

Dr. Friedel hopes, however, in spite of the present virulent attacks against it, that the classical *Gymnasium* in Germany is not yet entirely lost, considering the actual agitation as being rather of a political than pedagogical nature. He sees a significant hint in favor of his theory in the collection of twenty-three monographs on "The German College After the War" ("*Die deutsche höhere Schule nach dem Weltkriege*," 1916), published by prominent scholars and educators, many among them direct collaborators of the Prussian Minister of Education. Dr. Friedel terminates his essay by expressing his conviction that, classical culture being the foundation of all West-European civilization, it could be made the fittest cement for the re-establishment of a peaceful Europe."

LITERARY FUTURES REEXAMINED

UNCONQUERABLE OPTIMISM, "which is at the base of life," possest most of us at the beginning of the war, when we reflected on its probable effects upon art and literature. "It was believed that the war would cause such a spiritual quickening in Europe that great literature must result"; but there is one man of letters who has been taught differently by the events of the past two years. It is the Irish writer, Mr. James Stephens, who makes a reexamination of the favorite theme of a year and more ago. Political and social change is imminent, he points out, with the conviction that "the Europe we saw two years ago we shall never see again." But he pauses on the threshold of prediction of what direction that change will take. Of one thing he seems certain: "Every honest book is the description first of the man who wrote it, and afterward of the social order in which he lived." Becoming concrete:

"An orderly State will have an orderly literature. England was growing disorderly long before the war, France was growing orderly, Germany was already anarchistic, Ireland had become introspective and creative, Russia was at the one moment creative and decadent, while Italy was full of unrest and desire.

"These are hasty generalizations, and I will not at this moment try to go into them any closer, but I believe that both England and Germany may suffer enormously after this war. I think the social orders of these two nations were already set toward either rupture or refashioning, and when the iron discipline of war is relaxed a period of political and social chaos may follow it. I think Ireland will be worthy the freedom for which she has long been preparing herself, and that Russia, Turkey, and France may ultimately benefit by the rigor to which they have been subjected. As for Italy, I do not know if the war will prove a disaster or a blessing, but I incline more to the former idea than to the latter.

"As to the literature which is expected to flower from this war—I do not believe there will be any. There will be printed books in plenty, but I do not consider that anything fine or original need be expected as a result of this conflict.

"It may almost be stated as a law that beaten or conquered nations are unable to produce fine literature; and if such literature should arise, it can not be traced to the stress to which the nation was subjected. Prophesy as we may, no one yet knows which of the warring nations will be victorious; nor can we even say that any nation will win. The quickening which grows into literary and artistic expression comes from victory, but it depends on the kind and degree of victory which has been achieved. It might be stated as another law that to have a sequel in art and literature, victory must have been rather easily won. If the strain on a man or a nation has been real they make no songs about it. They are only content that it is over, and there does not follow any national sprightliness at its ending. The strain on all the nations now at war is tremendous. They will need a long rest when it is finished, and they may not get that rest."

As tho not to disappoint our expectations too severely, Mr. Stephens, writing in the London *Sphere*, admits "a great literature will come from this war," but it "will not come until at least a generation has passed, and until a sense of social leisure and perspective is possible." For—

"Europe at the present moment is engaged in what might justly be called an intensive cultivation of man. What this will result in can scarcely be predicted on the spiritual side, but on its political and social aspects one may hazard some imagination. For a number of years prior to the war the great European Powers had gradually been adopting and enforcing German social ideas, and had already advanced a long way toward controlling their people. This process seemed to have been interrupted by hostilities, but it is only seeming, for at this moment, everywhere, the various peoples are gript and controlled by their States, and from control of life to control of money is no more than a step. A new economic standard must result from the chaos which will follow this war, and money control may be forced on the State. This may mean the commencement of what is called, wrongly as I think, the Servile State; for, to me, the Servile State is the environment into which we and our immediate forefathers were born, and out of which we are now slowly struggling. That we are preparing a new state is evident, but until the present war swings definitely to some direction it is impossible to conceive what our new State will be. It is likely there will be a tightening of economic and political life. It is equally possible that there will be a relaxing of the moral and ethical bonds. These, with a new race of men (for the male population of Europe will not be a year hence the men they were two years ago), will certainly assist us to change. It is likely, it may even be a political necessity, that the moral bonds will be relaxed in order that the wastage of life in Europe may be quickly repaired."

The children of the ages of two to five now playing about our knees are to be the producers of the new art, according to Mr. Stephens. We must look with something like awe upon these mute, but to-be-glorious Miltons, for they "will grow in an atmosphere to which we are strangers, and will be native to values which we will be too busy creating to understand." He goes on:

"When we think of the Europe of after the war, in which every grown man in the cities and in the remotest hamlets has a subject of conversation with every male stranger whom he will ever meet, and the children who grow up listening to these unending and everchanging stories! When we think of the moral chaos to which the war has reduced both men and women now (easy divorce has been granted to soldiers, and it is stated that there was reason for this grant), and the atmosphere of ethical relaxation in which they will grow up, it is not claiming too much if we urge that a new and definite point of view will be express in art and literature, and even more so in public and social existence. These, with the inevitable economic readjustments, will mean a new people inhabiting a new world. I do not mean a better world, I only mean a different one. Local change may be either good or bad, but I think that universal change is always for the better, and there is always more to hope for than to be afraid of. But I do not hope for or expect any literature or art consequent on this war. I expect only social chaos everywhere until the new generation grows up and the new values are created."

GAIN AND LOSS IN AMERICAN DRAMA

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT American dramatists if they gain a technique and lose their own souls? The question is impliedly posed for them by Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, who notes a distinct decline during the past ten years in all but the constructive qualities of American plays. "American drama of to-day," he declares in the Boston *Transcript* "is more American in style and less worthily American in content than even ten years ago; technically it is finding itself, and spiritually losing itself." Reading over the published plays of the last decade and a half and viewing the Broadway productions of the past autumn create the impression and intensify its keenness. In theme and interpretative significance our drama becomes less and less American, less and less important. The universal demand for humor in stage fiction, and for action in the cruder meaning of the word, doubtless dictate what this drama shall be, and in this sense Mr. Eaton sees that the new plays reflect the national life. Yet—

"It would be a bold critic in the literary world who would rank 'Pollyanna' above 'The Scarlet Letter' as American fiction, and a silly dramatic critic who would place 'Turn to the Right' above 'The Great Divide.' One does not need to be a Russian realist to interpret American life truthfully and intelligently on the stage. Nobody questions, for instance, the genuine value of James Forbes's 'The Show Shop.'"



WALTER PRICHARD EATON,

Who declares that "in theme and interpretative significance our drama becomes less and less American, less and less important."

The descent of the American play takes its start, according to this critic-at-large, in the height reached by Bronson Howard, James A. Herne, Clyde Fitch, and William Vaughn Moody. Moody's "Great Divide" was produced in 1906, since when, according to Mr. Eaton, "the American drama has grown progressively more popular and less important and interpretative." The slope downward is thus surveyed:

"A generation ago the majority of new plays in a given season were of foreign origin; to-day at least 75 per cent. are of native authorship. We have learned to like our own plays best, but we have not learned to like our own best plays—or, at any rate, to demand them. In approximately the decade since 'The Great Divide,' certain native dramas which are truly interpretative of American life or character, either in serious or bantering mood, have, of course, been produced. Among them we can all at once recall Ade's *genre* comedy, 'The College Widow'; Langdon Mitchell's glittering satiric farce, 'The New York Idea'; Miss Rachel Crothers's intensely feminine and sincere play, 'A Man's World'; Joseph Medill Patterson's crude but hard-hitting drama of newspaper life, 'The Fourth Estate'; Charles Kenyon's 'Kindling,' a social study of the slums, not free from theatrical trickiness but informed with sincerity and purpose; Frank Craven's naive and simple idyl of the young clerk's suburban 'villa,' 'Too Many Cooks'; Louis Anspacher's recent study of the urban female parasite in juxtaposition to the woman of independent ideals and social honesty, called 'The Unchastened Woman'; and last, but not least, of course, Eugene Walter's theatrically effective and emotionally stirring tragedy of the Tenderloin, 'The Easiest Way.' There have been other native plays of decided merit, too, some of them in the conventional mold of comedy or romance, some of them striving for a deeper note, as Augustus Thomas's 'Witching Hour' and 'As a Man Thinks.' But unless they are distinctively American in theme or treatment they need not concern us here."

The type of play which has come to the front in recent years, the critic declares, "is neither like the dramas of Herne and Fitch on the one hand, nor such comedies and miscellaneous pieces as 'Her Husband's Wife,' 'Romance,' and 'The Great Lover,' on the other. They are unlike the works of Fitch and Herne because they do not deal seriously and truthfully with American life, while usually pretending to a specious local realism; and they are unlike the comedies and miscellaneous pieces of either the elder or younger Thomas, of Sheldon and the Hattons, because they are not written with the traditional restraints and conventions of a unified style and a definite respect for the probabilities of human conduct." Mr. Eaton is divided between the popular magazines and Mr. George M. Cohan as the responsible source. At least he picks Mr. Cohan's "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" as the first of the type. The school characteristic and the popular exemplar of the hour is here set forth:

"Mr. Cohan and the dramatists who have followed or emulated him are for the most part gifted with rather a shrewd sense of observation. Mr. Cohan himself can patter through vivid, picturesque, and faithful slang almost as well as George Ade. For the surface humors of life—at least of urban life along Broadway—he has a keen eye and an unerring gift of transferring humors to the stage. He not only labels his scenes and characters American, but in a thousand small ways he gives them lifelikeness, he creates illusion. And yet, when your brain begins to function again after the machine-gun percussions of his rapid-fire speeches, after the rushing about of his actors, the torrential speed of his action, it tells you, the beholder, that none of these people has been real, after all; that none of them has been seriously, truthfully studied; that sentimentality, absurdity, theatricality, ruled the play; that you have been witnessing, when all is done, only a curious kind of farce masquerading as American comedy.

"It is significant that the most successful play of the early autumn of 1916—successful, that is, in attracting patronage—is a farce of just this type. It is called 'Turn to the Right,' and the authors are John E. Hazzard, an actor, and Winchell Smith, a skilled carpenter of popular entertainments. Again the heroes are crooks. There are two of them, just released from Sing Sing—amusing and ingratiating dogs, of course; your crook on the stage must be 'sympathetic.' In Sing Sing they had become attached to a young fellow who, as it afterward appears, was unjustly 'sent up,' and after his release they come upon him in his home, whither he has just returned to find his brave little mother about to be evicted from the farm by the village Shylock (a deacon, of course), because she can not pay her bills. The two obliging crooks steal the necessary money out of the deacon's own safe to pay the deacon and then they pick his pockets in order to put the money back in the safe before he gets home! This, however, is their last crime. The moral effect of the brave little mother is so strong upon them that they at once reform, help organize a company for the manufacture of peach-jam out of the orchard crops (mother is a marvelous jam-maker), and ultimately rise to evening-dress and demi-tasses in the last act, where we leave them about to take two of the village belles as brides. As drama, of course, this farrago is utter nonsense; it is an insult to the intelligence. As farce, however, it is at times hilariously funny. But it does not come before us as a farce. It quite evidently means us to accept the sentimental reformations seriously, and the sad thing is that the audiences do so accept them. Having in reality no relation to American life, or to any life, this essential farce is drest up with sentiment, embellished with local allusions, brightened with the latest patter, and capitally acted by young men who know how to escape the conventions of farcical acting and to create 'types' externally as plausible as life itself, till it passes for an American comedy among thousands of people. That it displays prolific comic invention and a conspicuous gift of verbal humor can not be denied. It could not be popular otherwise. The thing is vital, which makes its essential falsity all the more distressing."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

LONDON STREET SHRINES

A NOTABLE CONTRAST with such recent efforts of ours as that of "subediting the decalog and taking half the virtue out of the sacrament of matrimony by canceling the promise of obedience" is a tendency in England to revert to some practises of the Early Church. One of these is the establishment of wayside war-shrines at the suggestion of Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London. Some "Low Church" divines were at first alarmed by the proposal, says Mr. J. P. Collins, in the Boston *Transcript*, seeing only "another stage in the steady encroachment of that 'idolatry' which used to be a bugbear with our Puritanical ancestors." It is said, however, that the suggestion gained favor because it had probably emanated from Tommy Atkins himself. The British soldier has noted "how often the sacred emblem of the crucifix has survived the battering of the German guns and the destruction of village churches." They seem to him "to repeat the immortal reproach of Divine patience against the blows of evil." Mr. Collins observes therefore—



ONE OF THE WAYSIDE SHRINES,

Such as dot every parish in London, calling the passer-by to prayer for the repose of those who have fallen in battle.

"It is no wonder that this strange and haunting survival of the central image of Christianity has become almost a by-word among the beholders, and seems destined to add to the popular folklore of the war, like the myth of the Russian troops in England or the legendary apparition at Mons.

"Our good friend Thomas, however, has too hard a head to trouble himself with visions, and indeed the stern actualities of fighting leave him precious little time or inclination for indulgence in day-dreams. What he has noticed, as we can well believe, is the frequency of those wayside shrines which dot the landscape of France and still keep alive in cruel times the savor of an Old-World piety. These outward appeals to a primitive faith must needs awaken many thoughts in the minds of men who are thrown violently back upon the elemental facts of life and death, and a clear visualization, however crude or casual, of the greatest sacrifice in history can not fail to touch the hearts of men who are challenging Eternity for the sake of others.

"This acceptance of the symbolic force of a simple object at a crisis in their lives appears to have prompted expression of a wish in letters home that England contained some kind of counterpart to the wayside shrines of France or Belgium, and many of our grateful countrymen and women have now bestirred themselves to meet this desire in a practical way."

The suggestion of the street shrine on a systematic scale was instantly hailed as an inspiration. One by one, we are told, the parishes have profited by it, and now these simple objects of piety are "turning up everywhere to beautify and hallow some of the dingiest streets in this toiling capital."

"As you pass along a seamy thoroughfare, lined with stale and stuffy shops or monotonous tenements, you light upon a bit of wall which reveals an object calculated to arrest all passers-by. It is a panel of wood a few feet square with a gabled porch, to protect the contents from the rain; and usually the main feature of interest is a 'Roll of Honour' recording the number of men, whether soldiers or sailors, who have gone to the war from this particular street, with a special mark for all who have fallen or are lying wounded or have won distinction. We have always exhibited these lists—at the doors of our churches and chapels, and pious attestations they make of the gratitude and remembrance thus enjoined upon the congregation. But almost inevitably, thanks to the heedlessness of modern life, there is a big percentage of our working poor who never venture inside a place of worship, not to mention the fact that a certain proportion of the men thus enumerated on the list have not been communicants or attendants at this chapel or any other. You will also perceive that there is a creditable and growing competition among our streets to see which can show the greatest honor-roll, and it is astonishing how some of the least presentable and important have been most prolific in giving its heroism the palpable shape of a big draft of recruits.

"The shrines are primarily and finally to furnish a record of those men who have made the Great Decision, and to recall us to the need of giving them our prayers. Accordingly, in nine cases out of ten, the Roll of Honor is surmounted by a few words of prayer lettered in gold or inscribed in white paint, or else crowned with a bracket whereon there stands a statuette, either of St. George or the patron saint of the parish, and in some cases of the Virgin and Child. Sometimes a couple of flags of the Allies wave or rest above as a reminder of the cause at stake, but the main thing is the Roll of Honor, protected by nothing save an image and a prayer and a few blossoms redolent alike of heaven and earth.

"If you are easily shocked you will see in all this an assault upon the sturdy traditions of the Reformation, and you will declaim against the weakness of our ecclesiastical authorities—a bishop, above all—for truckling in this way to the detestable and reactionary inroads of the religion long ago deposed. But the bishop will probably reply, as a Catholic friend replied when I tackled him upon the point, that war is in itself a violent reaction, throwing us back upon first principles of right and wrong, and we must not be above adopting primitive symbols and ideals in an attempt to console and edify simple minds."

The scoffer, we are further told, has been quite effectually silenced by the fact that Queen Mary has personally visited some of these shrines, as far afield as South Hackney, "the heart of the wild northeast of London," as well as parishes nearer home. Mr. Collins demurs that "a shrine is no more sacred because a king or a queen has prayed there," yet he avers that "there is an innate disposition in all loyal folk to note the circumstance with satisfaction and spread the news of it." Further:

"You almost regret that these little temples of piety and prayer must fade away with the war and give place to the older

type of marble tablet and granite monument, inscribed with names and regiments and beset with all the old funereal paraphernalia of guns and trumpets and weeping sylphs, the kind that you may obtain wholesale by contract from any stonemason's yard. Such things are deader than the dead themselves. Far better than all this the wayside shrine with its cluster of violets or lilies, the image of immortal suffering, and the sentence cut in gold—'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

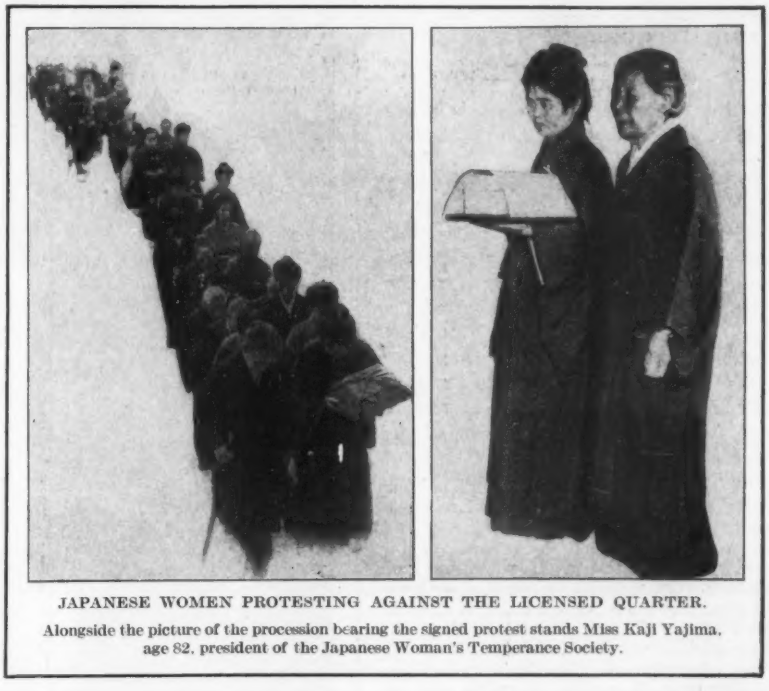
JAPANESE VICE-CRUSADE

JAPAN HAS IN PROSPECT a movement to abolish licensed quarters for immorality. The beginnings are seen in the agitation raised in the city of Osaka against creating a new quarter to take the place of others destroyed by fire. Seven years ago a small quarter of this sort was burned out in the North Ward, and the Christians of the city opposed its reopening and it was never restored. Four years ago another quarter, housing 1,300 inmates, was also consumed, and the quarter was afterward devoted to other purposes. But last April the people were stirred by a new permit having been granted to open a seventeen-acre quarter within a short distance of the Tennoji Park, the Zoological Garden, and Luna Park, the great play-center of the city. Says *The Record of Christian Work* (Northfield):

"This has provoked intense opposition, which finds strong newspaper support. Mr. Gleason, of the Osaka Y. M. C. A., is actively leading the fight alongside of Colonel Yamamuro, of the Salvation Army, and the contest is taking on such proportions as may well lead to the break-up of licensed vice all over Japan. The organization of the Christians is called the Tobita Licensed Quarter Opposition Society. It has sent out 2,000 letters to leading citizens, asking them to announce publicly their attitude on this problem. Six hundred have registered their antagonism to Tobita. Only three are favorable to it. Similar letters were sent to 1,400 parents of pupils in middle schools in the neighborhood. Pressure has been brought to bear on landowners to get them to refuse to sell land for this immoral use. Seventeen members of the Osaka Evangelistic Band have gone through the city with illuminated signs, urging citizens to protest against the Tobita scheme. A petition against licensing vice has been drawn up, and it is proposed to send 30,000 copies of it over Japan. Buddhist and Shintoist leaders have been approached, but decline cooperation. Individual Japanese of these faiths, however, have shown themselves more active than their religious guides. It is worth noting that Governor Okubo, of Osaka, is a Yale graduate of the class of '89."

Nevertheless, *The Far East* (Tokyo) reports that tho "the matter has now been before the public for months past," it thinks it "remarkable that those in authority have not seen the advisability of determining such an unsavory business by a concession to public opinion, which has been exprest with unusual force." The cover-picture of this journal, which we reproduce above, is thus described and commented on:

"On our cover-page this week are two interesting photographs —one of Madame Yajima, the veteran Christian worker, and the other a procession of Christian women, headed by Madame Yajima, on the way to the Osaka Fucho, with the object of presenting a petition to the Governor praying that the Tobita scheme be abandoned. It appears that they were unable to see the governor, who was 'busy,' and they saw the chief of police."



JAPANESE WOMEN PROTESTING AGAINST THE LICENSED QUARTER.

Alongside the picture of the procession bearing the signed protest stands Miss Kaji Yajima, age 82, president of the Japanese Woman's Temperance Society.

CARING FOR OUR LITTLE CRIPPLES

EUROPE with its countless cripples presents an insistent claim upon our charities; but America without a war has also a little army of dependents conscripted by the recent scourge of infantile paralysis. Fifteen thousand crippled children are with us as the result of last summer's visitation. Up to date there have been 25,000 cases, says *The World's Work* (January), "the greatest visitation of the disease recorded in human history." Sixty-five per cent. of the recovered cases showed a "serious paralysis of one or both limbs and are unable to walk"; and "19 per cent. were partially paralyzed in the lower limbs altho still able to walk." We read:

"In past years a spirit of fatalism has accepted these cripples as part of the unavoidable process of Nature; we live in a more fortunate era, however, and medical science refuses to regard the cases as hopeless. In fact, the large majority of these cripples can be restored to normal childhood, and even the more aggravated cases can be greatly improved. Nearly two years ago the State of Vermont developed a system of after-care, which other communities, especially New York, the State that has suffered most severely, are carrying into practise. Briefly the system comprises a traveling clinic under the control of the State Board of Health. This clinic visits the towns and cities in turn, instructing the family physician in methods of after-care. Nurses visit the homes, supervise the muscular exercises of the children, encourage the families, and keep careful watch so as to assure themselves that the children are receiving the necessary attention.

"In New York City a special 'Committee on After-Care of Infantile Paralysis' cases is performing a similar work. As soon as a patient is discharged the Health Department sends a notification and record to this Committee. A nurse immediately visits the home and brings the child to some appropriate agency for treatment. Medical supervision is provided, braces and other appliances are given in cases where the patient's family can not purchase them, and all means are taken to transform a crippled child into a strong and healthy one.

"All this demands money; private donations support the work; the New York Committee, as well as those in other communities, are appealing for support. Certainly few charities pay such positive dividends, for the work, if properly supported, will produce self-sustaining citizens of human beings that might otherwise be a lifelong charge upon private and

public benevolence. It is certainly hoped, therefore, that the work, so well begun, will not slacken because of the need of that which is a most plentiful article in this country at the present time."

STONEMEN INVADE THE METROPOLIS

IN THE ENTHUSIASM which greeted the 8,000 Stonemen who visited Brooklyn on Sunday, December 10, "in the impressive procession which preceded the mass-meeting in the Thirteenth Regiment Armory, and in the rush of novitiates who took the first degree of the order," the Brooklyn *Times* sees "significant evidence of a fertile condition in Brooklyn for the most remarkable and powerful movement of modern times in the Protestant communions." This movement, the Brooklyn *Eagle* reminds us, began with a men's club organized by the Rev. H. C. Stone, vicar of the Memorial Chapel of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia. The Billy Sunday meetings gave this society such an impetus that it gathered 4,000 men in a short time, outgrew denominational laws, and was organized as a religious order with a ritual and three degrees. It is now said to number 100,000 men in Philadelphia alone, with 40,000 more in near-by places. Dr. Stone, says *The Eagle*, has frankly announced "that Brooklyn is expected to spread the leaven to Manhattan, that, all New York won, New York is going to bring every State in the Union into the order." The Brooklyn daily finds it easy enough to understand why the "city of churches" was selected for this "drive"—

"It is not only the church borough of New York; it probably is the greatest religious center in the country, and, in spite of the numerous churches and the strength of denominationalism, the trend toward unity of action is very marked. Here, as elsewhere, the great problem is the reclaiming of men for the churches. This the Stonemen Fellowship accomplishes, altho it also aims to spread those precepts of Christianity that are broader than all creeds. Brooklyn may be expected to add immeasurably to the Stonemen movement."

As *The Eagle* notes in its news columns:

"There have been other pilgrimages by the Stonemen since their organization became a factor to be reckoned with in the civic and religious life of Philadelphia. They went to Scranton, Pa., 3,500 strong, last February; they journeyed to Pittsburg, Pa., 7,000 strong, last April, and last May they poured such a throng of their membership and the wives and friends of members into League Island Navy Yard, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, for the first annual memorial service of the order, that actual counting showed more than 175,000 persons present. . . . . .

"But this journey to Brooklyn is the biggest thing that even the Stonemen have yet attempted. It is the largest single pilgrimage ever undertaken by an individual organization over any railroad in the world."

As reported in the New York and Brooklyn papers, the Stonemen left Philadelphia on special trains as early as 6:30 Sunday morning. Most of them attended special services in seventeen Brooklyn churches, some went to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in Manhattan, where Dr. Stone preached in the morning. In the afternoon a parade through Brooklyn ended at the armory mass-meeting, where 11,000 people stood up and sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" to the music of eight bands. Here Dr. Stone responded to an address of welcome, saying in part:

"Let us come over and help you. Clean up the city, clean up the home, clean up the State, and bring real religion to men in a man's way. We are non-sectarian, we are non-political, we are only men who are willing to go without our dinners, without our sleep to help our fellow men or to save a soul."

After the meeting, Dr. Stone admitted men to membership in the first degree of the order, in three Brooklyn churches. At the last meeting, in Plymouth Church, the first name upon the roll was that of the pastor, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.



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THE STONEMEN'S LEADER.

The letters H. C. S. on the Stonemen's badge stand for "Home, Church, State," but they also happen to be the initials of the name of the founder and chief of the order, Rev. H. C. Stone.

The news of the Stonemen's success in Brooklyn inclines the Baptist *Standard* to think the next attempt will be made to introduce the Stonemen to its own city of Chicago. It voices the suspicion of some evangelical Protestants in saying: "It is altogether doubtful whether the churches of other communions than the Episcopalian will be benefited by this order, and we should look into the matter carefully before we give our approval to such a movement." But the Brooklyn *Eagle* would quiet such fears, saying:

"The Stonemen movement is new as yet and there have been some natural but unfortunate misunderstanding and suspicion of the purposes of the order. The cooperation with the movement by Brooklyn clergymen of various denominations is based upon the understanding that the organization is wholly non-sectarian and is devoted to placing emphasis upon the fundamentals of religion without assuming to deal with questions of theology or to discriminate among church organizations. The fact that the first chaplain in Philadelphia was an Episcopal bishop created an impression in some quarters that the movement was a recruiting agency for the Episcopal Church. The Stonemen are, however, pledged to accept the ministration of any clergyman in good standing in his own denomination, and if they should organize in Brooklyn they are quite as likely to elect a Presbyterian or a Methodist or a Congregationalist for chaplain as an Episcopalian, while the Baptists would have stood in the same relation to the order had they not withdrawn from the welcome, owing to some fear of undue denominational influence. . . . . .

"The fact that such a movement has swept 100,000 laymen into its ranks in a single city gives to it a moral force and standing not to be lightly regarded. What its future may be no man can tell. Many religious movements started with enthusiasm have faded out on the death of their leaders, while others have gone on to large and permanent usefulness. Which the fate of the Stonemen is to be remains to be proved, but the very simplicity of its organization is in its favor, and there can be no question of the genuineness of a movement which takes thousands of men far from their homes to spend a long day in labor at their own cost."

If Dr. Stone's followers, says the Brooklyn *Standard Union*, "can disarm criticism while cultivating spiritual devotion and religious activity, they and their leader will have accomplished much of value to the community. The requirement of every Stoneman to pray silently at noon is an adaptation of the practise that has been considered vital in all Christian brotherhoods since the earliest days of the spread of the faith."

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BEVERIDGE'S LIFE OF MARSHALL

Beveridge, Albert J. The Life of John Marshall. Two Volumes. With illustrations. Octavo, pp. xxiii–506, xviii–620. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. The set, $8 net. Postage, 28 cents.

In the swiftly moving drama of modern existence the earlier ideals which shaped lives and national destinies are likely to be lost sight of. This is especially true of the present generation, for which the most stupendous act in the human drama has been reserved. So overwhelming in interest, indeed, is the magical present that for practical minds past history only assumes importance in those of its features which have direct bearing upon it. The peculiar merit of Senator Beveridge's study is that it presents the vital epoch of our history in which John Marshall is a shining figure, so that we always see it in perspective through the lanes of the present.

As a result of his largely original investigations the biographer has reached the conviction that the work of John Marshall was of supreme importance in the political development of the nation. That influence, he asserts, goes on increasing with time. Yet so little has been written concerning his personality and the actual details of his life and such exalted encomium has been bestowed upon him, that he appears to us and even to the legal profession "a kind of mythical being, endowed with virtues and wisdom not of this earth." Less is known of Marshall, the author insists, than of any other of the great Americans. While no man in our history was "more intensely human" than he, and few had careers so full of moment and color, he has become for most of us a legendary being, a sort of sacrosanct figure robed in ermine. "'He appears to us," writes his biographer, "as a gigantic figure, looming indistinctly out of the mists of the past, impressive, yet lacking vitality, and seemingly without any of those qualities that make historic personages intelligible to a living world of living men."

Into this statue the author, like the artist in the story, has breathed life. He has shown that the great jurist, hitherto pedestaled and unapproachable, was a man like other men, wholly typical of his race and age. He is depicted as frontiersman, soldier, legislator, lawyer, politician, diplomat, and statesman. And in order to present a natural and lifelike portrait, and not a mere waxen effigy, of one so typical of his period, the biographer has taken great pains with the historical backgrounds of his picture, laying on his colors with striking effect.

To make clear the whole significance of Marshall's public career, it was essential to describe at some length those episodes in American history "into which his life was woven," and in telling these thrice-told tales, the biographer, by grouping them round his central figure, has contrived to give them a certain novelty and freshness.

In the early chapters of the book, the reader will find a charming delineation of Marshall's Virginia birth and ancestry. Thomas Marshall, the father of the future Chief Justice, was an intimate friend of Washington. He was a man full of character, "a fighting man" like Washington, is the author's phrase describing him. It was a remarkable parentage, the biographer takes occasion to observe, that produced this child who in manhood was to become "the master builder of American Nationality." "Curiously enough," we read, "it was exactly the same mingling of human elements that gave to the country that great apostle of the rights of man, Thomas Jefferson." Jefferson's mother and Marshall's grandmother, it seems, were first cousins. The common strain of a famous Virginia lineage ran in the veins of both these distinguished Americans. The biographer alludes to the influence of Washington and of Jefferson upon Marshall's career as something at once "profound and determinative." Ultimately his life became "so interlaced with that of Jefferson that a faithful account of the one," as the biographer insists, "requires a careful examination of the other."

Senator Beveridge's volumes are so filled to overflowing with picturesque and pregnant episodes, incidents, and personalities of the American *épopée* that it is only possible in a brief review to hint at some of the main features. Patrick Henry enacts a foremost rôle in the author's vivid, impressive description of the famous forensic debates which were the prelude of revolution. The fiery orator, many of whose utterances have passed into immortality, is here portrayed as a figure of vast importance in the Revolutionary drama.

A certain originality of historical treatment becomes apparent in the story as it develops in the second volume. Some fifty pages are devoted to the influence of the French Revolution on America. The impulse given to French aspirations for liberty by the successful struggle of the American colonists and the rebound upon the country of the ideas set in motion by the French Revolution have seldom been more clearly suggested:

"The success of the American patriots in their armed resistance to the rule of George III., altho brought about by the aid of the French Crown, was, nevertheless, the shining and dramatic example which Frenchmen imitated in beginning that vast and elemental upheaval called the French Revolution. Thus the unnatural alliance in 1778 between French Royalty and American Liberty was one of the great and decisive events of human history. In the same year, 1789, that the American Republic began its career under the forms of a National Government, the curtain rose in France on that tremendous drama which will forever engage the interest of mankind. And just as the American Revolution vitally influenced French opinion, so the French Revolution profoundly affected American thought; and, definitely, helped to shape those contending forces in American life which are still waging their conflict. The economic issue, so sharp in the adoption of the Constitution, was given a higher temper in the forge of the





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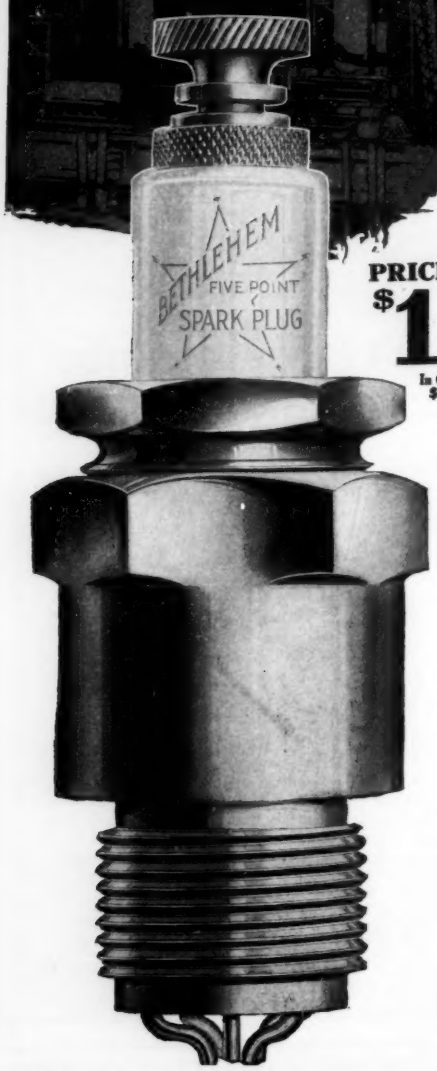
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French Revolution. American history can be read correctly only by the lights that shine from that titanic smithy; can be understood only by considering the effect upon the people, the thinkers, and the statesmen of America, of the deeds done and words spoken in France during those inspiring, if monstrous, years."

SOME OF THE LATEST WAR-BOOKS

Gibbons, Hubert Adams† (Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S.). The New Map of Africa (1900-1916). A History of European Colonial Expansion and Colonial Diplomacy. With colored maps. Pp. xix–491. New York: The Century Company. $2 net. Postage, 14 cents.

Contemporary Africa under the searchlight of the war is the subject of Hubert Adams Gibbons's new book. "The New Map of Africa" is a companion volume to "The New Map of Europe." It gives the history of the critical period from 1899 to the present hour. The author is an American and was born in Maryland in 1880. During the last ten years he has lived abroad, traveling extensively as correspondent for various American newspapers. For three years he was professor of history in Roberts College, Constantinople. Besides his two books on Africa he has published "Paris Reborn," a diary of his impressions in the French capital from August to December, 1914, and "The Foundation of the Ottoman Empire." In the new volume he describes the extraordinary changes and progress which have been brought about in Africa during the course of the last half-century.

Mr. Gibbons had for years been gathering facts for a book on African colonization, but it is only since the war, he says, that he has realized how important these facts were, and how essential a knowledge of them was to the student of contemporary European history. His book is written, therefore, not as was originally planned, but "with the illumination that has come through more than two years of living in the midst of the great conflict and writing daily upon its various phases." By the aid of a series of colored maps the reader follows intelligently the fascinating story of civilization's conquest of the Dark Continent in our own time. The first map shown is the one of our school-day geographies. It bears the date 1850. Civilization has only touched its rim. It is still the "Africa *portentosa*" of the ancients, the whole vast interior being marked "desert" or "unexplored." Turn now to the author's map dated 1902, and what a transformation! The new map looks like Joseph's coat of many colors, and the nations of Europe have cast lots for it. The author shows how fierce has been the clash of rival ambitions among the European states which have been engaged in the colonization of the hitherto unknown continent. The high tide of interest is reached in the author's timely exposition of the methods, often questionable, which have been employed by the different European nations in their schemes of colonization. Naturally stress has been laid upon Germany's share in the grandiose game of grab in Africa. In this matter Mr. Gibbons offers an original suggestion. He thinks that "the only way to prevent Germany from remaining, even after a crushing defeat, the greatest military and political power in Europe" is to give her "an ample outlet in Africa." If she is barred from overseas development, he urges, they will own Poland and will eventually be masters of the Balkan Peninsula and Asia Minor.

Aldrich, Mildred. Told in a French Garden: August, 1914. With Frontispiece Portrait. Pp. 266. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25 net. Postage, 8 cents.

Mildred Aldrich, author of "A Hilltop on the Marne," here stages a little modern Decameron. Her second volume is quite as interesting as her first. It consists of a sheaf of stories told by a company of interesting people who are supposed to be brought together just on the eve of the war. They find themselves marooned in an old French garden and beguile the anxieties of that memorable August, 1914, *à la* Boccaccio. The party consisted of a doctor who had studied in Germany and become an authority on mental diseases; a lawyer who was an authority on international law; a journalist, who had seen life in many phases and been a war-correspondent; a violinist known in the musical sets of the world; a sculptor, a critic, a trained nurse, a divorcée, a "youngster," and, lastly, the author herself. Having sketched the *dramatis personæ*, the author gives a characteristic sketch of the little French provincial paradise which provides her *mise en scène*. It was a delightful wilderness where you got glimpses of broken walls "with all kinds of green things creeping and climbing and hanging on for life." The walled garden itself was a wonder—"a riot of hollyhocks and *giroflées*, dahlias and flox, poppies and huge daisies, and roses everywhere," flowers worthy of comparison with those that Proserpine "let fall from Dis's wagon" as described by Perdita in the play. With this romantic setting the story-telling symposium opens auspiciously with "The Tale of a Bride's New Home." We have read the stories, but carefully refrain from telling, as some ungracious reviewers do, the plots. The stories are very modern in theme and conception, and one or two—the sculptor's story, for instance—have the touch of originality.

Key, Ellen. War, Peace, and the Future: A Consideration of Nationalism and Internationalism, and of the Relation of Women to War. Translated by Hildegard Norberg. Pp. x–271. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50 net. Postage, 10 cents.

The feminine soul of contemporary Scandinavia finds utterance in the writings of this distinguished Swedish author, whose fame, already wide-spread among European readers, has but recently reached this country. In "War, Peace, and the Future," Ellen Key enlarges upon her favorite theme, the destiny of woman in the modern world, presenting the problem in the new and baleful light which the war has cast upon it. She has a firm belief in the potency of woman's rôle in the reconstruction of society which is to be brought about when the cataclysm has spent itself. She thinks the hoped-for universal peace, which a world in arms is already yearning for, can be hastened by the mothers of the race. The chapter on "Women and War" is an inspiring one, and sets in a striking light some of the impressive spiritual results of the war. One of these, with which the world is already familiar, is the renascence of religion, especially in France. But quite as impressive, as this author shows, is the rebirth through the travail of war of noble and heroic traits in woman, traits usually quiescent in peace. The author cites some striking examples. She tells of how Frenchwomen of the best families have gone at night to the battle-fields in the hope of finding among the apparently dead those who might have tetanus. Queens, as well as women from every other



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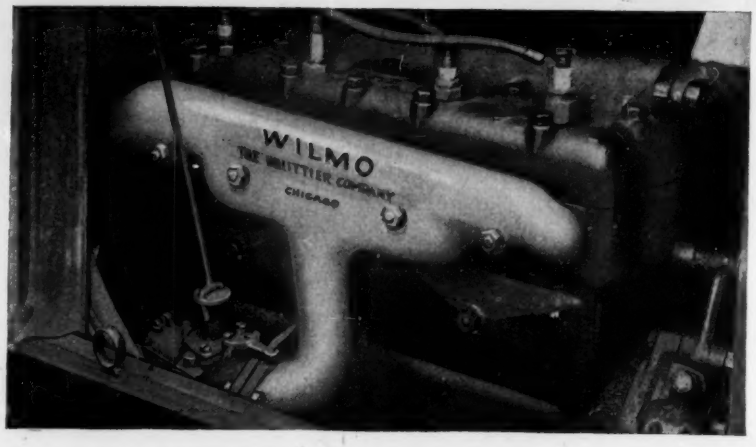
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Perfect Combustion At Last!

This simple, proven device appeals to every driver, automobile owner and garage man. More miles from every gallon of gasoline.

Imperfect combustion, which costs motorists millions of dollars yearly, is positively corrected by the Wilmo Manifold.

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Gives you an immediate get-away. Increases gasoline mileage 42 per cent and over. Insures virtually same results from lower grades of gasoline as from costlier grades. Reduces carbon in old cylinders and spark plugs. Absolutely prevents carbon in newly cleaned cylinders. Means a smoother running motor at all speeds. ***Corrects 90 per cent of carburetion troubles—the weakest spot in present day motoring.***

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In ordinary manifolds the gasoline is merely atomized, so that it enters the cylinders in a wet condition. A wet, sticky deposit results which fouls plugs and valves, increasing fuel consumption and lessening motor efficiency.

The Wilmo Manifold combines the function of both intake and exhaust manifolds. It draws in the air and gasoline, heating and actually *vaporizing* it as a light, dry mixture at the intake ports. No deposit to cause fouling. Every particle of gasoline utilized in the form of full-power gas—mileage increased, fuel supply conserved.

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Before offering the Wilmo Manifold to the motoring public, this Company put it to every conceivable test. It has been so tested, developed and improved for several years. It comes to you as a finished product, *backed by the absolute money-back guarantee* of an organization composed of representative business men noted for their experience in manufacturing and merchandising high grade products. Although never broadly advertised, over 3,000 motorists are already using it.

Read the remarkable tests to the right, made under the direct and exacting supervison of the A. A. A. We also have letters from many owners testifying to similar increased efficiency and lower cost per mile.

Sold by dealers and supply houses everywhere. If your dealer is not supplied, send us his name with your order and we will deliver through him, no matter where you live. Descriptive literature and experience of users sent upon request. Give name, model and year of your car.

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First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Remarkable Tests

Sanctioned by the

American Automobile Association

Note the added mileage due to increased gasoline efficiency.

On December 4th, 1916, tests were made at Mishawaka, Indiana, to demonstrate the efficiency of the Wilmo Manifold. A Ford Touring Car and Studebaker Six were used. The official technical representative of the A. A. A. conducted the tests.

Test No. 1

Ford Touring Car, with standard factory equipment, carrying 3 passengers. Car had already run over 20,000 miles.

Fuel—Gasoline.

Average speed during test, 20 miles per hour.

19 6-10 miles to the gallon were obtained with standard equipment.

When equipped with the Wilmo Manifold 28 miles to the gallon were obtained—an increased mileage per gallon of over 42 per cent.

Conditions of each test identical.

Test No. 2

Same Ford Touring Car.

Fuel, 50-50 kerosene and gasoline mixture.

Ran on gasoline to heat Manifold sufficiently to vaporize 50-50 mixture.

A start could not even be made on this mixture with standard equipment.

26 6-10 miles to the gallon were obtained equipped with the Wilmo Manifold. Perfect combustion—no smoke, no vapor, no odor and a sweet running motor.

35 6-10 per cent greater mileage on a half-and-half mixture with the Wilmo, as against standard equipment using gasoline only!

Test No. 3

Studebaker Six, with top and windshield up, and side curtains. 3 passengers. Total weight, 3570 pounds.

Fuel, Gasoline.

10 6-10 miles to the gallon were obtained with standard equipment.

16 4-10 miles to the gallon were obtained with the Wilmo Manifold—a gain of 5 8-10 miles, or over 54 per cent.

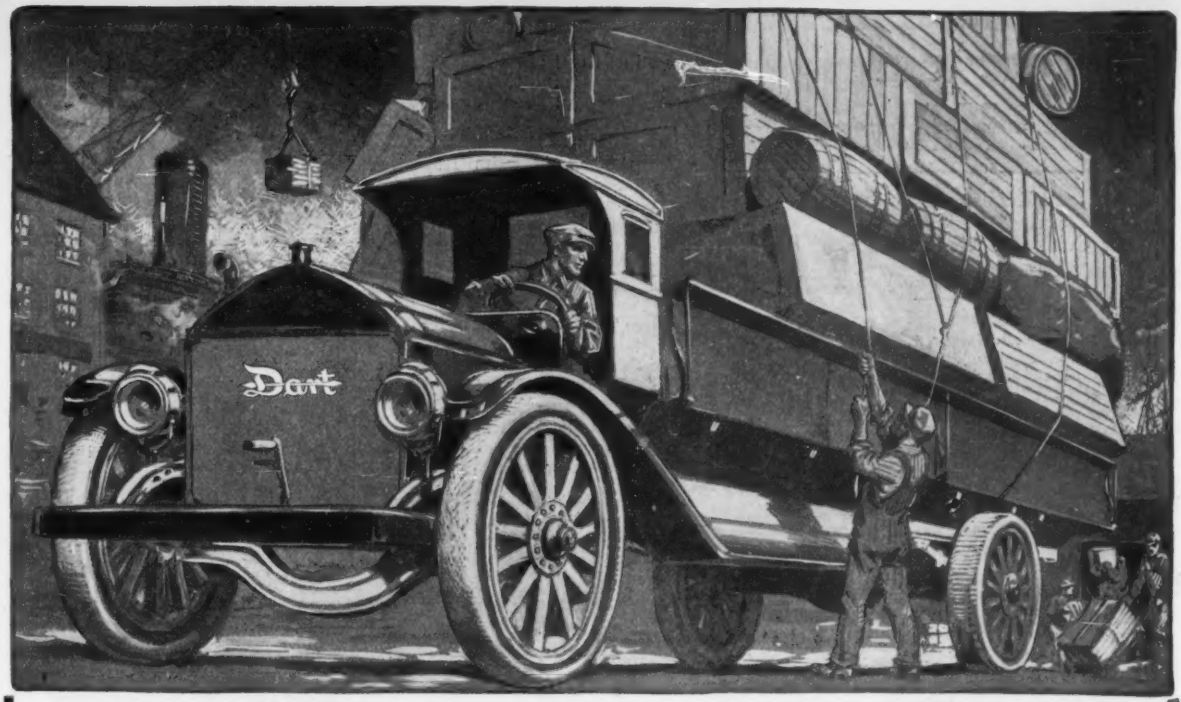
Conditions of each test identical.

In addition to an immediate get-away when the Wilmo Manifold was used, there was also a notably smoother running of both motors, due to perfect combustion of the vaporized fuel.

Wilmo Sizes and Prices

Ford—T	$ 7.50
Maxwell—25 . .	8.50
Overland 59-69-79	10.00
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Studebaker—17-6 .	15.00

The above are the present stock sizes now ready for delivery. Manifolds for other makes of cars will be added from time to time.



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—Best in America for the Money—

The strong claims we make for Dart Motor Trucks—***more power—more service—more real value for the money***—are based on bed-rock facts ***and here they are :***

Dart Trucks are standard unit cars, assembled of the best and latest parts on the market. The unusual combination of great power, lower gear reduction and plenty of road clearance puts Dart Trucks in a class by themselves. They deliver the service under all conditions. Deep sand, rough roads, steep grades, that would stall an ordinary truck, have no terrors for "Darts".

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Dart

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An eloquent tribute paid by the home town, to Dart Motor Trucks.

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Gentlemen:—Kindly send me full description of model checked and name of Dart dealer in this locality.

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sphere of life, have taken courses in nursing, and have afterward taken their profession quite seriously. In Austria archduchesses have been seen scouring the floors of hospitals. Many of these women who have braved death to relieve the suffering of war are nuns.

The leading thought in Miss Key's illuminating book is that peace—now yearned for universally, she avers—is to be achieved by what she calls "patriotic internationalism." In this movement, already formidable in Europe, women have taken a leading part. In this connection the author writes: "The appeal for 'abiding peace,' that Swedish men and women made; the resolutions that were taken on the Swedish women's Peace-Sunday, June 27, that gathered together 90,000 Swedish women; the resolution that was taken at the International Women's Congress in The Hague; all tend to the same end—organization for peace in the name of patriotic internationalism."

Massart, Jean. Belgians Under the German Eagle. Translated by Bernard Miall. Octavo, pp. 368. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net. Postage, 16 cents.

The author of these pathetic and tragic pages is a Belgian professor, a scholar and writer by profession. He has had a year of experience of German rule in Belgium, and his book, written between the 4th of August, 1914, and the 15th of August, 1915, constitutes a fearful indictment. Professor Massart was vice-director of the Class of Sciences in the Royal Academy of Belgium. In preparing the material for his volume he has made use only of those books which entered the country, whether secretly or openly, and which every one, therefore, can procure. But "to drive conviction into the reader's mind," he has used those exclusively which are of German origin, or censored by the Germans. "I have forced myself," he writes in his preface, "to remain as far as possible objective in order to give my work the scientific rigor which characterizes the Reports of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry." No fact cited has been drawn from English, French, or other outside sources. The book therefore reflects almost perfectly the state of mind of an educated Belgian who has lived a year under the German domination. It is an extraordinary "document," bearing the evident stamp of sincerity and truthfulness of statement, and is more impressive than any of the printed philippics against Germany emanating from the various countries of the world. The peculiar ferocity of the punishments the German invaders meted out to the conquered Belgians was engendered, it seems, by the resistance offered at Liége. Without Liége there could have been no French victory of the Marne. King Albert's soldiers held the Kaiser's Army just long enough to enable France to save herself. This delay, the author thinks, may have prevented a second Sedan. It certainly left in ruins the whole carefully worked-out German plan for a sudden victory by a single stroke, as in 1870. It is for this that the Belgian people have been made to suffer the cruelties recorded in this book. Mr. Massart opens his recital with a quotation which he says Bismarck used to repeat with approval, a saying which has often been attributed to him, but in reality was uttered by General Sheridan. It was that the people of a country occupied by a conquering army should be left nothing—save eyes to weep with! The ferocious epigram, the author avers, finds literal application to-day in Belgium.

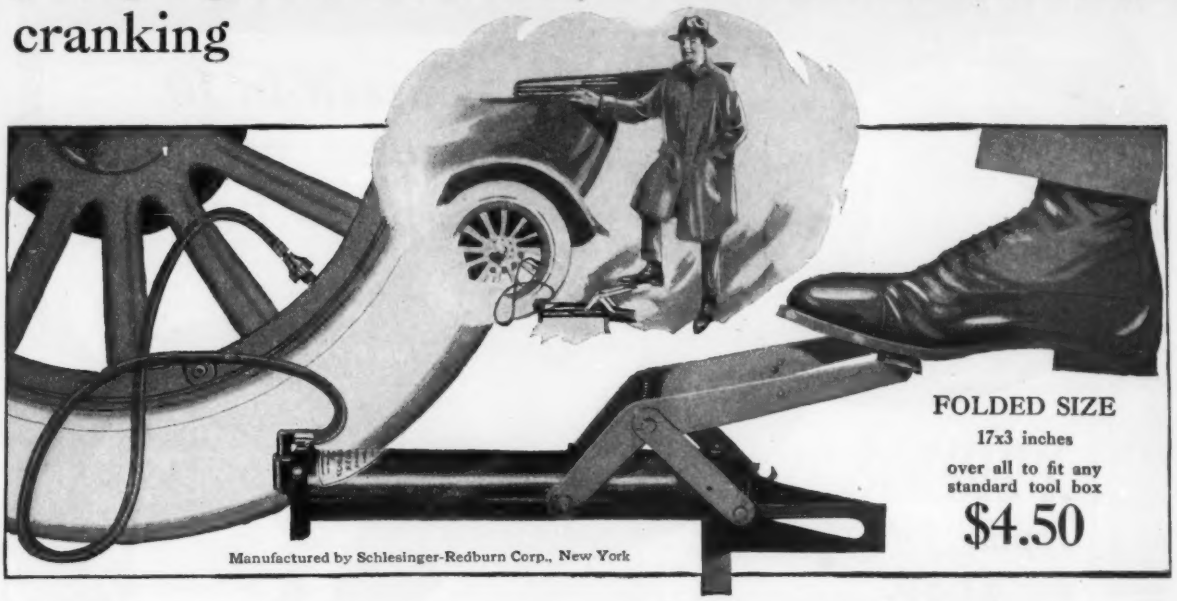
Wheeler, Harold F. B. The Boys' Life of Lord Kitchener. Illustrated. Pp. 288. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Postage, 12 cents.

The style of this "Story of Lord Kitchener"—running-title of its pages—indicates that it was prepared for boys well-grown. From its first chapter describing "A Field-Marshal in Knickerbockers," to the final one, telling of "The Last Post," it is written on a level of history high enough for every reader of it. The Kitchener family motto, which early he made his own and illustrated, was a good one for boys—"Thorough." The life he led, from a young lieutenant exploring the Holy Land, until he became Secretary of State for War, exemplified the constant energy with which this motto was daily translated into action; and thus in furnishing a brilliant example for other young men this volume may be considered properly "The Boys' Life." Kitchener's genius, we are bound to conclude, was merely that of hard work. He was "always a hard worker," Mr. Edward Vizetelly wrote of him—"a gentleman with a long head who thought much but said little"—and this referred to him while he labored in Palestine, as after. His habit of work earned the rapid promotions that marked his distinguished service; and by that record every boy and man may well profit. It was a record recognized by the world, of which any ruler of men might be proud. When it closed by drowning at sea, in a war-ship sunk by a mine, the world mourned its loss of a great man and a trusted commander. Wherever boys read of him, as making surveys in the Holy Land, as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, as fighting the Boers in South Africa, or as Commander-in-Chief in India, they will be pleased to learn that only a few months before his tragic death a company of London Boy Scouts hailed him as their president, on one of his departures for "the front," and that he gave them a farewell message.

Shehan, Henry. A Volunteer Poilu. Pp. 217. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25. Postage, 10 cents.

Here is a book, small tho it is, and tho written by the son of an American father and French mother, unreservedly and frankly French in his sympathies, and enlisted in the French field-service, does not sully its pages with vicious untruths, exaggerated hearsay, and unreasonable tirades. It is a vivid picture of the French Army in the trenches, graphically describing its daily life, its constant risks, suffering, relaxation, and daily routine. It is not only well written, but it is sane, sympathetic, and comprehensive in its evident sincerity and atmosphere. The description of the system and executive completeness of the French general plans is lightened, here and there, by anecdotes of soldiers in attack or while waiting, but the key-note of the book is its recognition of the wide and underlying meaning of all wars, this one in particular, and the account of the pitiful and pathetic experiences that are inevitable. The French soldier loses nothing by this tribute of a "volunteer poilu." "The war," says the author, "is another lesson in the power of the species to adapt itself to circumstances. When this power of adaptability has been reenforced by a tenacious national will to see the thing through, men will stand hell itself."

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How would you like to walk all day on your hands? Your feet don't mind it.

Mrs. Sew-and-Sew knows the value of foot-work when it comes to stitching up a hem. It would take her half an hour if she did it by hand but it's done in two minutes on the machine. Thanks to her 4½ A's.

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THIS page announces the first successful tire pump which lets the FOOT do the work. And the cost? $4.50—less than the price of a good hand pump.

The Twombly lets you inflate your tires without stooping. You use either foot and step downward. The patent spring brings it up again for you. You step on a lever and it multiplies the force of your stroke just as a lever, in lifting a stone, multiplies your strength. Before you know it 40, 50, 60 pounds of pressure have been reached easily by those simple, natural strokes of your foot. No backache, no stooping. No sore hands, no gripping and pulling.

80 pounds! All you need—all you would take at a garage! Back into your tool box the Twombly goes, occupying less room than most pumps. For it's only 17 inches long, 3 high and 3 wide. Full pressure, with less effort, in less time, anywhere, at any time—and longer life for your tires.

Of course, the demand for the Twombly this year will far exceed the supply. Most leading supply dealers and garages are protected. Their orders are in. But if you can't get a Twombly easily, send for it direct to us. Send check, money-order or cash for $4.50. We pay delivery charge anywhere. Use the coupon.

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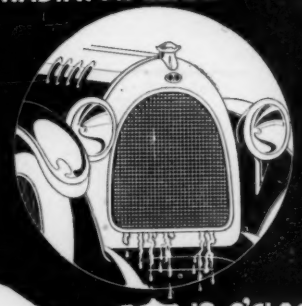
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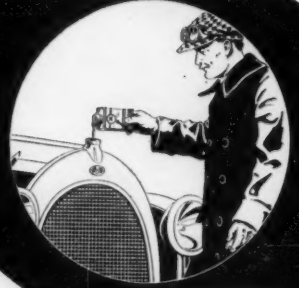
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Will Make Your Radiator Leak Proof, Scale Proof, Rust Proof. Is Not Affected by Alcohol. Sold Under Money Back Guarantee.

CAR OWNERS!

How would you like to be told by your repair man that your radiator repair job bill came to $25? It will, if you neglect this message. In time the small leak you notice now will get worse. It's bound to. The corroding elements of the water in your radiator are gradually eating away its thin metal walls. You can save an expenditure of many dollars, you can put your radiator in perfect condition, make it scale proof, rust proof, leak proof, by the use of "X" Radiator Liquid.

Yes, and you can do a $25 repair job yourself in ten minutes with one can of "X", by simply pouring it into the radiator. It finds and closes the leak automatically and permanently. It makes no difference whether it is in the radiator, water pump, water jacket, hose or hose connection around packing, "X" goes directly to the spot. "X" cannot clog the radiator. It is not a cement, contains no glue, meal, shellac or other harmful dope to ruin your car. "X" is a scientific process recommended by radiator manufacturers, endorsed by automobile engineers.

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If Dealer Cannot Supply, We Will Ship Direct, Charges Prepaid. (Ask Your Dealer First.) Fill in this coupon and mail it with $1.50 to "X" Laboratories, 632 Washington St., Boston.

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SIGN AND MAIL TODAY

One $1.50 Size Can "X" Radiator Liquid and Display Stand Free!! Use this coupon to Send Your Order to any Jobber Mentioned on this Page. (This offer for immediate acceptance only.)

Gentlemen: Please reserve for me and ship.....
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CURRENT POETRY

T. A. DALY'S distinguished success as poetic interpreter of our citizens of Italian birth has prevented him from receiving full recognition for his verse not written in dialect. "Carmina," "Madrigali," and the other volumes that contain such glowing bits of humor and pathos as "Giuseppe da Barber," and "Da Leetla Boy," have passed through many editions, and Mr. Daly's place is secure among the most important literary chroniclers of the "melting-pot" phase of the history of our nation. Indeed, he may be said to have introduced a new type into literature, to have founded a school, for surely Booth Tarkington's "Mister Antonio" is directly descended from one of T. A. Daly's romantic organ-grinders or fruit-sellers. But Mr. Daly is something more than a writer of dialect verse, however excellent; he is a true poet. So it is good to find him represented this season by "Songs of Wedlock" (David McKay), a volume which contains no mention of Giuseppe or Carlotta, but instead is a revelation of the poet's own heart and soul.

Married life has not, since the days of Coventry Patmore, been more beautifully celebrated than in these poems, radiant, as they are, with the light of noble passion. Here are two lyrics so admirable in spirit and in phrasing that any comment on them would be superfluous.

THE GATES OF PARADISE

BY T. A. DALY

The gates of Paradise are double,
And they are blue;
Blue as the skies when no clouds trouble
Their perfect hue;
Blue as the calm face of the ocean
When winds are still,
And sunlight only is in motion
To work its will.
When skies are dull, the sea is lonely
And moans or sleeps;
The quick winds or the warm sun only
May stir its deeps.

The gates of Paradise are double,
And they are blue;
They ope to love, but cold, gray trouble
Will clang them to.
Lord, give me strength that I who love them
May live aright,
And spread no tristful clouds above them
To dim their light.
By other paths may other mortals
Win Paradise,
But keep for me its clearest portals
In her pure eyes.

INSPIRATION

BY T. A. DALY

"Good night," and then your candle's feeble flare
Went glimmering up the stair;
A door closed and the house was still.
Slow, hour by hour, the night grew old,
And from the smoldering hearth the cold
Stole forth and laid its chill
On fingers weary of the pen,
On heart and brain that had been fain
To make a song of cheer.
For, oh, the summer warm and bright
Went upward with your candlelight,
Went with you up the stair.

Here is an interesting and successful experiment. These lines are at once dramatic and pictorial, and the deft way in which the poet has varied his rhythm





"THE ACID TEST"

Endurance and Economy

The Elgin Six, now in its second triumphant year, has stood "The Acid Test" by winning perfect scores and highest economy honors in some of the most gruelling endurance and economy runs of the past year.

Two Elgin Sixes, one used as the Official Pathfinder by the President of the Chicago Motor Club, have just completed a strenuous trip of 1,626 car-racking, stamina-testing miles, between Chicago and Miami, Fla., conquering alike the steep, rocky mountain grades of Kentucky and Tennessee; the deep sands and heavy mud of Georgia, and the shifting sands and slippery, treacherous swamp roads of Florida. Both cars finished the long, hard grind without mishap and in perfect mechanical condition.

Three Elgin Sixes on a hard two days' run, under the auspices of the Chicago Motor Club, made perfect scores and averaged 25.6 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

An Elgin Six Touring Car won a race against a fast express train through the wilds of Minnesota and Dakota, over roads that in some places were little better than a mere rocky trail, covering 552 miles without mechanical adjustment and without a single stop of the motor.

Comfort and Ease of Operation

Elgin Engineers have perfected an improved rear spring suspension, found only in the New Elgin Six, which sets a new standard of motoring ease and comfort at high speeds, reducing shock and vibration to a point not surpassed in any car at any price.

The interior is noticeably roomy and loungy. The seats are curved and tilted at just the right angle to permit leaning back in comfort, as you would at home in your favorite armchair.

The special construction of the Elgin velvet acting clutch enables the Elgin Six to be started on high gear, under ordinary conditions, eliminating to a large degree the necessity of gear shifting, thus removing the last barrier to the safe and easy handling of a motor car by women.

Artistic Body Effects

A famous artist has created body effects of such exquisite taste and harmonious proportions that the New Elgin Six radiates an atmosphere of refinement and distinction, so that it stands aloof from the monotonous design of the average car.

The long line body, swung between 116 inches of wheel base, follows the European fashion of center cowl, yet embodying the full yacht-line effect.

Right From Every Standpoint

The Elgin Six delights the hearts of the most artistic on account of its style and beauty; it has won the cold, measured approval of engineers and designers, who think in mechanical terms and calculate materials and proportions down to the thousandth of an inch; it has won the gruff praise of the grimy-faced, greasy-handed repairmen, who think only of "the insides" of a car and who seldom have to "doctor" an Elgin; it brings greater ease and comfort and more pleasure to delicate women and children on longer trips and over rougher roads; it fits the pocketbook of the average American family, and effects substantial savings for them in the cost of motoring.

Can you afford to buy a small, "cheap six," when for a slight additional cost you can drive this Capable Six — this big, roomy, impressive quality car, of superior beauty and comfort?

Can you afford to pay more than the Elgin Six price when this "Beauty of the Road" embodies in such full measure the quality, style and comfort desired by the discriminating motorist?

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ELGIN MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, CHICAGO

to suit the idea exprest is worthy of special attention.

TO A VIOLINIST

By T. A. Daly

Applause! A rapturous burst
Spreads downward from the gods, who see you first
As you come bouncing in,
A little fat, unconscious harlequin. . . .
Clutching your fiddle in your hand,
Now in midstage you stand,
Bobbing and bowing, stiffly, jerkily,
To left, to right, to left.
And never for a moment still.
We, in the stalls, we smile to see
How droll you look; and even when your deft,
Quick fingers rouse the charm'd strings to your will,
The laughter, lurking in our lashes still,
Beats back the elfin voices at our ears.

How like a boat your violin appears
As, under lowered lids, our listless eyes
Watch its alternate rise and fall and rise,
Where, as the music sways, it seems to be
Tossed by the tempests on a fairy sea. . . .
And this strange sense, this sense of finer air
That, like a tide at flood, is everywhere,
Bearing up from depths unfathomed voices long imprisoned there,
Voices of the singing birds that flattered unto happy tears
Lovers lingering in the twilights of how many thousand years!
Voices moaning and intoning of old sorrows, hopes, and fears!

Sounds of waves on craggy beaches and of winds that shout above,
Melting, dwindle to a murmur, alike the cooing of the dove,
Rise again and, waxing stronger, swell into a chant of love.
Round and round the waves of music sweep through this enchanted place,
Catch the souls come forth to listen, trembling on each hearer's face,
Draw them on and whirl them swiftly, lightly through the fields of space,
Till the music and its maker and the hearers are as one—
And the masterwork is done!

Applause, spontaneous, springs,
Pursues you to the wings
And hales you out once more.
Encore! Encore! Encore!
Come back and bow, bow, bow—
You are not comic now.

Here is a most unusual "poem of occasion." The tragedy of the slaughter of trees has twice occasioned poetry of distinguished beauty—Louise Imogen Guiney wrote the other poem we have in mind.

TO THE CITY UNBEAUTIFUL

By T. A. Daly

They are gone! O! implacable City,
'Twixt a night and a night,
With no pang of regret or of pity,
You have slain them outright.
Tho their beauty besought you to spare it,
To keep it forever and wear it
For your own and your children's delight,
You have fattened your greed and you merit
The squalor your streets shall inherit.

In their innocent glory and grace,
They, the primeval lords of the place,
Ere your earliest highway was trod,
Had grown old in the service of God;
And with arms lifted up, as in prayer,
Gave him thanks for the sunlight and air,
For the nourishing moss at their feet;
And the thrushes that made their retreat
In the heart of this Eden so long,
For their lodging gave tribute of song.
E'en the violets, dotting the sward,
Breathing perfume of prayer to the Lord,
Paid in full for their leasehold; but you—
In the service of Mammon, you grew
To a huddle of houses and mills,
Spreading squalor through hollows and hills,
Till your grimy arms reached through your smoke
To this grove of the Poplar and Oak.

They are gone! O! implacable City,
'Twixt a night and a night,
With no pang of regret or of pity,
You have slain them outright.
Tho their beauty besought you to spare it,
To keep it forever and wear it
For your own and your children's delight,
You have fattened your greed and you merit
The squalor your streets shall inherit.

Edgar A. Guest's "A Heap o' Living" (Reilly & Britton) contains homespun poetry, full of health and vigor. We make two selections from it—the first illustrates Mr. Guest's power to be at once colloquial and musical, and the second is a splendid tribute to the great out-of-doors.

A WISH

By Edgar A. Guest

I'd like to be a boy again, a care-free prince of joy again,
I'd like to tread the hills and dales the way I used to do;
I'd like the tattered shirt again, the knickers thick with dirt again,
The ugly, dusty feet again that long ago I knew.
I'd like to play first base again, and Sliver's curves to face again,
I'd like to climb, the way I did, a friendly apple-tree;
For, knowing what I do to-day, could I but wander back and play,
I'd get full measure of the joy that boyhood gave to me.

I'd like to be a lad again, a youngster, wild and glad again,
I'd like to sleep and eat again the way I used to do;
I'd like to race and run again, and drain from life its fun again,
And start another round of joy the moment one was through.
But care and strife have come to me, and often days are glum to me,
And sleep is not the thing it was and food is not the same;
And I have sighed, and known that I must journey on again to sigh,
And I have stood at envy's point and heard the voice of shame.

I've learned that joys are fleeting things; that parting pain each meeting brings;
That gain and loss are partners here, and so are smiles and tears;
That only boys from day to day can drain and fill the cup of play;
That age must mourn for what is lost throughout the coming years.
But boys can not appreciate their priceless joy until too late,
And those who own the charms I had will soon be changed to men;
And then, they too will sit, as I, and backward turn to look and sigh
And share my longing, vain, to be a care-free boy again.

THE HUNTER

By Edgar A. Guest

Cheek that is tanned to the wind of the north,
Body that jests at the bite of the cold,
Limbs that are eager and strong to go forth
Into the wilds and ways of the bold;
Red blood that pulses and throbs in the veins,
Ears that love silences better than noise;
Strength of the forest and health of the plains:
These the rewards that the hunter enjoys.

Forests were ever the cradles of men;
Manhood is born of a kinship with trees.
Whence shall come brave hearts and stout muscles, when
Woods have made way for our cities of ease?
Oh, do you wonder that stalwarts return
Yearly to hark to the whispering oaks?
'Tis for the brave days of old that they yearn:
These are the splendors the hunter invokes.



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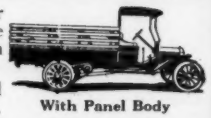
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A MAN OF STEEL

THIS is the characterization handed about in Paris, in describing General Nivelle, who has been appointed to lead the French armies on the Western front. That his should be the iron hand in the velvet glove is no doubt fortunate for France, but it is even more so when the hand is of true steel, and the glove, as a correspondent in the New York *Times* puts it, "very thin in spots." The steel can easily be seen shining through.

Just what sort of man the new leader is, has been a mystery to a large part of the public, for he would seem to have materialized suddenly from out of nowhere, coming, like *Lohengrin*, to the succor of a distrest damsel. And the young *Elsa* never turned more hopeful eyes to her deliverer than France is turning to General Nivelle, for things military have been almost at a standstill, and while the Gallic blood continues to flow, there are hardly appreciable results to show for all that is expended. One interesting point is that the new commander is, like Napoleon, an artillery officer, and if this is an artillery war, as some say, the choice may be significant. Mr. Wythe Williams, who cables a first-hand account of the new General to *The Times*, gives a clear and detailed presentation of this new figure. We are told:

I have met and talked with General Nivelle quite recently. It has also been my privilege to know considerable of him during his meteoric rise from Colonel to Commander-in-Chief in less than three years of war. There certainly is no figure more interesting in the French Army, nor any who in the minds of every military expert I have talked with is thought so well equipped actively to succeed Joffre.

Joffre, as every one knows, is idolized by the *poilus* and will continue to be, even tho a greater distance will now separate them. There should be no misunderstanding of Joffre's new position. His title remains the same as before—Commander-in-Chief of all the French armies—while Nivelle is field-commander of the French armies in France. Joffre is really more important than before. Inasmuch as the war is to be conducted on bigger lines, the whole nation coming in close touch with the active army, he is to become the technical adviser of the War Council of the Government.

Meanwhile, as Joffre plans, it will be Nivelle's task to execute offensives, wage battles, and generally occupy the center of the scene. Therefore the choice was the result of long deliberations filled with the realization that no matter what the future brings, it was "Papa Joffre" who won at the Marne, it was he who had made the army bigger and stronger to-day than at the beginning of the war despite the sacrifices of life, and it is his name which will remain forever one of the most glorious in French history.

Nivelle is one of the youngest generals, but no French generals are very young,

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But when you come to the Cadillac, you know that you have found what *travel comfort really is*.

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The Cadillac does not triumph over a hill by hard work—it breasts the brow of it as a bird breasts the breeze.

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It is the *increased measure* of comfort they enjoy which makes Cadillac owners impatient of anything less comfortable.

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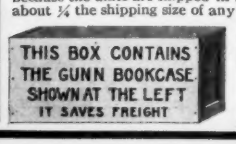
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and Nivelle is sixty-one. However, he could pass for forty-five. He is big, tall, and tremendously powerful, without an ounce of fat. Except for the trimness of his waist-line and his face unlined and almost youthful in its freshness, he is a type not unlike Joffre—a much younger Joffre and untired by the responsibilities of the high command.

Nivelle actually looks like chuck steel. The last time I saw him I got exactly that impression, and, but for a decidedly friendly gleam in his steel-colored eyes, I would have shivered.

Here he explains parenthetically that he had just come from Fort Douaumont when he met the General. He had gone there, the first foreigner to whom permission was granted, partly to see the scene of that part of the war, partly to bring a reliable account of what he saw and what imprest him to General Nivelle himself. So, when returning from Verdun to Paris, he stopt off by appointment at the headquarters. He continues:

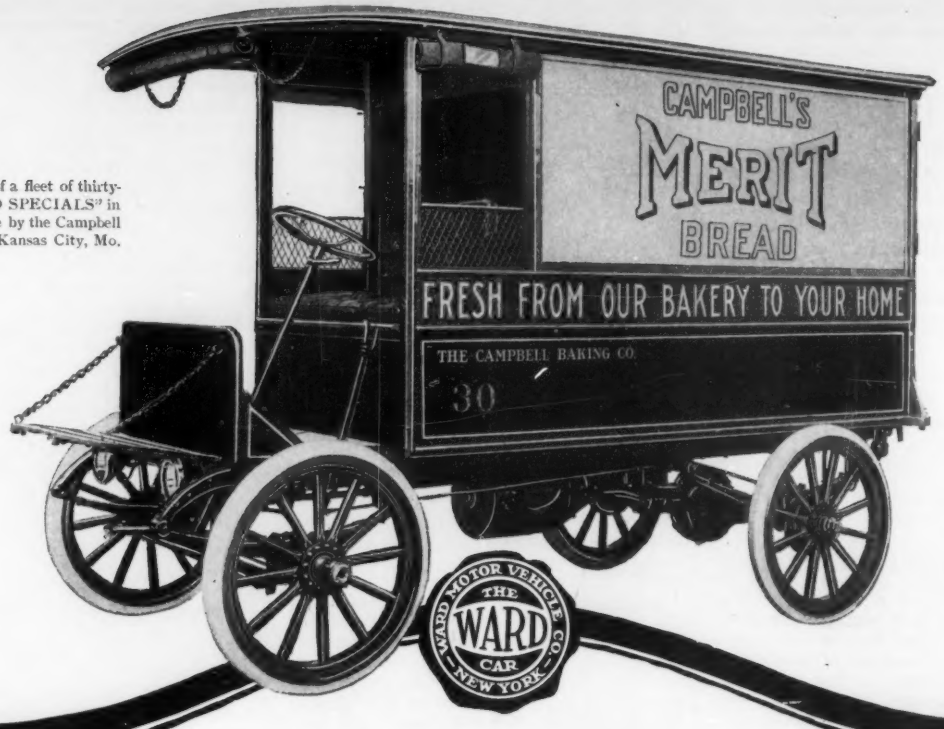
I was ushered into a big, long, cold, gray room, my escort withdrawing at the door. A cold-looking figure, tugging a silver-gray mustache, seemed to fill the space at one end.

His horizon uniform did not add any touch of welcome color. Usually generals wear some gold braid or at least red trousers when remaining at headquarters. Not this one. He was altogether a symphony in gray-blue—not a single decoration, gold or otherwise. I looked at his sleeves to find the insignia of his rank of general, three tiny silver stars, about the size of the old three-cent piece embroidered on each arm. Then he advanced rapidly, thrusting out his hand and smiling in the most friendly way imaginable.

I found myself answering a string of rapid-fire questions—questions about things he knew all about but wanted to know what I thought about. The relationship of war-correspondent and general ceased to exist. It was a straight-out, man-to-man sort of talk, and I found myself as much at my ease as if with an old friend.

The talk was all about the army of Verdun. I made several discoveries. The first was that, while a great questioner, aside from that General Nivelle is very silent. When he does give an opinion his choice of words is quite as dramatic as that of Joffre in his famous orders of the day. When he compared his army of Verdun with the Old Guard of Napoleon I thought to myself no other comparison could ever be made. When he told me me that the soldiers who retook Douaumont made "the grandest effort in history," I decided that only those words could accurately fit the case, and when he assured me that the Germans could never advance again in France I felt his words were true.

I also made the discovery that he loves his *poilus* after the same fashion as Joffre. He called them his children and his "little braves," and then his voice was often husky, but it became smooth as he purred about the Germans again, and the friendly light in his eyes died out and they became as hard as flint. And I left him—a lone, cold, gray figure bending over his maps—thinking of a certain dose of bitter medicine



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We will not recommend the WARD Electric for every purpose, or for your purpose, until we know what the problem is. So we believe the sensible way for you to consider WARD Electrics, and for us to sell them, is to have you outline to us the general type of service you require, and let us in turn tell you the type of WARD results you could expect in that type of service.

Permit us to supply such information for your help, without obligation.

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WARD ELECTRICS BUILD BUSINESS

this man gave the Germans during the battle of the Aisne, how he had repeated in on a larger scale at Verdun, and how he might turn out to be the son of France chosen to drive the Germans across the Rhine.

That battle of the Aisne, remarks the correspondent, is one of the most noteworthy of the entire war. For while it had not the intrinsic importance that attended the battle of the Marne, nor was as bloody as the slaughters of Soissons, it will long be remembered because it brought Nivelle himself to the fore. Overnight, we are told, he was elevated from Colonel to Brigadier-General. He had not previously been widely known, but when this encounter took place it was one of those fortuitous combinations of the right man and the right occasion which come just often enough to change the face of history. We read:

At the beginning of the war he commanded an artillery regiment which immediately destroyed a German artillery group in Alsace and captured forty-four guns. At the Marne he was attached to Manoury's army in charge of the artillery of the Seventh Corps.

On September 16, at the Aisne, the Germans were attacking the Seventh Corps in serried ranks. Colonel Nivelle put his regiment in advance, and for almost the first time in the history of war infantry was behind the artillery. The Germans, astounded at such audacity, came on, were wiped out, and the Seventh Corps was saved. Nivelle then attached horses to his guns and followed up the retreat with artillery.

His next exploit came in January, 1915, at Soissons, when the Germans made their first series of offensives after the Marne. The Kaiser himself was on hand to see his master-stroke completely foiled by the then Brigadier-General Nivelle. Afterward he became Pétain's assistant at Verdun, and then commander of the Verdun army.

Nivelle is both an infantry and artillery expert, for he attended St. Cyr before going to the Polytechnic. He is also a great horseman and the winner of several medals for superiority in riding.

One of his greatest qualities, next to coolness, is his accuracy. The word "*précisez*" is always on his tongue when receiving reports. His memory is prodigious. He knows the entire map of the sector in his charge, the names of all the officers, and the number of their effectives, and follows day by day every modification and change in the trench-line, and, as an officer said to me about him, "makes a map all over again in his brain."

He understands English, has traveled widely through all the French colonies and the Orient, and was in Korea just about the time of the Russo-Japanese War, which, by the way, he predicted in an article written for the *Revue de Paris*.

In the same article was a striking phrase which seemed to forecast the present struggle in which he is taking so great a rôle. The phrase is, "European rivalries prove that the world is not great enough."

THE FADING ROSE OF AN EMPIRE

WHEN the charming Countess de Montijo married the Prince Imperial in the early 'fifties, poets vied in singing her praises and finding similes for her loveliness. She had come from Spain, and she had been fascinating enough at twenty-seven to catch the gilded roué Louis Napoleon. And then began a life that is seldom equaled outside of story-books. The French Empire came and went, and the Republic rose from its ashes. But the Empress lived through it all, and is living to-day in England, surrounded with only the memories of triumphs. She is ninety now, but she still takes an interest in her old country and in its progress through the war. The London *Daily Chronicle* says of her declining days:

The Empress Eugénie, who was once the most beautiful woman in France, is to-day the most wonderful old lady in the world. Not long since she celebrated her ninetieth birthday.

At the age of fourscore years and ten the vitality of the Empress is extraordinary. Since the war began she has, of course, discontinued her travels, but up to her eighty-seventh year she took an annual trip in her yacht or on a steamer. Queen Victoria was not fonder of the open air; and, as in her youth she delighted to be on horseback, to ride swiftly, and to hunt, so in old age she has found her chief pleasure at sea, which is never too rough for her. All the coasts of the Mediterranean are known to the Empress; when past eighty, she returned to Egypt, and the Indies, of which she has beheld but the fringe, she still hopes to visit.

The Empress must always be occupied. She has the royal mania for building, and has wrought great changes at her lovely Hampshire home, Farnborough.

"If she did not assiduously watch the building works which she orders to be carried out they would not interest her," says one person of her. "Nothing is left to chance. She occupies herself with everything, even the slightest details, and attaches as much importance to the harmony of a building as to the shape of a door, the exact place for a piece of furniture, the color of a carpet. When a new idea occurs to her it must be executed immediately. She explains and discusses everything, is eager to see the work begun, asks the advice of this one and that one, remains standing for hours together, is untiring, holds out against fatigue longer than any one, and will not leave the place until she is satisfied with what is being done."

Thus Farnborough, we are told, has become one of the most elaborate residences in Britain, as it is also one of the best Napoleonic museums in Europe. Here she has assembled all the relics that came to her through the Bonaparte family, including even the wash-basin which the Little Corporal took with him on his campaigns. And here the faded rose of a dead empire passes her last days, alone with the shadows of glory. Says the account:

Every morning sees the Empress in her study, with her large-scale maps before her, following the course of the war. It has been said that she has long lived altogether in the past, but this is not the case. She does not shrink from recalling it, but has a wonderful power of detaching herself from it, and this she can do even when she visits Paris and walks in the gardens of the Tuileries. Since the war commenced she has followed the whole course of it with characteristic mental energy. As early as the autumn of 1914 (after having visited in the spring and early summer Cap Martin, Paris, Milan, Venice, and the King and Queen of Spain, at Madrid—eighty-eight years of age!) her Majesty converted a wing of her house into a sanatorium for wounded officers, and no day, save when prevented by indisposition, has she failed to pay a call in each of the eight rooms and chat with all the patients. "Soldier talk," it is said, comes naturally to her, and for many years her dinner guests have included officers stationed at Aldershot. One day in September, 1914, the Empress had a visit from Lord Portsmouth, a former Under-Secretary of War.

He found her, it is said, intently studying the maps, and remained to dine with the Empress, who, when they had seated themselves at table, said apologetically to her guest: "I can offer you only a *dîner de guerre*, you know, as my cooks have left to join the army in France."

From Edward Legge, who has just published a volume on this subject, it might be inferred that, if the Empress Eugénie had no other occupation, her correspondence alone would provide a very fair day's work.

"It is the sole work of one person to examine this correspondence before submitting it to the Empress, who herself verifies the accuracy of the statements."

Begging letters are received from every country in the world, and apparently there are persons in France who think that Eugénie is still their Empress, for she is occasionally asked to set some petitioner up a *bureau de tabac*. Neither in France nor in England has the Empress ever scattered recklessly what is believed to be a very considerable fortune (none but herself knows the amount), but her alms are lavishly bestowed, and for the most part carefully concealed.

She detests fuss, and overzealous people weary her. She does not want any one to carry her cloak or her sunshade, being quite persuaded that a woman of ninety can very well do these things herself. Locks of hair, old gloves, and all such *idolâtrie macabre* she cordially despises. At the age she has reached, far from seeking to use up the energies of friends or attendants, she prefers to rely on her own powers. She is the most independent woman of ninety in Europe. Her eye is keen and clear, her voice vibrates, her pen is driven by a steady hand. She astonishes every one who approaches her. She has a determined and determinate thoroughness for all under her roof, and her servants hold the Empress in nothing less than affection. In her own words, they are not her "domestics," they are her "*serviteurs*"; and, in French, at all events, there is a certain nice difference in the terms.

And an American paper, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, notes how the mere news-item that the King and Queen of England went

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ONE YEAR of the HUDSON SUPER-SIX

A year ago a stranger—an enigma. A new invention with astounding claims. Now conceded ruler of motordom. It perfected the Six and turned interest back from added cylinders. It showed the way to real efficiency. Holder of all worth while records. Applauded by 25,000 enthusiastic owners. The Largest Selling Front Rank Car.

A STORY UNPARALLELED IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY

Two years ago, with us and with others, the trend was toward motors of the V-type.

We were then the foremost builders of the light weight Six. Its advantages and limitations were fully understood by us.

Its smoothness of operation quickly made the Six the accepted type over Fours. But as the motors were developed limitations were encountered which prevented the realization of engineering ideals.

The problem was approached principally from the standpoint that if added cylinders were adopted, all such limitations would be banished.

For a time it seemed the Six would cease to command the leadership it had maintained.

Just before the New York Automobile Show one year ago, all interest centered in motors of the multi-cylinder type.

But at the Show, the Hudson Super-Six made its debut. Then instantly interest swung to it.

We claimed a new type. The factor which had limited the efficiency of all types—Fours, Sixes, Eights and Twelves — had been discovered and overcome.

A new principle in design had been revealed.

What had been sought by leading engineers for years had been found by Hudson.

The simplicity of the Six could be retained. Motor limitations had been removed. Added cylinders were not needed.

So leadership, because of that, was accorded the Super-Six.

The trend to the multi-cylinder was arrested.

Numerous makers gave up their Eight and Twelve cylinder plans.

Let us review the year's developments.

The Super-Six Showed the Way

Hudson engineers approached the problem from a new angle. They solved it with a mathematical principle upon which a basic patent was granted.

By that single invention the most sought for solution to motor car problems, regardless of the number of cylinders, was found.

Greater power was obtained. More flexibility was shown and when the car was tried for endurance it successfully met tests never imposed on motor cars before. These things we think essential to efficiency. *They are efficiency*. You will see by what the Super-Six has done in winning all worth while stock car records that our claim to 80% increased efficiency is a modest boast.

Greater Proof of Endurance

Until the coming of the Super-Six practically all records for speed, acceleration, hill climbing and endurance were held by Fours. The Sixes had not done much.

A few records had been won by cars of the multi-cylinder type.

But the Super-Six instantly changed that condition.

We first proved the endurance of the Super-Six motor by running a stock chassis 1819 miles in 24 hours. That beat the best previous endurance record by 52%. It is perhaps the world's most coveted record.

We showed greater power by winning the Pike's Peak Hill Climb, the greatest non-stock event of its kind. And we defeated twenty famous contenders in the world's most trying power test.

We proved road service by driving a 7-passenger Super-Six Touring Car from San Francisco to New York in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes.

Then we turned around and went back, completing the round trip in 10 days and 21 hours. Thus twice in one round trip with a single car we established America's greatest proof of endurance. It was the first car to ever attempt the round trip against time.

Our invention gives more power without added cylinders or weight. It gives quicker acceleration and adds a yet unknown degree to the endurance of the motor.

All this came from the solution of that one problem which engineers had been unable to solve. The power that had been wasted in the motor itself was delivered where it was useful and available.

This Turned Interest Back to the Six

But many did not distinguish between a Six and the Super-Six.

As a result all makers of Sixes profited. Many buyers thought by what the Super-Six had shown that any good Six could do as well. So when they found it difficult to get prompt delivery of a Super-Six they accepted a Six.

Now they know there is no similarity between Sixes and the Super-Six save in the number of cylinders used.

They know that without the Super-Six invention all motors are limited as to efficiency. They know that with the Super-Six invention any motor of one, two, four, six, eight or twelve cylinders delivers more power—is more flexible and will give longer service, many times over.

And they know that being patented such efficiency is exclusive to the Hudson Super-Six. It is the only known principle by which such efficiency may be obtained.

The Gasoline Saver

The Super-Six possesses many other exclusive advantages.

One is the gasoline saver, a device which adds gasoline mileage. By it the low grade gasoline now on the market is made more efficient. At a nominal charge it can be quickly installed on any Hudson Super-Six not so equipped.

Note the variety of models in which the Hudson Super-Six is produced. Every taste is met. Every comfort provided for.

It is a fine car in every sense of the word. Men who want the finest will not be content with less.

One year of the Hudson Super-Six convinces us it is the only permanent type thus far produced.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger	1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

to have tea with the ex-Empress, might bring up an endless host of reflections. The past glory and brilliancy of the now old lady is cited, with the thoughtful conclusion:

Poor old lady! How utterly hollow to her thought must be the state in which she still moves, to be still addrest as "Your Majesty," and to exchange courtesies with royalty. Her bitterest enemies, if enemies she still may have, could hardly wish her a sadder life than that of this survival of all that was ever dear to her in the power of her influence over men, her vanities, friendships, devotion of husband, love of only child, admiration of the millions who thought of her only frankly to admire her grace and beauty.

And the tragedies she aided in bringing to nations! There was that of Maximilian in Mexico, and then insistence upon "my war," as she called it, that of 1870, with Prussia, in which French armies were destroyed or captured, a billion francs' indemnity wrung from the people, Alsace and Lorraine lost, the throne gone. Then the Commune and flight to England, sad life at Chiselhurst, death of the deposed Emperor, and, finally, the killing of her son in British service in Zululand. He who was to have been Napoleon IV. run through with an *assagai* by a greasy Zulu!

A LITTLE GROUP OF SERIOUS THINKERS

WE find them in every town, always deeply immersed in the latest soul-problems of the day, always wondering about the Which of the Why, taking up the newest cult, or striving to find a hidden meaning in the commonplaces of daily life. Nowadays the Modern Young Woman, as Don Marquis calls her in the columns of the New York *Evening Sun*, no longer dreams of love in a cottage with an unreal Prince Charming; she is busy with thoughts of her Spiritual Uplift, her Cosmic Consciousness, if you know what we mean.

Her friends are other young persons, young women whose souls are misunderstood, young men whose genius is not appreciated by the reactionary public. And together they form the Little Group of Serious Thinkers. They take up all sorts of things, you know, seriously. They study Yogiism, for instance, a whole afternoon, and then put it down and take up something else.

The thoughts of Hermione, one of the Little Group, have been recently collected and brought out in book-form by D. Appleton & Co., and contain some of the strange paths through which the soul of the Serious Thinker rambles. For instance, Hermione draws herself up in a heap on the window-sill and discourses of "Sincerity in the Home." She confides:

Sincerity should be the key-note of a life, don't you think?

Sincerity—beauty—use—these are my watchwords.

I heard such an interesting talk on sincerity the other evening. I belong to a Little Group of Serious Thinkers who are taking up sincerity in all its phases this week.

We discust Sincerity in the Home.

So many people's homes, you know, do not represent anything personal.

The sincere home should be full of purpose and personality—decorations, rugs, ornaments, hangings, and all, you know.

The home shows the soul.

So I'm doing over our house from top to bottom, putting personality into it.

I've a room I call the Ancestors' Room.

You know, when one has ancestors, one's ancestral traditions keep one up to the mark, somehow. You know what I mean—blood will tell, and all that. Ancestors help one to be sincere.

So I've furnished my Ancestors' Room with all sorts of things to remind me of the dear dead-and-gone people I get my traditions from.

Heirlooms, and portraits, and things, you know.

Of course, all our own family heirlooms were destroyed in a fire years ago.

So I had to go to the antique-shops for the portraits, and furniture, and chairs, and snuff-boxes, and swords, and fire-irons, and things.

I bought the loveliest old spinet—truly, a find!

I can sit down to it and imagine I am my own grandmother's grandmother, you know.

And it's wonderful to sit among those old heirlooms and feel the sense of my ancestors' personalities throbbing and pulsing all about me!

I feel, when I sit at the spinet, that my personality is truly represented by my surroundings at last.

I feel that I have at last achieved sincerity in the midst of my traditions.

And there's a picture of the loveliest old lady . . . old-fashioned costume, you know, and all that . . . and the hair drest in a very peculiar way. . . . . .

Mama says it's a made-up picture—not really an antique at all—but I can just feel the personality vibrating from it.

I got it at a bargain, too.

I call her—the picture, you know—after an ancestress of mine who came to this country in the old Colonial days.

With William the Conqueror, you know—or maybe it was William Penn. But it couldn't have been William Penn, could it? For she went to New Jersey—Orange, N. J. Was it William of Orange? More than likely. . . . . .

Anyhow, I call the picture after her—Lady Clarissa, I call it. She married a commoner, as so many of the early settlers of this country did.

When I sit at the spinet and look at Lady Clarissa I often wonder what people do without family traditions.

And it's such a comfort to know I'm in a room that really represents my personality!

And at another time we find her engrossed in a serious study of the war. She regards it, as she does all things indulged in by the masses, as a Great Mistake. What are we to think of this horrible and unnecessary conflict, when she tells us:

Isn't it just simply terrible the way the Balkans are bombarding Venice . . . all those beautiful Doges and things, you know.

I suppose there will be nothing left, just simply nothing, of the city that



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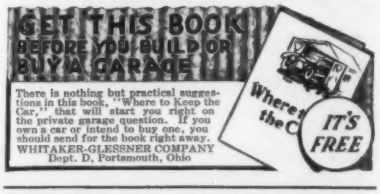
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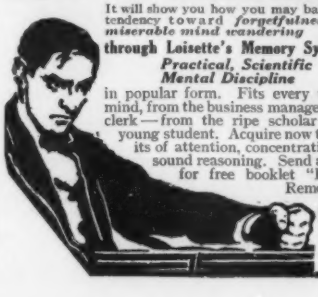
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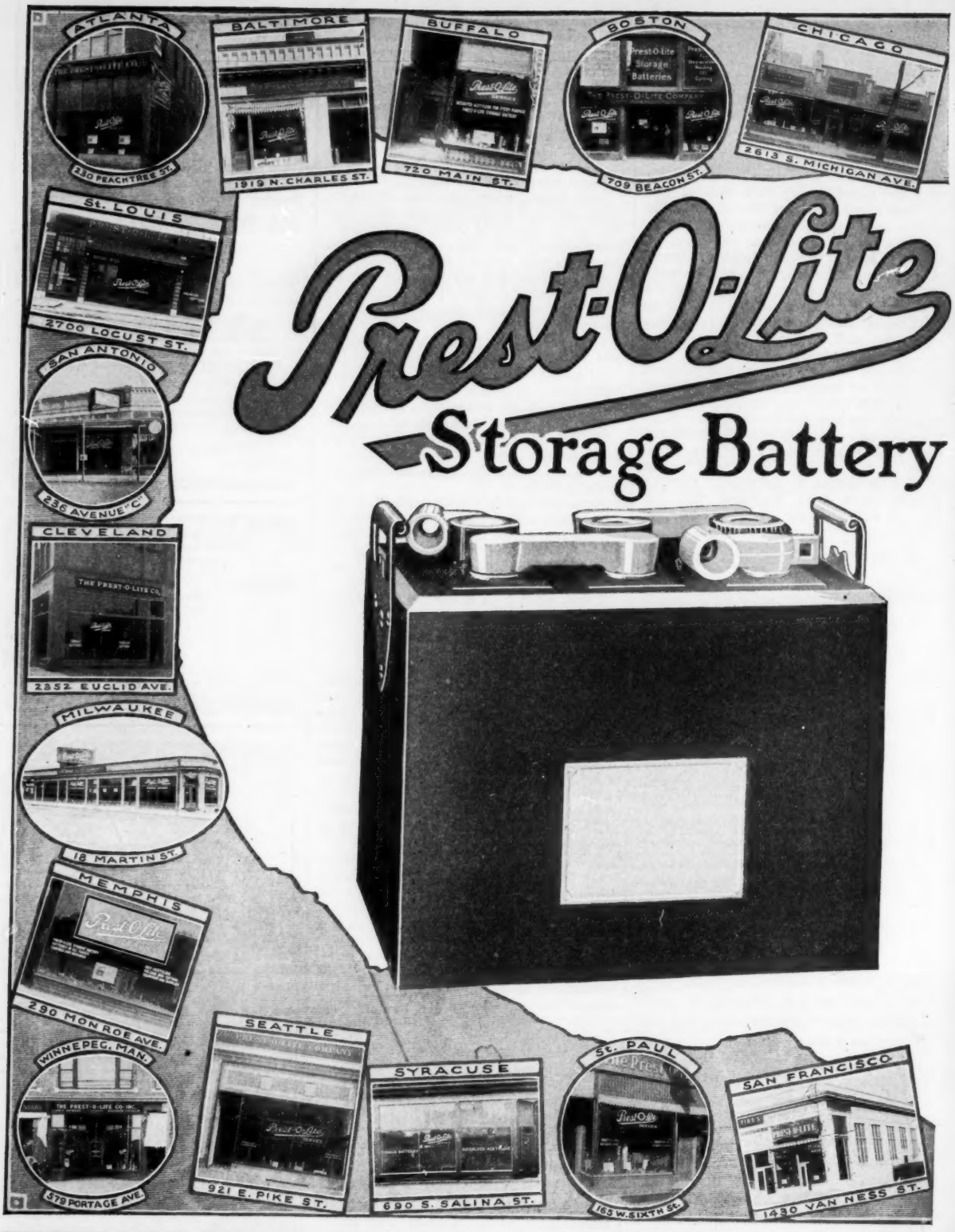
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Byron wrote about in—in—what was it? Oh, yes, in "Childe Harold to the Dark Tower Came."

That's one comforting thing to think of if this country ever gets into war, isn't it?—I mean that we haven't any of those lovely old things that can be bombarded, you know.

I suppose if we ever did get into war some one like Edison would invent something quick, you know, and it would be all over in a few hours.

Isn't inventive science wonderful! Just simply wonderful!

It's so—so—well, so dynamic, if you get what I mean. Isn't it?

Don't you just dote on dynamic things? Dynamic personalities, especially.

I've often thought if I had it to do over again I'd go in less for psychics and more for dynamics.

But then there are so many things that a modern thinker must keep up with, aren't there?

And it's easy enough to concentrate one's mind on one or two things, but I often find it terribly difficult to concentrate on ten or twelve different things all at the same time.

And one must if one is to keep up with the very latest in Thought and Life.

Concentration! Concentration! That is the key to it all! Nearly every night when I am alone with my own Ego I go into the Silences for a little period of Spiritual Self-Examination and I always ask myself: "Have I Concentrated today? Really Concentrated? Or have I failed?"

I call these little times my Psychic Inquisitions.

In the hurry of this crowded age one must find time to get alone with one's self, must one not?

Well. I must be going on now. I have a committee meeting for this afternoon. I can't for the life of me remember whether it's about suffrage—or about some relief fund.

At another time the Little Group became very interested in the Superman. They had heard so much about him from the modern German writers, besides knowing several among themselves who had positive claim to such a title, that they simply had to take it up for a while. She chats quite soberly of the experience, telling us:

We've been taking up Metabolism lately—our Little Group of Serious Thinkers, you know—and it's wonderful; just simply wonderful!

I really don't know how I got along for so many years without it—it opens up such new vistas, doesn't it?

I can never think in the same way again about even the most trivial things since I have learned all about Protoplasm and—and—well, all these marvelous scientific things, you know.

Isn't Science delightful!

There's the Cosmos, for instance. It had always been there, you know. But nobody knew much about it until Scientists took it up in a serious way.

And now, I, for one, feel that I couldn't do without it!

Altho, of course, one feels one's responsibilities toward it, too, and that is apt to be rather trying at times unless one has a truly earnest nature and is prepared to make sacrifices.

If the Cosmos is to be improved, what is there that can improve it except Evolution?

And unless we who are serious thinkers give Evolution a mark to reach, how can we be sure that Evolution will Evolve in the right direction?

I have worried myself half to death at times over the Superman!

You know I feel personally responsible, to a certain extent, about what he will be like when he gets here. If he isn't what he should be, you know, it will be the fault of those of us who are the leaders in thought to-day—it will be because we haven't started him right, you know.

Mama—poor dear Mama is so unadvanced, you know!—has an idea that when the Superman does get here he won't be at all the sort of person that one would care to receive socially.

"Hermione," she said to me only the other day, "no Superman shall ever come into my house!"

She heard some of my friends, you know, talking about the Superman and Eugenics, and she has an idea that he will be horribly improper.

"I consider that the Superman would be a dangerous influence in the life of a young woman," said Mama.

"Mama," I told her, "you are frightfully behind the times! There isn't a doubt in the world that when the Superman does come he will be taken up by the Best People. Anarchists and Socialists go everywhere now, and dress just like other people, and you can hardly tell them, and it will be the same way with the Superman."

What Mama lacks is contact. Contact with—with—well, she lacks Contact, if you get what I mean.

So many of the elder generation do lack Contact, don't you think?

Altho, of course, it would be very hard to have Contact and Background at the same time.

And if one must choose between Contact and Background, the choice is apt to be puzzling at times.

Altho, of course, it is useless to reason too much on things like that. Intuition often succeeds where reason fails, especially if one is at all Psychic.

Well, I must go. I must hurry to my costumer's.

I'm having a special costume made, you know. We've been taking up Spiritualism again—our little group, you know. And I'm going to give a Spirit Fête, and of course it will take a great deal of dressing and arranging and decoration.

Papa says it will be a Ghost Dance, but he is so terribly frivolous and irreverent at times.

Don't you just simply loathe frivolity?

And from all these confidences it may be easily seen that we all know Hermione. She is everywhere in our civilization, everywhere engaged in solving the problems which each new day produces. For instance, there is Psychical Research. We are all interested in this illusive science. But where can we find a more convincing picture of its place in every-day life, even among the Advanced, than in the reflections of Hermione? She is simply absorbed in it, for she tells us:

Spiritualism is becoming quite the thing, isn't it?

Dear Sir Oliver Lodge has been proving some more things quite recently, you know. How any one could doubt a man with such a lovely head and face I can't imagine!

Spiritualism and Spiritism are quite different, you know. It has been a long time, really, since Spiritualism was taken seriously.

Except by superstitious people, of course.

But Spiritism has come to stay. It has nothing to do with superstition at all. It's part of Advanced Thought—quite scientific, you know, while Spiritualism was just a fad.

And Spiritualism is somehow more—well, er—vulgar, if you get what I mean. The sort of people one cares to know well have dropt Spiritualism for Spiritism.

Tho, of course, a ghost is a ghost, whether it is materialized by Spiritualism or Spiritism.

I have been often told that I am naturally very clairvoyant—if I were developed I would make a splendid medium. Mediums have seen shapes hovering around my head, and once when I was at school I did some automatic writing.

It was the strangest, easiest thing! I had a pencil in my hand and without thinking of anything in particular at all I just scribbled away, and what I wrote was, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary; When in the course of human events it becomes necessary," over and over again.

I was quite startled, for the last thing I had been thinking of was an algebra examination, and not history at all. We had had our history examination days before.

I felt as if an unseen hand had reached out of the Silences and grasped mine!

Wasn't it weird?

And I know who it was, too. A distant relative of Mama's on her father's side, by marriage, was one of the men who signed the Constitution of the United States in Faneuil Hall, in Philadelphia, in 1776, and it was his spirit that was trying to deliver his message through me!

And only last year I came across a very similar case. Only this was stranger than mine, if anything. For it happened on a typewriter—which proves that the veil between the two worlds must be very thin, doesn't it, if the spirits are taking up modern inventions?

It happened to one of Papa's stenographers. I had her up to the house to take notes for a report I was making to one of the sociological committees I was on then.

And she took the notes and put them into shape for me, but when she sent the report to me the back of one of the sheets was just full of one sentence written over and over again. She didn't know she'd included that sheet, of course.

It was so curious I asked her about it.

She looked a little queer and said that when she wasn't thinking of anything in particular, but just sitting before her typewriter and not working, she always wrote that sentence.

"It just comes into my head," she said, "and I write it."

"An occult force guides your fingers?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, that's it," she said.

Over and over and over again she had written, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

And here is the eerie part of it—it almost frightened me when I got it out of her!—her father had been some sort of a



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politician; a district leader, or something like that. And he was dead, and she had had to go to work.

But he was trying to deliver a message through her!

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Well, there's the Astral Body. That hasn't been vulgarized at all, if you get what I mean. Really, the Best People have them.

CAPTURING REAL HUNS IN BATTLE

WHEN Roumania entered so hopefully into the war a few months ago, it fell to her lot to capture the first real Huns that the war has affected. We have all heard of the ravages of the "Huns" in Belgium, especially if we follow the British press, but these are no more the true Huns than the Anzacs are. But when the Roumanians first took the town which goes by the futuristically musical name of Szekely-Udvarhely, they probably captured more than one full-blooded Hun. For the town itself is said by tradition to have been founded as a settlement by the men of the terrible Attila himself.

The New York *Evening Post* tells us all about it, quoting from the United States Geographical Bulletin. From its erudite pages we glean:

Most of the 8,000 inhabitants of the thriving little industrial town of Szekely-Udvarhely, the capital of a county of Transylvania, are Szeklers, one of the many kinspeople of the Magyars about whom there has been heated controversy for years. Szekely-Udvarhely is in the heart of the Szeklers, 450,000 of whom are closely settled in the mountainous region extending from Kronstadt on the south, near the Roumanian border, to Maros-Vasarhely to the northwest.

According to the traditions of the Szekely-Udvarhely citizens themselves, the Szeklers are descended from a band of Attila's Huns who settled in this part of Hungary after a severe reverse of their leader, perhaps following his great defeat by Aetius and Theodoric on the Catalaunian Plains, near the French city of Troyes, on which occasion the number of slain in one day's fighting was variously estimated at from 175,000 to 300,000. But a much more interesting account of the Szeklers' origin, and one which awakens in them a more responsive chord of patriotism is that they were Magyars who were transplanted to this rugged region in the eleventh century to act as a frontier guard against the constant encroachments of the Pechenegs and other savage tribes that threatened the kingdom of Hungary. Ladislaus I. is credited with the scheme of this frontier guard, and it was only one of the many acts during his reign which made him the most widely beloved ruler of his country during the Middle Ages. All Hungary was plunged into mourning for three years after his death, which occurred in 1095, and he was worshiped as a saint long before he was formally canonized.

Szekely-Udvarhely is forty-five miles north of Kronstadt and about the same distance southwest of the Gyimes Pass, one of the rocky, northern gateways between Roumania and Transylvania. The important Saxon town of Sagesvar (pronounced Sheggesh-var, but presenting fewer lingual difficulties if designated by its German name of Shassburg) is only thirty miles by rail to the west. It was near the latter city that the great Hungarian lyric poet Petöfi fell in battle with the Russians, in 1849. His body was never found, and it is assumed that the youth (he was only twenty-six at the time of his death) was buried in the common grave of the honveds (Hungarian soldiers) in the near-by churchyard of Feheregyhaz.

Twelve miles to the east of Szekely-Udvarhely are the Baths of Homorod, chalybeate springs popular for their medicinal properties.

One of the traditions of Szekely-Udvarhely is that the town derives its bifurcated name from the fact that at one time Attila was wont to hold his court here, Udvarhely meaning "place of the court."

HUNGRY GERMANY

WE are getting so few reports from Germany itself, telling how the war is affecting the great civil population, that the recent letters of Madeline Doty to the New York *Tribune* and the Chicago *Tribune* attract more than usual interest. This woman lawyer and writer, traveling in the Fatherland, has come into direct contact with the people, and has found the situation to be vastly different than the news dispatches would have us believe. Just how they are stinted in matters of food—always a theme of interest to a race like the Germans, who find much of the joy of life depending upon things culinary—is revealed in her contributions to the American press in a completeness which makes the British blockade a real and terrible thing, to all readers.

For instance, Miss Doty reports that the girth of the average German is passing from rotundity to the severest leanness, and that the great mass of the people are being driven gradually to desperation by the increasing ravages of hunger. In Berlin she stopt at one of the very best hotels. She writes:

I snuggled down into my luxurious bed. I look about my room with pleasure. Every tiny comfort is provided for. The silk draperies, the linen sheets, the silk eiderdown bedspread, all tell of Germany's former luxury. War and poverty exist outside, but here all is comfort. I am loath to rise. Even breakfast is reassuring. There is coffee, saccharin, and a tiny drop of milk, two rolls, no butter, but some delicious jam. It is last year's jam. This year's jam has little sugar.

As I start to leave the hotel I pause in the entrance to gaze up and down the famous street, Unter den Linden. Thin streams of people are passing and repassing. It is Monday, but the atmosphere is that of Sunday. German week-days now are all like Sunday. A little group of people is prest against a big glass window. Here the latest war-bulletins are posted. People always assemble at two spots—war-

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bulletins and food-shops. It is uncanny to see tragic eyes gazing into pastry-shops and fruit-stores. Meat is not displayed. I wondered why the butter- and cheese-stores were ignored. I tried gazing in one. They put up such a good appearance with their shining tin-foil packages. Then I discovered the reason. The packages are fake. Each holds a block of wood. There is no butter or cheese in window or shop. Twice a week a tiny supply arrives to be distributed to the bearers of cards, and that is all.

As I start to leave the hotel a clerk detains me: "You must go at once to the police," he says. This is my first police visit. I didn't go in Hamburg. Nothing was said about it. This looks more than ever as tho my companion of the train was known in Germany, and that while with her in Hamburg I was exempt. The police are friendly. I have no difficulty, but I am told to report again the day before leaving Berlin. My police visits, in themselves, make a story. At each new city you must pay these officials a visit. These gentlemen vary in their interest. Sometimes they want your life history, at others ten minutes suffice. The visit of departure is always more trying than that of arrival. Then you must state where you are going, to what hotel, and what your plans are. There is no chance for elopements. A single lady is perfectly chaperoned.

From the police I proceed to the American Embassy. American embassies in war-time are discouraging places. Their attitude usually is, "Why are you here? You'll only make us trouble. You'd better go straight home." However, I have a young friend in the Embassy. I impress upon him the fact that I am not going home. "I shall," I declare, "visit the police regularly, break no rules, cause no trouble, but I'm in search of the truth, and as a free American citizen I mean to talk to every one I can, from the Kaiser to Liebknecht." He thinks the Kaiser safer than Liebknecht. "You'll be watched every moment," he says, "and the authorities won't let you see anything they don't want you to."

As I leave the Embassy I hesitate. The idea of spies is disconcerting. The first person I want to visit is a woman who is a member of the Social Democratic party. My errand is harmless; she speaks English and I want her to act as interpreter and teach me German. I pursue a zigzag course, and, having doubled on my tracks, take a taxi to her home.

It happened, we are told, that on this occasion, she eluded pursuit as she returned home; but it was not always possible to do this. The German spy system is universal, and it is efficient. Few succeed in outwitting it. In fact, Miss Doty makes the special point that the only detail in which the system seems to be below par is that of dressing the spies. There is practically a uniform for them. They all wear gray clothes, gray hats, carry canes, and are pale-faced and smooth-shaven, with, however, a slight mustache in some instances. But they are as unmistakable as *Sherlock Holmes*. In recounting experiences with spies, she says:

One night my friend and I lead them a chase about the city until midnight. We jump from one car to another. It proves an exciting new game. Once we go up to a gray-clad man and ask him if he isn't tired. But spies grow angry when spoken to. German officials have no sense of humor. If they had I wonder if there would have been a war.

I feel very sorry for one spy. He stands on the street-corner in the rain one day from three in the afternoon until nine in the evening. I go out periodically to see if he is there. I simply can not take him seriously. My friend and I get into gales of laughter. I want to go out and invite him in to tea. He looks so miserable. But he would never understand. My friend lives in an apartment-house. He probably still doesn't know who it is I visit. I insist on relieving his mind. I get my friend to walk with me to the Adlon so she can be exhibited. She thinks it is dangerous, but we are doing no harm, and surely one can not be arrested for talking to a Social Democrat. My friend's husband goes ahead to see what fate befalls us. He sits on a bench under a big tree directly opposite the hotel-entrance.

Sure enough, there is a gray-clad spy talking to the hotel porter. As my friend and I approach the porter jerks the spy's arm. "Here she comes," he says. It is terribly exciting. I feel as important as a heroine in a dime novel. I am almost tempted to enter into some plot. It must be so disappointing to these gentlemen to find me vibrating between the German Red Cross, the poor, and plans for feeding German babies!

But before I leave Germany the spies get on my nerves. What was at first amusing becomes a nuisance. I feel exactly as tho I am in prison. I acquire the habit of looking out of the corner of my eye and over my shoulder. These spies are as annoying to their countrymen as to me. The people detest them. They grow restless under such suppression. Free conversation is impossible, except behind closed doors. Between German spies and the spies of other countries supposed to be at large, public conversation is at a standstill. Everywhere are signs: "*Soldaten*"—"*Vorsicht bei Gespröchen spionengefahr.*"

For several days I wander about Berlin letting impressions sink in. There is, as I have said, activity, but it is the activity of a bygone day or a country town. Nowhere are there shining new taxis, prancing horses, and laughing people.

The taxis are the refuse from the front. They toss and bump you about. The carriages have been resurrected from the past. The horses are chiefly valuable as a study in bone anatomy. Poor things! I often looked in their dinner-pails. They never had anything but chopped straw.

As for the people, there is a somber grayness about them. They are thin. I didn't see a big girth anywhere. Germany is stomachless. It isn't that people have nothing to eat, but all except the very rich have too little. The food they have isn't the right kind. During the summer there seemed to be plenty of vegetables, fruit, and a fair supply of black bread, but this without grease, sugar, or meal does not satisfy digestion. It's like trying to run a wagon without oil. It begins to creak.

The German race begins to creak. As a whole it is pale, thin, and sunken-eyed. Sooner or later a crisis is inevitable. Whether when it comes the desperate people will join the von Tirpitz group and it will be one of ugly retaliation, or an internal awakening and evolution depends on the attitude of the neutrals and the Allies. The soldiers as well as the civil population suffer. The front-line trenches may be well fed, but the men home on leave or in barracks are noticeably thin. They are pale, weary, and without life. They also have no stomachs. There is a popular saying among them; it goes as follows:

> "*Dorrgemüse,*
> *Trocken Brot,*
> *Marmelade,*
> *Heldentod*"

which translated reads: Dried vegetables, dry bread, marmalade, and a hero's death. Soldiers are everywhere in Berlin. They are always coming and going. The cripples are not allowed upon the streets, but nervous wrecks are plentiful.

However, in spite of all the precautions taken to conceal the wounded, the public manages to gather a faint idea of its losses. We are told of a trip to the railway station to see a big detachment leave for Vilna. It was a band of veterans, who had served in previous battles of the present war, and in their dirty-patched uniforms, showing the lack of sufficient food by their empty eyes, they seemed for all the world like a cluster of tired children. They sat about in listless groups, talking very little, perhaps not at all. All the vaunted German *esprit de corps* was fled. The scenes of farewells were harrowing. Describing some of them, Miss Doty remarks:

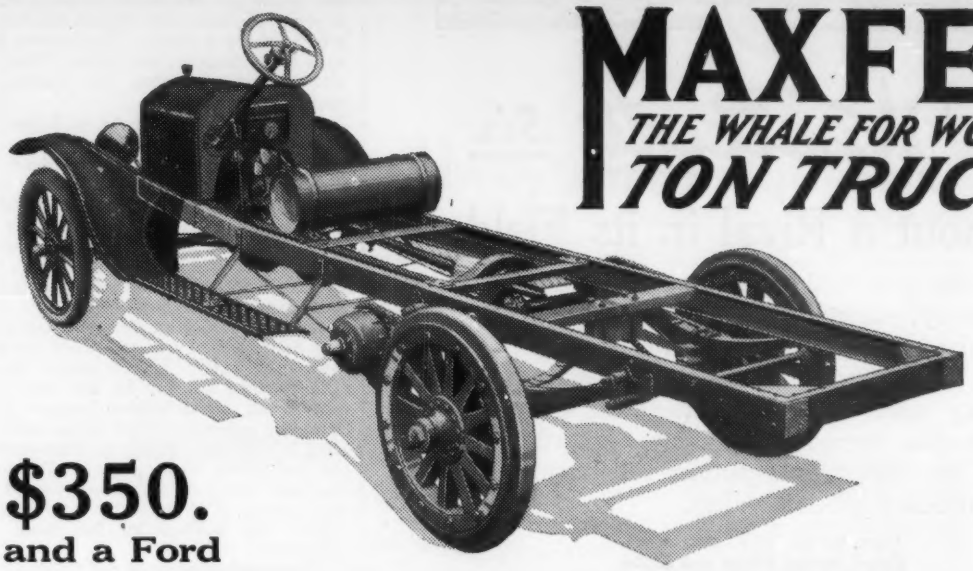
Here is a young boy saying good-by to a mother and three aunts. He is all they have—their whole life. Here a father is saying farewell to a wife and three sons under seventeen. Or a mother in deep mourning taking leave of her last son, or a young wife with a baby in her arms giving a last embrace.

As the train moves out of the station there are no shouts, no cheers, no words of encouragement. Instead, there is a deadly silence. The men lean out of windows stretching despairing hands toward loved ones. As the train pulls away the little groups break into straggling sobs. They are shaken as by a mighty tempest, paroxysms of grief rend and tear them. They know the end has come. A man may go once into battle and return, but not twice and thrice. Life holds no hope. As I come away I stop before the big building which conducts military affairs. It is known as the "House of Sorrow." On its rear wall is posted the list of dead and wounded.

The night is dark and still, but by the rays of an electric arc a few stragglers are running anxious fingers down the long lists. I stop to count the number. The report covers five days' casualties (from August 17 to August 21). By mistake, names are occasionally repeated. I drop out several thousand to allow for repetitions. Even then the total of dead, wounded, or missing is 44,000—a city almost as big as Binghamton wiped out in five days. The Socialists estimate that two and a half to three million men in Prussia alone have been killed, wounded, or are missing. No wonder the soldiers are desperate.

When the men march to the station on the way to the front bands play gay

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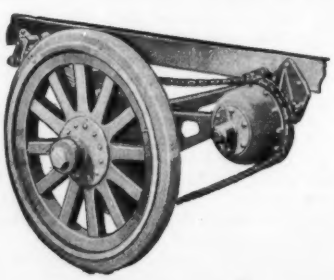
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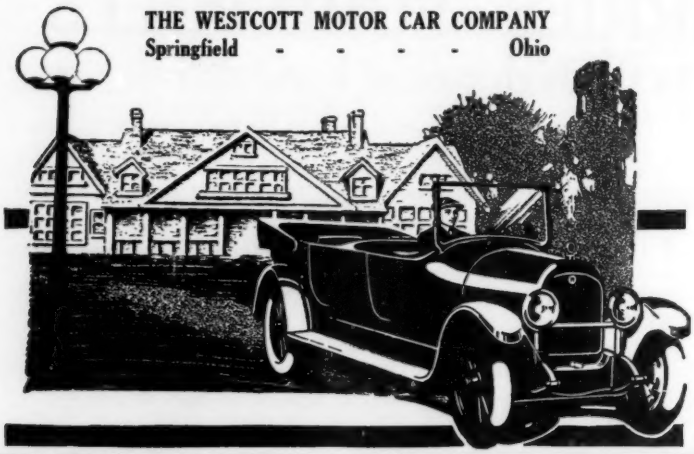
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national airs to hide the depression. But music can not cheer—the populace stands silent on the sidewalk. Occasionally a tear trickles down a cheek. The soldiers keep eyes front, faces set and rigid. There are no comforting smiles, no cheers, no waving hands.

One evening, at midnight, as I cross the Thiergarten, I pass a small procession of new recruits. Midnight, my friend tells me, is the favorite hour for seizing fresh food for cannon. There is something sinister in choosing dark hours, when the city sleeps, for this deed. On this occasion the recruits number a hundred or two. Their ages vary. They might be fathers and sons.

Such is the fate of the men; nor is life any better for the women. They are to be seen everywhere; in the streets digging and cleaning sewers; on the road with pickax and shovel, helping Russian prisoners relay railroad-tracks; in the subways, clad in bloomers, acting as train-starters; on the trains, wearing husband's motor-cap and coat. At night they come home to hungry children and empty larders. Their tiny savings go for bread and potatoes.

The day-laborers can not frequent city feeding-kitchens. They can not afford it. Berlin prepared to feed 35,000. Last winter, 13,000 ate at the kitchens. In summer the number decreased to 8,000. The meal served is a pint bowl of food, which is a cross between soup and stew. It contains potatoes, barley, rye, vegetables, or anything to be had, and on the meat-days some odds and ends of meat. A bowl full is 40 pfennigs, or 10 cents; a half bowl, 25 pfennigs, or 6 cents. A mother earning 40 to 60 cents a day can not pay 10 cents a head for food. It is the bourgeois class that patronize the kitchens.

I visit these feeding-stations. A large central market turned into a kitchen prepares the food. Here are big vats in which the food is steamed or boiled in bulk. From here the cooked product is sent to feeding-stations in different localities. Women of means preside over these places and conduct them well. The stewed mass is usually very eatable.

Such places are a godsend to the middle class, the small storekeepers whose business has failed, clerks, and stenographers, but for the unskilled laborer the price is prohibitive. The eating-rooms are not large, for people come and go. At noon I watch a little stream move in and out. They were all comfortably drest. They pause to have their cards punched, potatoes, bread, meat, flour, according to what that day's bowl contained.

As I look my eye is caught by two small children. They have crept in the big door and sit on a bench side by side, hand in hand. The oldest, a boy of eleven, is clad in ragged, dirty coat and trousers. His face is streaked with dirt, save for spots here and there cleaned by falling tears. A small sister of five snuggles up to him. She, too, possesses only a boy's ragged, dirty coat and trousers. Her face is smudged with black, but it is rounder, with more color than the boy's. Her baby eyes are a shining blue. She seems to rest serene in her brother's care. It is evident the boy is fighting manfully for his little sister. The lad's face is pinched and blue and lined with anguish.

I call the attention of the women workers to the children. "They are probably waiting for scraps of food. We'll

Good Value-Always Growing Greater

As the improvements are made in Dodge Brothers car nothing is said to Dodge Brothers dealers, or to the public, about them.

This is in pursuance of a policy inaugurated by Dodge Brothers at the very outset.

They look upon the progressive improvement of the car as a matter of course.

It is a plain duty they owe to themselves and to the public.

There is no necessity of heralding these improvements in advance.

The public finds out about them in due time, and expresses appreciation and approval.

And so, while the process of betterment goes on every day, nothing is said of it until after it is accomplished.

The car is basically the same car as it was two years ago.

Yet there isn't a bit of doubt but that it is a better car.

The car of today is worth more money than the car of two years ago.

The price is the same, but the car is a better car.

Not because the cost of materials have increased—although they have.

But especially because the standards of construction have been steadily raised—the shop practice made steadily finer.

And still, the buyers of the first cars, and every subsequent car, received full value.

That is proven by the fact that all of the cars, no matter how long ago they were built, are giving good service today.

It is still further proven by the high price they command when sold at second hand.

Any car built by Dodge Brothers commands a high price — whether it was built twenty-two months, or twelve months, or two months ago.

This high valuation on any car bearing Dodge Brothers name, has been fixed, not by them, but by the public.

Dodge Brothers have had few market problems to bother them, and practically nothing to do but make the car better.

They are their own severest critics, and they will never wait for the public to ask for a better car from them.

They try to anticipate—to travel ahead—to give even more than is expected.

No material, no part, and no accessory is barred from Dodge Brothers car because it is too high priced.

The only question asked, the only proof demanded, is of its goodness.

When the car was designed, its parts were charted and chosen according to quality, and with a total disregard of price.

That policy still prevails, only it has been intensified.

No source of supply can have too high a standard for Dodge Brothers—nothing too good can be offered for Dodge Brothers car.

That policy, plus a process of research, test, refinement and proof, make for continuous progress.

That is why it is still the same car, and yet a much finer car.

That is why it is worth more money than ever, though still sold at the same price.

That is why its value is always growing greater.

Touring Car or Roadster, $785 In Canada $1100
Winter Touring Car or Roadster, $950 In Canada $1335
Sedan, $1185 In Canada $1685
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



31 Extra Features
8 Styles of Bodies
Built by John W. Bate

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine

Now 100% Over-Strength

Every Part Now Twice as Strong as Need Be

John W. Bate, the great Efficiency Engineer, now announces for the first time double-strength in every Mitchell part

In the new Mitchells we are ready to announce the fulfillment of a three-year ambition.

Three years ago, after one year in Europe, John W. Bate returned to the Mitchell plant.

He said, "I have one more thing to accomplish. And I learned it from the foremost European engineers.

"We build cars too fast in America. We try to build them too cheap. We give too little thought to endurance.

"I want to build you a lifetime car. I want to give every part in the Mitchell at least 100 per cent over-strength."

Now It Is Done

Mr. Bate came back. Since then he has given the Mitchell car 15 hours a day. Far into the night, week after week for three years, he has worked on this problem of strength.

He has worn out fifty cars in making tests to prove the strength requirements. When he found the strength any part required, he doubled it in the car.

He took part by part and brought each to this standard. Then he found a way to test each part to prove that it met the standard.

In last year's Mitchell we claimed 50 per cent over-strength. This work was not then completed. This year we can claim for every part twice the needed strength. And our daily tests prove this claim.

One Example—Springs

Let us cite one example—the Bate cantilever springs. You know how often springs break on the ordinary car.

These Bate springs have now been used for 18 months in Mitchells. Not one leaf in one of them ever has broken.

We have machines in our factory for testing them. These machines apply road action hundreds of thousands of times. We have thus applied months of incessant vibration to one spring. And never one has broken.

Yet these long cantilever springs are the easiest-riding springs in the world. No Mitchell owner ever needs shock absorbers. Mitchell cars have no snubbers or rebound straps. They are utterly unnecessary.

That is simply one part—one well-known weakness. Hundreds of parts have been given equal strength. Now over 440 parts of the Mitchell are built of toughened steel, drop-forged or steel-stamped. The parts which get the major strains are all of Chrome-Vanadium. Many parts on which safety depends are almost double-size.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.
Price, $1460 f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.
Price, $1150 f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

175,000-Mile Tests

Two Bate-built Mitchells have already run over 200,000 miles apiece. Seven of them have averaged over 175,000 miles each. That is over 30 years of rather active service.

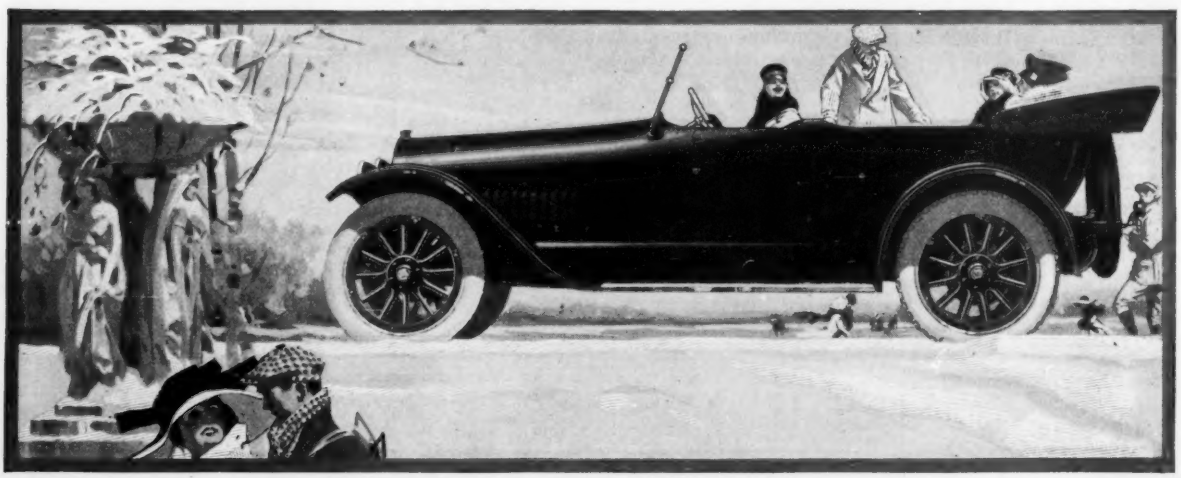
So this new Mitchell, in all probability, is a lifetime car. With proper care, you should never wear it out. Troubles and repairs are as nearly eliminated as can be.

The Lifetime Car

In times past, men bought a new car every year or two. Models were constantly changing. So a car's endurance seemed of less importance. That is why European cars so excelled American.

Now most buyers in the Mitchell class buy their cars to keep. And John W. Bate has rebuilt every Mitchell part to meet these new requirements.

That is the sovereign advantage we offer in Mitchell cars. It is not so visible as other extra features. But we figure it means double life to your car, plus safety and economy. And we know it over-tops every other result of John W. Bate's efficiency.



20% Extra Value
Due to Factory Efficiency
John W. Bate's 18th Model

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 24% Extra Luxury

Deeper Finish — Finer Upholstery — 31 Extras

In this year's Mitchells, on exhibit at the Shows, we have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish and trimming, attaining the height of luxury.

These new Mitchells will also give you a new idea of beauty.

The lines of the car, in many artists' opinion, are the handsomest ever attained. But our added cost lies in scores of details which are too often skimped.

Last year's Mitchells were luxurious, you know. In every large city they were regarded as models of motor car elegance.

But this year we have added just 24 per cent to the cost of the finish, upholstery and trimming. So the Mitchells you see at the Shows this year will be superb examples of artistic detail.

Our New Body Plant Saves This 24 Per Cent

In the past few months we have equipped ourselves to build all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed. Our new body plant, with its lumber yards, covers 14 city blocks.

The Mitchell, we believe, is the only plant which builds all the bodies for a high-grade car. The saving we make pays for all this added luxury. Now we are building, under the Bate efficiency methods, 98 per cent of the Mitchell.

But the chief fact is this: We could not buy bodies at a possible price finished and appointed as ours are. Our requirements are too extreme. So this new Mitchell luxury was out of the question until our new body plant was completed.

Heat-Fixed Finish

We have built for one thing enormous ovens which hold many Mitchell bodies. Here our finish coats are fixed by heat. This adds immensely to the lustre. And it gives a finish which endures for years.

We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our leather to give you unusual upholstery. We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our cushion springs to give you better springs.

Those are a few of our conspicuous improvements. You will see scores of others. Every touch and detail reveals an added cost. Yet all this seeming extravagance, like all Mitchell extras, is paid for by factory savings.

31 Extras This Year

In this year's Mitchells you will find 31 extra features. That is, 31 attractions which practically all cars omit. Most of them are exclusive to the Mitchell.

Each is something that you want. They will cost us on this year's output not less than $4,000,000. Yet all of them come to you without extra price, because of our factory savings.

They include a power tire pump, Bate springs, a new-type control, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, a ball-bearing steering gear, engine primer on instrument board. There are 31 extras like those.

All Due to Efficiency

All of the Mitchell's unique attractions are paid for by factory efficiency. All this over-strength, all this added luxury, all these extra features. We owe them all to John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert.

This model plant, which is all of his building, cut our factory costs 50 per cent. Our new body plant, by Bate efficiency methods, pays for this added luxury.

No other smart car offers anywhere near the value you get in the Mitchell. You can prove that in an hour. And that fact is due entirely to the genius of John W. Bate.

See these new cars at our showrooms or at Shows. Pass your own judgment on them. Learn what the extras mean.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

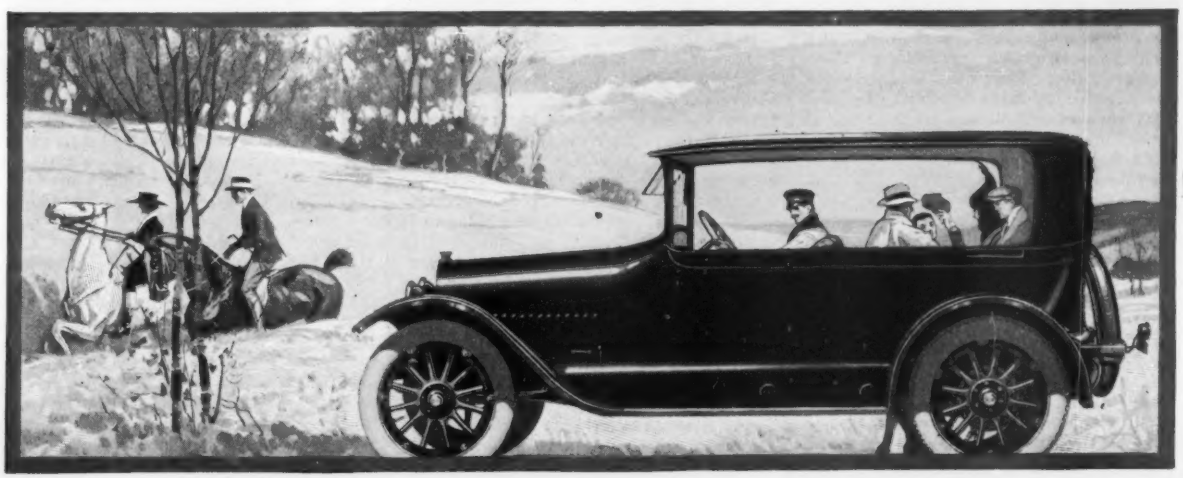
Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupe	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.



give them something by and by," I am told. "But," I protest, "those children are suffering."

With the aid of a friendly policeman I get their story. These were their answers: "Hungry—terribly hungry. Mother dead; father in the war; no home, slept anywhere; ate anything." I drop some money in the boy's hand. His little clawlike fingers snatch eagerly at mine. I can feel their touch yet. Then he slides from the bench and starts for the door.

But by this time the women workers had joined me. "Go get in line and you can have some food," they order. The boy hides his money beneath his coat and runs at full speed toward the steaming food. Behind him is the tiny sister, her naked little feet flying after his, her tiny baby hand clutching the end of his ragged jacket. I turn away. I couldn't bear to see them eat. God pity us, why must such suffering be? Probably there are as many children in New York and London without any food as in Berlin. The tragedy in Germany is not quick starvation, it is the underfeeding of a whole race. Mothers and babies are gradually going down-hill.

Everywhere about the city, signs of general decline thrust themselves upon the vision. There are rows and rows of houses and great shops bearing "For Rent" signs, with no one in all Germany to rent them. A few years ago, says Miss Doty, merchants used to fight for vacancies along the great thoroughfares of Berlin; now dozens of them may be had for the asking. Business is at a standstill; even in the railway-stations, the slot-machines stand empty; no one has filled their compartments with penny chocolate-tablets for two years.

And we are given another aspect of the general situation, as we read:

One Sunday I go to the Zoological Garden, the popular resort of the masses. A band or two still play, but the grounds are not half filled. Everywhere are vacant tables, when formerly it was a privilege to secure one. Little family groups in black sit silently before a lonely glass of beer. Sandwiches are a rarity. The ices seemed to be made of colored frozen perfumes, and were distressing internally.

In the iron cages there are still a few animals. Whether they have decreased in number I can not tell. But they, like the people, suffer from a scant diet. The monkeys have grown contentious. Their tempers suffer. They raise a most terrific racket, and continually bite, and claw, and fight each other. Ironic laughter seized me. They are so human. I fall to wondering whether mankind is copying them or they mankind.

The two or three lions in the outdoor cages are lean and restless. They crouch and growl or pace feverishly up and down. There is none of the lazy indifference seen in circus-fed creatures.

In a flash they revealed Germany. Before the war, under a benevolent paternalism, the people grew round of girth. Replete with good food and flowing steins of beer, feet and brains lagged. It is hard to be discontented and progressive when the stomach is full and the land flows with milk and honey. But suffering has come and a new race is emerging—a lean race, with active minds that begin to question German autocracy and militarism.

As I leave the Zoological Garden a small boy passes me. In loud tones, boastfully and with unction, he declares to two envious listeners: "And I had a piece of fat for dinner." Raising his fingers to measure, "It was so big, and juicy."

To an observant person three things are everywhere in evidence, telling an unmistakable story: The flat stomachs, the endless signs "To rent," and the empty chocolate slots. The German race is surely slipping into a decline. What shall the world do? Shall it stand idly by, or shall it stretch out a hand of sympathy and understanding to these troubled people and help them free themselves from the domination of a military group they begin to despise? The people do not wish to be ugly. They do not believe in a von Tirpitz submarine policy, but if England insists on smashing and crushing the German nation, where is their hope? What is left but ugly retaliation? We are not yet angels!

——Mrs. Maules.

HOUSECLEANING THE ORIENT

LOVELY woman, not content with the old-time annual housecleaning at home, has had her attention called to the need for some general purification of the Far East. It is not to be, of course, one of those affairs in which soap, and water, and mops figure conspicuously, but rather a social and economic cleaning out which shall leave life in the Orient clean, and fresh, and renewed.

The attention of women is called to this requirement of the East by *The World Outlook*, in a stimulating article by Grace Price on conditions in Japan, China, and surrounding countries. The author tells of her crossing from America to Japan and gives us an interesting picture of the lives of the people when we read her first impressions of the Far East. She exclaims:

Not only are there dust and dirt, bad odors, and filth everywhere, but there are also the cobwebs of superstition in every corner, the mold of ancient customs blighting the lives of the women, and the rotting bodies of millions of little children thrown out on the waste-heap of ignorance.

But a big beginning has been made. In Japan especially a lot of the dust of ages has been brushed away by her unequaled ability to imitate foreign customs. In China the returned students are so respected that their ideas are eagerly adopted. And, whether she likes it or not, the ancient and hoary country of Korea is being scoured and polished by this newly adopted civilization which Japan is thrusting upon her.

Our first idea of the Japanese was a most favorable one, for on the boat by which we crossed Baron and Baroness Uriu and their retinue were about the only other passengers. She was one of the first three Japanese girls sent to this country to be educated, a graduate of Vassar, and a fine type of college woman, interested in everything—from literature to her own husband, whom she manages in quite American fashion.

But it wasn't long after we landed before we saw the other woman, the type that Old Japan creates. She and some others were having a bridge-party. Sounds inviting, but it wasn't. About twenty of them were driving piles for a new bridge. The sun was scorching, the timbers enormous, and the man overseer was abusing them. For weren't they only women? Without education and with Old Japan's idea of women crushing them down, they deemed themselves pretty fortunate to have even such work and the princely sum of ten cents a day.

No, it isn't enough for Old Japan that the women should have a baby every year. They must work, work like men and animals. In Nikko we could see from a distance a long line of bowed figures climbing the steep bank of the River Daiya, and on coming nearer we saw that they were old, old women, wrinkled and gray, carrying barrels—not baskets, but barrels—of stone from the river-bed to the road. Such is the reverence for age in Japan.

Of course in many ways Japan is taking a turn for the better. The account ventures the remark that when the present children become grandmothers the general life of women will be much improved. We are told that the Emperor has adopted the amazingly new policy of doing away with the imperial concubines, marrying one wife, and treating her as his equal. In addition:

In the new Civil Code of Japan the word "concubine" does not appear. And, best of all, this code allows men at thirty and women at twenty-five to marry without parental consent, thereby destroying the old parental despotism which has blighted the lives of so many girls and boys.

Of course, there are bound to be some scratches on the modern polish which Japan has so hastily applied to her old civilization, and one of the most noticeable is the industrial unrest among the women. With that inborn desire of women to be free even as men, the girls and women are pouring into the factories in such numbers that they are being exploited just as our girl workers in this country have been.

I went into factories every time I could get a chance, just to convince myself that girls of twelve really do work ten hours a day for as little as seven and a half cents. Not making doll clothes, either, but managing heavy printing-machines, straining, pushing, pulling with all their strength.

In another room of this Printing Bureau, which is the Government institution and supposed to be very modern, there were about two hundred girls standing at high tables sorting postals. The cards flew through their hands so fast that it made me blink, yet those girls kept their eyes fixt on the flying cards seven days a week, ten hours a day, and standing all the ten hours.

I asked the guide why the girls weren't given high stools to sit on, and he said, "Isn't it funnee? 'Nother American ladee ask same question. Japanese never think of it." Of course, the Japanese never think of it. The Japanese have not heard the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And the children of Japan? At first sight they seem adorable with their gay little kimonos and sashes almost as big as the wearer, their tiny wooden shoes clacking as they run beside their mothers.

The Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift

Premier

$1895 *f. o. b. factory*

The new Premier with aluminum motor and magnetic gear shift shatters all existing standards of value. Compare it, point by point, with the very best cars on the market, and when you have finished, you yourself will echo the question of thousands: "How do they do it at $1895?"

Here are the features of the one car that will make the Shows of 1917 —*historic.*

An Aluminum Motor, designed and built in the Premier factory under the personal supervision of Earl G. Gunn, our chief engineer and the original American builder of aluminum motors. With only 300 cubic inches piston displacement, this overhead valve, six cylinder motor develops upward of 72 horsepower. We question whether any motor in America can climb a difficult hill "in high" as slowly as *Premier*. Ask for a demonstration.

C-H Magnetic Gear Shift, as regular equipment and without extra charge, has been adopted by Premier. In so doing Premier leads the world as the car which first gave motorists this crowning and long needed convenience as regular equipment. The mechanism which, by means of push buttons, controls Premier's gears, is the product of the world's greatest builders of electrical controlling apparatus, the Cutler-Hammer Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Cutler-Hammer manufacture the electrical controlling apparatus on United States battleships and submarines. The action of the device is simple and positive. Push a button and the gears obey. It keeps the control of your car right under your thumb—you can change gears on an up-hill climb without losing momentum. You can change gears in traffic in one-half the time required by the hand gear shift. It is as great an advance as was the electric starter. This device is unqualifiedly guaranteed by both the Cutler-Hammer and the Premier companies. Ask for a demonstration.

New Premier "Bullet Body Lines" supplant the conventional stream line which has characterized practically all motor cars for years. To this new mode, Premier adds the charm of an exquisite *gun-metal velours* body finish combined with wheels of natural wood. From a standpoint of durability and texture, Premier's finish is unsurpassed by that of any car. Premier's beauty is growing proverbial.

The Turning Radius is so short that the driver of a Premier car can almost spin it on its own axis—this must be seen to be believed. Ask for a demonstration.

An Eight-Inch Bridge Girder Frame, deeper by 50 per cent than the frames of most cars, forms such a solid and rigid foundation that body squeaks and rattles are almost impossible; and the frame's rigidity makes the car hold the road better at sixty miles an hour than most cars do at twenty-five.

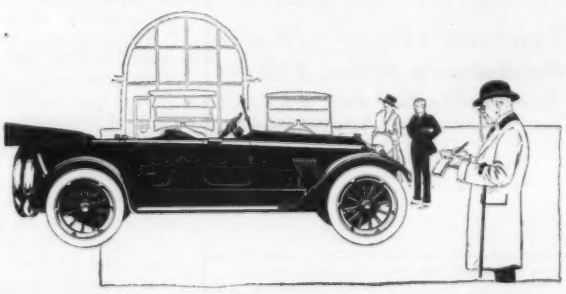
More Body Room has been obtained in Premier, through clever and space-economizing design, than has ever been considered possible on a wheel base of 125½ inches—compare it with your present car.

The Driver's Comfort has been carefully studied. The new-type tilting steering wheel, the push button gear shift, the design of the driving seat, and the easy-reach placement of everything that enters into driving, gives him a chance to take a joyous part in the ride.

Points of Luxury are everywhere. The auxiliary seats are roomy and interfere with no one's comfort. The instrument board is solid walnut, finished like a boudoir table, with ammeter, oil gauge, Warner speedometer and a nickeled dash-light which becomes a spot-light on a 15-foot cord by merely pulling it out of its socket. The upholstery is of the finest—Marshall Sanitary cushion springs and real leather. The tonneau rug is of natural undyed wool. The nickeled robe rail can't rattle or sag. The genuine Pantasote top is custom tailored in our own shop and bound with aluminum. There is a tonneau light that illuminates the running board. Not a detail is omitted. All these points conspire to make Premier a car that women will love.

"Rides Like a Liner" is an expression used by a connoisseur who soon found out that in Premier you don't have to brace yourself for the bumps—thanks to the 58-inch semi-elliptic Perfection rear springs, to the perfect balance of the car, impossible without the use of an aluminum motor, and to the ballast of the 8-inch frame. The axles of Premier are Timken. The electrical equipment is Delco—everything is of the best. And on the hills and through traffic the car is a revelation. It has worlds of power and jumps under the gas like a blooded horse hit with a whip. It throttles to almost nothing in high—without bucking or quitting. The car as shipped weighs only 3245 pounds.

We believe that eventually a car without a magnetic gear shift will be as obsolete as a car without an electric starter. Go to the Premier booth at any of the Shows this year, or to any Premier sales room and—*ask for a Demonstration.*



On request we will send you "Premiering"—a snappy little booklet full of punch and go—but even fuller of facts about the Premier Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift. Address Department "C."

PREMIER MOTOR CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Greatest Novel Ever Written

is generally conceded to be ***Vanity Fair***, by W. M. Thackeray, contemporary and sole rival of Charles Dickens as a master story-teller. His other romances are hardly a whit behind it, indeed they are not romances, but life — intense, palpitating, vital — books that hold your absorbed interest from the first page to the last.

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At a distance they are so many butterflies dancing about, but on nearer sight they are more like little worms of the earth—earthy. About two out of five of the little heads will be covered with a dreadful white disease, the result of the shocking immorality of their parents.

Japan is like a building. The part above ground, visible to the world, seems modern, strong, and attractive. But unless the home-life, the foundation upon which every country is built, is made strong and safe, with a bed-rock of Christian ideals, Japan can not hope to keep her place among the permanent Powers of the world.

After this practical and rather uninspiring glance at Nippon, we are taken to Korea, the new possession of the Island Empire. Here, says the author, all was quite different. As she phrases it:

I rubbed my eyes to make sure I wasn't asleep, dreaming I was in Spotless Town. Such bright sunshine, such green hills, and such snowy-clad people.

But after a closer view I decided that I must be back in the days of the Old Testament. On every side there was a wise-looking old prophet, with white flowing garments and on his head a tall transparent horsehair hat tied coquettishly under his chin with ribbons; long lines of more white-robed beings winding down the green hillsides with big loads on their heads.

All seemed peaceful, happy, prosperous. But on stepping off the boat we were surrounded by a mob of creatures so filthy, so ragged, and so thin that they hardly seemed like human children. But children they were, outcasts from families too poor to support them; children who at night slept out-of-doors by the side of the road; children who fought for their living like wolves, carrying any amount of baggage, any distance, for a penny or two; children who merely existed from day to day.

It wasn't pleasant to think how much money we spend over here in teaching the frills of education, when a few dollars over there would actually take that mere outcast clay and mold it into human beings.

Another glimpse of child-life came on a country-trip we took out from Seoul. Over in a field was a tiny building made of mud and thatch, a native church. On our way to it, we passed a line of the dirtiest, raggedest little tots I ever saw. I didn't want to go into the church very badly. I supposed the congregation would be as malodorous as those outside. But here I really found Spotless Town. Every child scrubbed within an inch of its life.

Korea not only looks like the Old-Testament pictures, but her women are Old-Testament women. The Korean man has treated her just about the same for hundreds of years and it is only in the present generation that we see any great change. It is indeed pitiful when there is a combination of old and new Korea in one life.

On the platform at a Korean concert was a young man of twenty-three playing the piano. He looked like a high-school boy. But he had a son eleven years old. And the boy's mother was forty-two. What a home! The father and son were boys, but Christian and fast becoming educated, and the mother an ignorant heathen, nineteen years older than her husband and thirty-one years older than her boy. Another result of the awful child-betrothal.

Korea is awake! The men are fast becoming well-educated. We must do something for their future wives. One young man came to America for three years and attended two of our finest colleges. He has a wife and three children back in Korea. How congenial are that couple going to be when he returns? She, uneducated, eating with chop-sticks and sitting on the floor; he, fresh from the college-life of our big cities. Shall men like that continue being tied to inferior wives or shall we give them wives like one of the graduates of our big schools in Seoul, who, because of her fine mind, was sought out, wooed, and won in almost American fashion by a returned student from America, a man of wealth, and considered the greatest "catch" in Seoul?

Horses aren't hitched tandem to a heavy load, but side by side. Just so the men and women of Korea can move up the hill of progress only when they pull side by side in steady team-work.

And then we came to China, land of that greatest torture to womankind—foot-binding. I've had so many people say to me, "That isn't done any more, is it?" Bishop Lewis says that if you will travel one hundred miles in any part of the Empire, you will get the idea that there are no unbound feet.

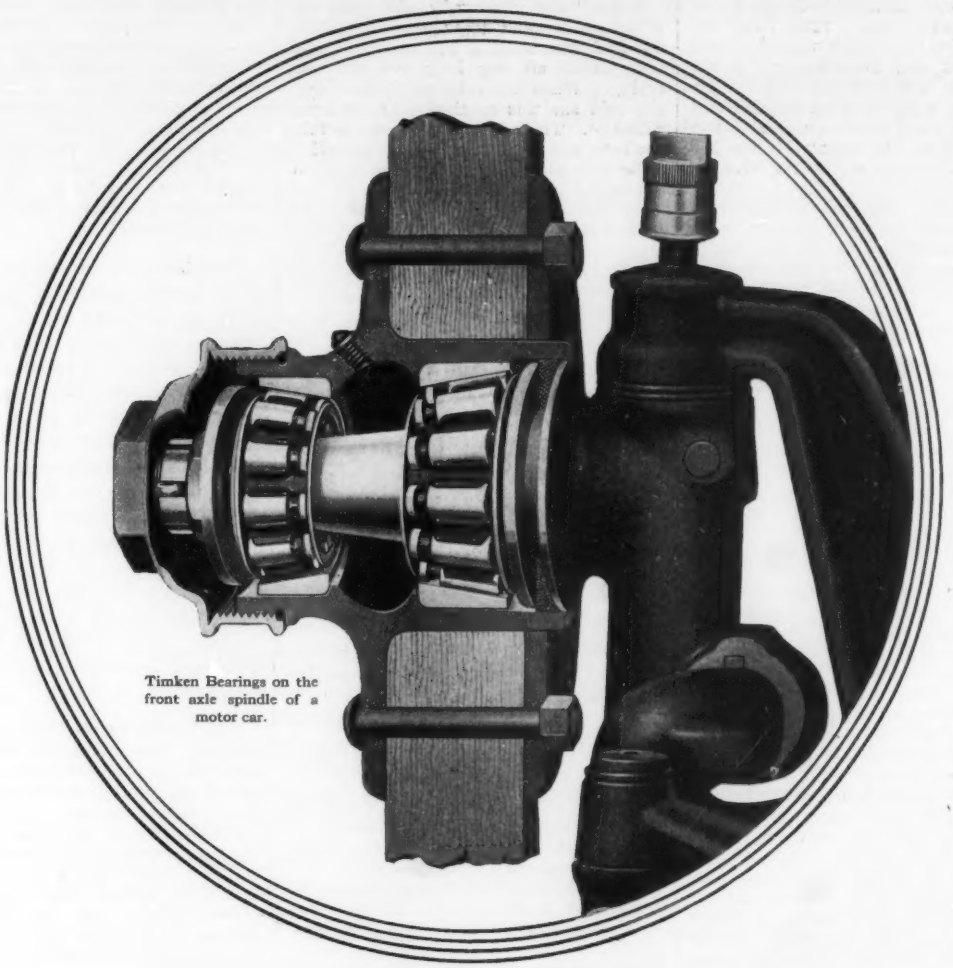
A famous scholar told the Bishop his theory of footbinding. For centuries China's men have said: "Women's place is the home and child-bearing her business." Perhaps we have China to thank for originating that remark. So the men conceived this brilliant idea of breaking women's feet—a sort of padlock on the door of the home. It is a padlock indeed. No pleasure in moving—why not sit? And sit these women do, while the pigs wallow in and out of the door and the children die like flies of neglect and disease.

In New York we don't expect much of a woman who has lost the use of her limbs, no matter how well-educated she may be. What then can we expect of our poor Chinese sister, crippled in both body and mind? Mr. Wang writes in his famous "Chinese Reader": "If we say as China has said for so long: 'Let the men be educated; let the women remain in ignorance; one-half at least of the nation can not be as useful as it should. It is as if one-half of a man's body were paralyzed, these members not only being useless, but proving a weight and hindrance to those not affected."

And in China, too, girlhood is almost an unknown thing. Child-betrothals are almost universally the custom, tho the Republic has set a tacit discouragement on them, and we find everywhere mothers young enough to be in the grammar schools if they were Americans. We are told of one of the social functions attended by the author in one of the larger Chinese cities. She writes:

It was an interesting, yet pitiful, dinner. The other guests were five splendid, brilliant young men, returned students from America and holders of Government positions, and their wives to whom they had been betrothed when young. Not one of those girls could even speak English. The men, all in American clothes—the women in Chinese. Between those couples yawned a gulf wider than that between Protestant

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and Catholic, between Jew and Gentile—the gulf between education and ignorance.

What a contrast were these girls to the graduating class of the Knowles Bible Training School in Kiukiang, of whom Bishop Lewis said: "I am struck by the air of freedom about them. They move as women set at liberty."

At one time, and not so long ago, the education of girls in China was regarded as a joke. It would be so much simpler to drown them!

In his book "The Female Instructor," one of the most distinguished essayists of the last century says: "The most important subjects in which women should be instructed are, first, concerning her obedience to her husband and to his parents; then in regard to her complaisance to his brothers and sisters and kindness to her sister-in-law. If unmarried, she has duties to her parents and to the wives of her elder brothers."

Confucius said: "Women are as different from men as earth is from heaven. Women indeed are human beings, but they are of a lower state than men and can never attain to full equality with them. The aim, therefore, of female education is perfect submission, not cultivation or development of the mind."

The Chinese have always felt that it was a waste of money to educate a girl. Girls go into their husbands' families as soon as they are of use, anyway. As Dr. Arthur Smith says: "It would be like putting a gold chain around the neck of some one else's puppy which may at any moment be whistled off, and then what will have become of the chain?"

To-day the Chinese men seem to have the idea that there is no limit to what their girls can learn. Not long ago an intelligent and wealthy gentleman of Shanghai, of influential family, about to place his two daughters in McTyeire High School, inquired of the principal: "Do you teach your pupils to ride the bicycle?" On being answered with a surprized "No," he was much disappointed and said, "Oh, I think you ought to teach them that."

Of this new idea of girls' ability the biggest result is seen in ten of our leading American universities where ten bright-eyed Chinese girls are studying heavy "ologies." These ten came last year, the first girls to be the guests of Uncle Sam on the indemnity fund. These girls are fairly outstripping their American sisters and are doing credit not only to themselves, but to China and China's new idea of her womanhood.

A prominent commissioner, addressing the girls of a Christian school, said, "Dear sisters, all the girls and women of the Government schools are expecting you to become their teachers, leaders, and helpers." What a miracle! Expecting and desiring girls to do something besides marry, and addressing them as "Dear sisters"!

All this respect and recognition of the worth of Chinese women of to-day promise a happier future for the girl babies of to-morrow. Fewer little girls in the old baby-towers left to wail themselves to death. Fewer mothers like the one Miss Cushman tells us about who cried herself blind because her two baby girls were taken away from her and destroyed.

In a poor little home in Peking a baby girl lay dying. The old mother-in-law saw that there were only a few flickers left in the little lamp and, snatching it up, started to rush away with it when the mother screamed, "Give me back my baby. She isn't dead yet." "But there's only one breath left in her," muttered the old woman. "The black cart will soon pass by and if I don't hurry the child will be left here in the room after it is dead, filling the house with demons." So she dumped the little sick body of one of God's baby girls in the alley to be carried out to the black baby-pit where no mother ever goes.

Have you ever carried a heavy baby a couple of hours? If you have you can sympathize with the little nine-year-old "mother" who wandered wearily into one of the missionaries' tents at a temple fair. She had been carrying her ten-months-old baby sister all day long and she was crying. When the lady asked her why, she said she was so tired and her arms ached so. The missionary offered to take the baby and the little-old child handed her sister over with a beseeching look to please be careful of her. Then she ran off and soon came back with a piece of sweet potato for herself and one for the baby. But she gave it all to the baby and wistfully watched it disappear. One little bit fell on the ground and got covered with dust, so she ate that herself.

NAMING THE NAVIES

SOME one who is invariably interested in the oddities of life about us has turned his rambling attention to the naming of battle-ships. He has seen that there is a fundamental fact or two to be gathered from the lists of boats in the war, from published enumerations of our own and others' navies. And he proceeds to voice his conclusions in the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. Out of the names of a nation's naval line, one can read that nation's spirit. All the national feeling and ideals are betrayed by the selection of titles for their vessels. He gives, as concrete examples of what he means, reasons for the names of American battle-ships. As he puts it:

When the United States was a younger and more romantic nation, we called our ships by such names as the *Constitution*. To-day we name our capital ships after States, cruisers after cities, and torpedo-boats after naval officers. Air-ships and submarines are designated by letter and number. It is a systematic method, which allows for little play of the imagination.

England, as mistress of the seas, seeks to inspire terror in her enemies through such ships as the *Indefatigable*, the *Revenge*, the *Indomitable*, the *Invincible*, the *Victorious*, the *Thunderer*, the *Lion*, *Tiger*, *Hercules*, *Colossus*, *Valiant*, and so forth, reserving a few vessels to bear the name of royalty.

Germany's characteristic growth of ideals is shown by the older *Lothringen*, *Preussen*, *Hannover*, as the first stage of attachment. Then comes the second stage, we learn, with the *Moltke*, the *Kaiser*, *König Albert*, and others. And last, we greet the present-day turn of the national feeling in the presence of the gigantic *Hindenburg!*

Passing to other nations, the account continues:

France and Italy betray the romantic strain. France, exultant in freedom, calls her fighters *Truth*, and *Justice*, and *Democracy*, and *Republic*. Italy, proud not only of statesmen, but of her great men in art, science, and war, names her ships *Columbus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Andrea Doria*, *Conte di Cavour*, *Leonardo da Vinci*, and *Dante Alighieri*.

It is the modernist directors of naval affairs who have become prosaic. Instead of calling their submarines the *Assassin*, the *Dirk*, the *Swordfish*, or the *Shark*, they give them a letter and a number. At that, the Germans have used reason in calling them *U*-boats—the *U* standing for *Untersee*. On the other hand, the letter *C*, which is applied to American ships of this class, means nothing at all. Similarly, it is a good guess that *L*, applied to German air-ships, stands for *Luft*.

The genius who manufactures names for Pullman cars might try his hand at naming our aeroplanes. To begin with, we suggest the *Eagle*. With this hint the rest would be easy.

Moreover, only recently the ex-Queen of Hawaii sent a request to Congress that one of the new American war-vessels be named after her own islands. The people of the mid-Pacific land would appreciate, she said, deeply, this tribute to the integral part they make in the United States. Another prominent individual brought forth the suggestion that the Government revive some of the famous old names which were once known far and wide upon the seas. He believed in the traditions of the *Constitution*, the *United States*, the *Bon Homme Richard*, and all he other gallant old fighters which swept the seas in their days. Of similar belief is the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which comments editorially:

The United States Navy has a glorious history. The chronicles of our Navy, especially in its earlier development, are among the greatest sea-stories of all time. The proposal to name the new battle-cruisers after some of the ships that created the traditions of our Navy should meet with complete popular approval. Doubtless the custom of calling battle-ships after the several States was appropriate. The United States Government is a federation of States and it seemed as natural for the individual commonwealth to have its battle-ship in name at least, as for each to have its star. The lesser vessels were called after cities. But meanwhile we had permitted grand old names of real belligerently nautical significance to lapse.

This neglect of names, such as *Congress*, *United States*, *Alliance*, and *Ranger*, was more than a seeming sacrifice. It was as if the aristocracy of the navy were dying out. No ships of our Navy seemed the direct descendants of the battlers of a hundred years ago. In the British Navy a very conscious and successful method of perpetuating tradition has been employed. The battle-ship *Bellerophon*, for instance, recalls the day when the mightiest of modern warriors gave himself up to Captain Maitland. The modern *Temeraire* seems the lineal descendant of the ship whose part in Trafalgar was the inspiration of Henry Newbolt's swinging ballad. When the guns of the *Agamemnon* spoke at the

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The fifth annual volume of MOTOR TRUCKS OF AMERICA will be ready for distribution January fifteenth.

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Dardanelles they seemed to be echoing the thunders of its forefather's cannon at Copenhagen.

The revival of a few names of America's naval history will cause many of us to get out neglected volumes and read again their glorious chapters. It will help the morale of preparedness throughout the nation. One who reads of Decatur and his fellows will not be so prone to deny their successors of to-day the appropriations necessary to the maintenance of our sea-power.

MOVIE WAYS THAT ARE DARK

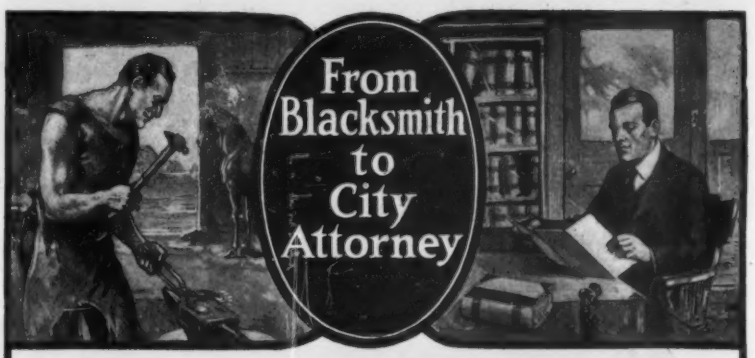
IF nothing else shows that "the heathen Chinee is peculiar," his taste in motion-pictures would give it away boldly. He is not contented with dynamite explosions, burning cities, custard pies flung in the face of the immaculate-attired beau of Sister Susie; he will not give his celestial plaudits to the fat *comédienne* who rolls down the church stairs with her bridegroom, nor will he weep salt tears on the shoulder of the lady in front as the po-or little golden-haired girl is put out of her flat by the cr-ool landlord because her dead mother can not pay the rent. Not these for Fong Chu, or whatever his name may be.

What he does like and how it is given him may be gleaned from an article in the New York *Tribune*, in which the author recounts the sum total of his observations from an academic and scholarly inspection of real Chinese films. These films are not the importations from California, wherein Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin disport themselves identically as they do in Boston or Mobile; but real Oriental pictures, made in China, acted by Chinese actors, and portraying all the joys and sorrows of the Oriental's life. Of the industry in China we are told by this astute investigator:

Come to think of it, there is no reason in the world why the motion-picture business should not flourish in China as elsewhere. And there is no reason in the world why the Chinese should not make their own pictures, if they don't happen to like the European and American kinds. But it is a bit of a shock, nevertheless, to learn that the Chinese have been flocking to their movie houses for half a dozen years, that they have been making their own pictures for five years, and, in short, that the business is highly organized and flourishing. For all of those things are true.

They leaked out, these facts, during the recent visit to these parts of one Benjamin Brodsky, the Marcus Loew of China. As head of the China Cinema Company, Limited, he enjoys practically a monopoly of the business in the land of the Celestials. He controls eighty moving-picture theaters, scattered from Peking to Kong-Tehang, and from Canton to Tyng-Choo. And he maintains fully equipped studios in Shanghai and in Hongkong, where he employs hundreds of persons in the manufacture of Chinese motion-pictures. Something about this industry in China is herewith set down in type for the first time.

Benjamin Brodsky was not an American



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Bimel Automobile Co., Sidney, O.

Chalmers Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Crawford Automobile Co., Hagerstown, Md.
Cunningham, Jas., Son & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Daniels Motor Car Co., Reading, Pa.
Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Ia.
Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Dort Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich.
Drummond Motor Car Co., Omaha, Neb.
Duplex Power Car Co., Charlotte, Mich.

Enger Motor Car Co., Cincinnati, O.

Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich.
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Gerlinger Motor Car Co., Tacoma, Wash.
Gramm-Bernstein Co., Lima, O.
Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, O.
Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.

Hupp Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

Kelly-Springfield M. T. Co., Springfield, O.
Kline Car Corp., Richmond, Va.

Lexington-Howard Co., Connersville, Ind.
Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

McFarlan Motor Co., Connersville, Ind.
Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mitchell Motors Co., Racine, Wis.
Mutual Motors Co., Jackson, Mich.
Murray Motor Car Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Milwaukee Locomotive Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill.

Ogren Motor Works, Chicago, Ill.

Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

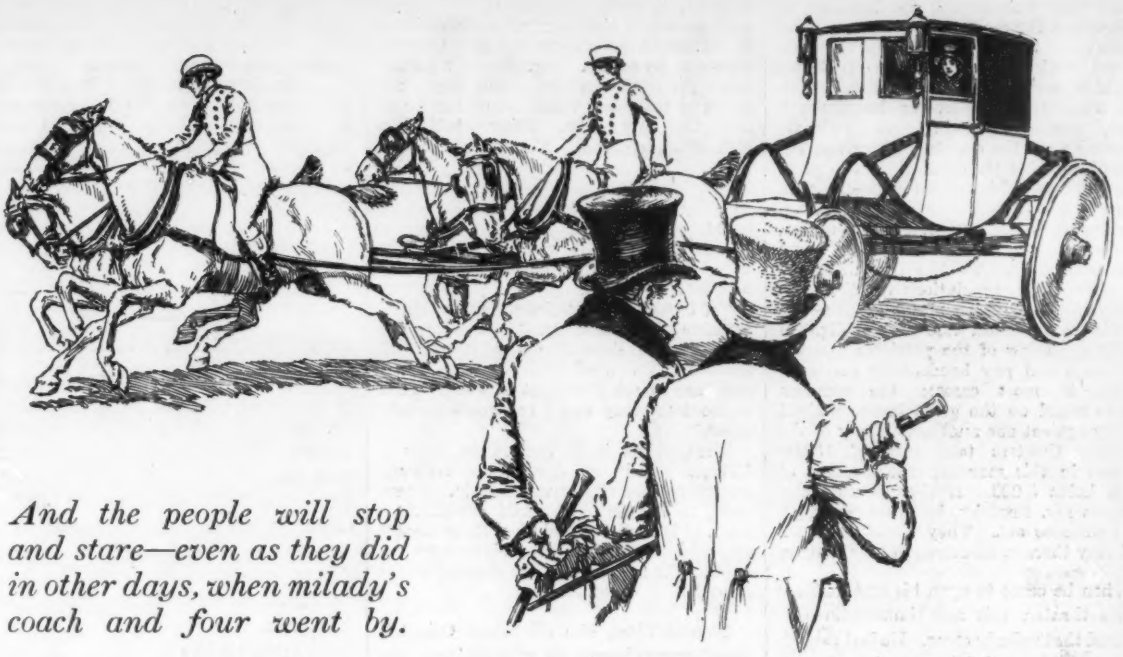
Riddle Coach & Hearse Co., Ravenna, O.

Schoeneck Co., The, Chicago, Ill.
Seagrave Co., Columbus, O.
Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind.
Singer Motor Co., New York, N. Y.
Stearns, F. B., Co., Cleveland, O.
Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.

United States Carriage Co., Columbus, O.

Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Automobile Equipment Department
Shadyside Works **Pittsburgh, Pa.**



And the people will stop and stare—even as they did in other days, when milady's coach and four went by.

STATELY, agleam with gilt and color, it jounced over the cobbles, a resplendent affair, yet comfortless. But it had a distinction, a personality that reflected the high station of its owner. So the people stood agape and marvelled. And today they stand and stare and envy the lady of position, taste and means who glides by in an Ohio Electric Car.

Swiftly and surely it will take its dainty owner through crowded boulevards. Quietly, luxuriously, with neither blare, nor puff, nor noise, through shady mansion-banked avenues, it will bring her to her home. And everywhere possession of an Ohio indicates social prestige, breeding, station, culture and wealth.

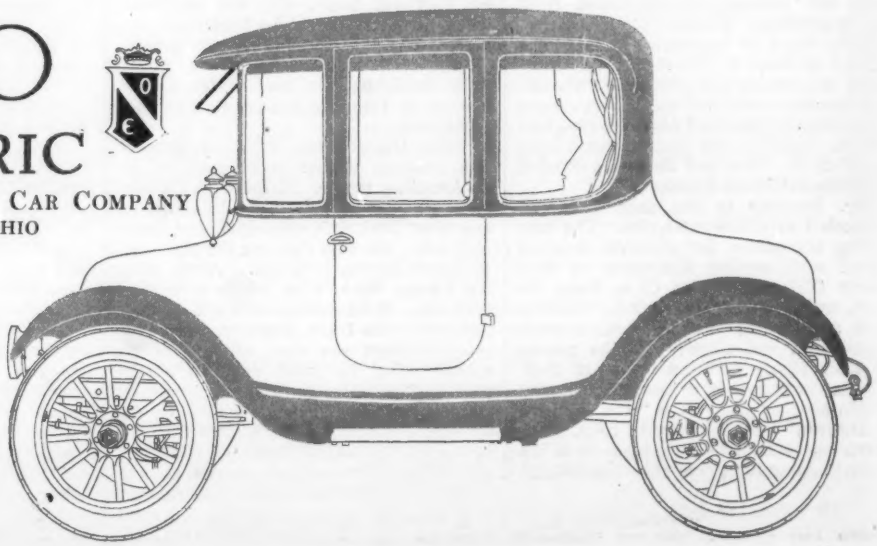
It is an equipage that is a masterpiece of coach-building —with an interior that is a revelation of decorative genius. Into each Ohio Electric Car there is built a dependable, unfaltering, long-enduring mechanism; so simple yet so safe that it responds even to untried hands.

Eminently practical, superbly beautiful, exceedingly safe, an Ohio will render mileage service on a single charge far in excess of ordinary requirements. It develops a speed beyond feminine needs.

To you who are interested in a high-priced car of marked distinction and luxury, explanatory literature of an unusual character will be sent. If it is so desired, a representative will, at your convenience, demonstrate an Ohio to you. He will merely explain courteously. You will not be importuned to buy.

OHIO ELECTRIC

THE OHIO ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO



movie man who carried the business to China. On the contrary, he did not know a great deal more about pictures than the several million other residents of China. In China he spent all but his earliest years, and when motion-pictures became the craze, Brodsky, having an intimate knowledge of the country, conceived the idea of carrying the pictures to the great cities of the Chinese interior—cities of uncounted millions. His first house, established in one of the great unpronounceable cities, contained little more than four walls. To this day there are no seating accommodations for the multitude in the Chinese movie houses—the Interborough would find it a delightful country. A few of the patrician Chinese buy seats and pay handsomely for them ($1.50, in most cases); the common people stand on the great floors, wedged tightly against one another. Many of the Brodsky theaters take care of 15,000 persons in this manner; the smallest of them holds 5,000. If there were seats, explains Mr. Brodsky, he could never get his audiences out. They would sit down and stay there until driven out by hunger.

When he came to open his first Chinese movie theater, this new impresario discovered that nobody came. He had staged, we are told, a thrilling combination of French wrong-apartment mix-ups, with "wild West" bronco-melodramas, all in vain. The public did not attend; in fact, he learned that it did not know it was supposed to attend. The author adds, emphatically:

They didn't know anything about it at all. So Mr. Brodsky started out to round up his first audience. He got it by paying it to attend—surely a procedure unique in the annals of showdom. One at a time, he interviewed Chinamen and paid them to go to see his show. He gave them what they asked—one tsien, two or ten. He didn't care a great deal, because he knew that they would pay back the money on future occasions as soon as they found out what was going on.

In this manner several dozen theaters were put on their feet, in cities all over China, but the audiences never derived their full measure of enjoyment from the proceedings because they too frequently failed to understand them. The printed portions of the films were translated into Chinese, of course, but the human motives could not be. There sprang up a demand for the Chinese photo-play, and Mr. Brodsky saw that he would have to satisfy it. Then and there was founded the Chinese Cinema Company.

Mr. Brodsky is the only American connected with this enterprise. The consulting committee, for example, is made up of such sterling Chinamen as Kim Louey O'Hoy, Ma Yat Chiu, Fong Fu Gam, and the like. At their two studios they are turning out a picture a week these days, and these make the rounds of their eighty theaters. One of their films is almost certain to reach this country within another year. It is "The Empress of Dowers," and is in twelve reels. The Government loaned a huge segment of the Chinese Army for use in this film—60,000 men.

At the Shanghai studio, which is the larger, Mr. Brodsky and his associates maintain a stock company of three hundred actors. At all events, they are actors to as great an extent as the Chinese ever can be actors. Mr. Brodsky picked them up where he could find them, for he knew that they would be no harder to train than any others. Their trouble is a lack of imagination. Take a genial soul stretched out on the ground having his leg pulled (a Chinese comic device equivalent to being hit with a slap-stick). Before he could be persuaded to exhibit obvious signals of distress it was found necessary to administer a sound beating, whereupon he cried.

"If I want a man to laugh and be glad," explained Mr. Brodsky, "I have to take him out and show him a good time. I give him a fine meal, with plenty to drink, and then march him right to work. That is about the only way I can get a comedy scene."

Thus, when it is desired to show a Chinese family at dinner, an ordinary motion-picture dinner will not do. There must be regular food. And five minutes later, if it is discovered that there wasn't any film in the machine, there must be another dinner served if the director wants a retake.

Chinese films, like all things Oriental, are of course bound up with Chinese traditions, and superstitions. Ancestor-worship plays a large part, says the account, and has a marked influence on the plots. It is probably the camera's capacity for trick photography that makes it easy to show the return of a long-departed grandfather, and thus vivify the worship of one's forebear. And, furthermore, we are informed:

Chinese superstitions, also, are constantly getting in the way of the pictures, and many and horrible are the threats that have to be resorted to in order to persuade actors to perform the prescribed stunts. One performer, for example, refused flatly to be photographed in a coffin, citing the highest religious authorities on the question and declining to put himself in line for the visitations of the evil one. As a method of persuasion he was overpowered, placed in the coffin, and made to stay there for thirty-six hours, with the additional promise that he would be kept there forever if he refused to listen to reason. Thereupon the scene was taken. These little incidents, however, render movie-making in China a somewhat uncertain profession.

"The Unfortunate Boy," a popular film, contains enough melodrama to be an American movie. Stript of its Chinese motivation, in fact, it might be shown in any New York film emporium, and probably will. Lo Sing Pak was happily married, and possest of a son. Along came Ng Chung Wun, who fell in love with Lo's wife. So he murdered Lo and married the wife. He fears, however, that Lo's son will learn the story of his father's murder when he grows up, and obtain revenge by exterminating the murderer. Therefore he decided that it would be safer for him if the boy did not grow up, and kills him. (That, of course, is what was unfortunate for the boy.) Having got the Chinese audience interested by a couple of murders, the story proceeds to work itself out. In China, altho the Government holds a restraining hand over certain features of the films, there is no real censorship. Murder and other things may be freely shown upon the screen.

In his Shanghai company Mr. Brodsky has a comedian who is infinitely more humorous than the celebrated Mr. Chaplin (or so he is regarded in China), and it may be that he will be seen in this country before very long. After all, by way of winding up with a snappy exit speech, there is an excellent reason why Chinese actors should be better than those of any other country:

Because they never forget their queues!

JIMMY VALENTINE A REAL STUDENT

JIMMY VALENTINE is not always the unregenerate yegg we assume him to be. Very often he is a closer student of what is being done in the scientific world than many of the gentlemen set to catch him. For it is necessary, in Jimmy's calling, that one keep abreast of all the latest inventions and, as fast as a new discovery threatens to destroy one's means of livelihood, to find some way to circumvent it. So we find Jimmy learning new tricks as the new tricks are needed. A yegg is nothing if not progressive.

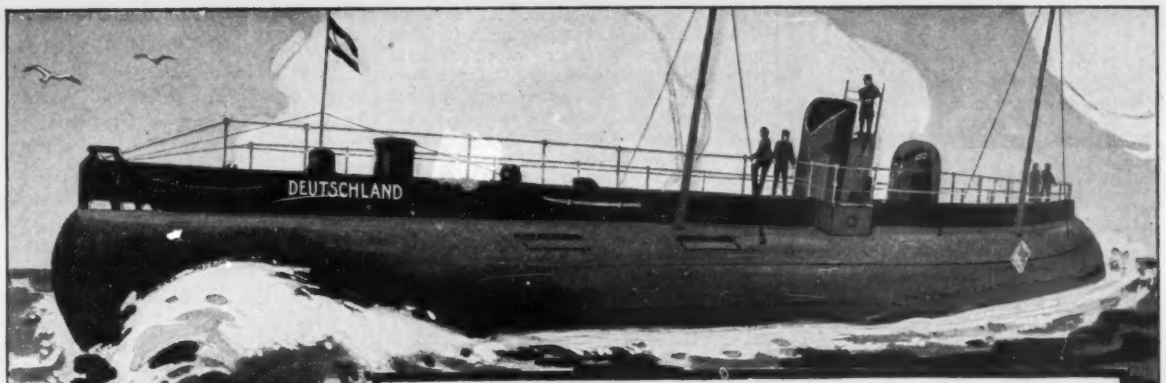
A writer in the New York *Times* tells us all this as he explains how paramount it is for the crook to know what is being done in the way of thief-proof inventions. As fast as the police improve their efficiency in catching crooks, the crook improves his ability to elude capture. It is a hare-and-hounds game from the start. It is set down for our benefit:

The crook to-day is, if anything, more careful and cautious than his old-time prototype and, in committing crime and trying to conceal it, he is resorting more and more to science and invention. If the police have become more efficient in their methods, so has he; and it is not always an easy task to discover him and track him to his lair.

The safe-burglar, for example, used to take an hour or more to open a safe, and the operation was done with a good deal of noise. Safes are better built to-day and are not so easy to get into, so there has been a decrease in the number of this kind of burglaries. When the crook does operate now he uses an electric drill and works almost noiselessly. The safe-men, who at present are giving the police trouble, do not attempt to crack the large safes but go after those used by small shopkeepers.

These burglars have recently resorted to trickery in attempts to puzzle the police. After gaining entrance to a building, if the safe was in the front of the store where its outline could be seen from the street, they would drag it to the rear of the shop, and substitute in its place a duplicate safe made of pasteboard.

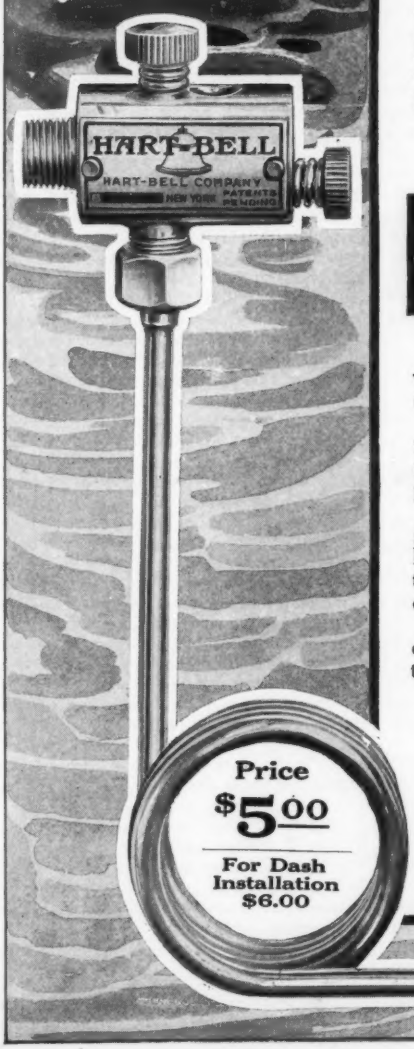
A few months ago thieves entered a cigar-store on Lenox Avenue near 116th Street. They dragged the safe to the rear of the store, and left one of these pasteboard affairs in its place. A passing policeman looked in the window. There was something about the safe which looked queer to him. He observed by the dim light that its gilded lines



CARBON

Would Have Stopped the Deutschland

The world's greatest fleet couldn't stop her. But Carbon could. The designers knew it. That was one great reason for using Diesel Engines. Carbon forms rapidly in a Diesel Engine with its low-gravity fuel, ***but it can't stay in the cylinders because the Diesel Engine employs live steam to drive it out.***



CARBON HART-BELL REMOVER

will do the same for ***your*** motor—clean out the carbon with live steam, the scientifically correct principle.

Install a HART-BELL. You can easily do it yourself. Then, no more carbon knocks, no more valve grinding, no more of the missing and back-firing that carbon causes, no more scratching and pitting of cylinder walls and piston heads.

Don't let carbon accumulate. Now and then, while your motor is running, turn the water-valve of your HART-BELL. Instantly, live steam fills your cylinders—the carbon loosens and crumbles, then shoots out through the exhaust in particles or in the form of carbon monoxide gas.

If the safety of all submarines can be entrusted to the principle of carbon removal by ***live steam***, isn't this the solution of ***your*** carbon troubles?

Try It 30 Days—You Can't Lose

We give you an absolute, unqualified money-back guarantee. Send us $5 for a HART-BELL CARBON REMOVER, and clean out your motor. Your money back if you ask for it. You won't.

Information of vital importance to you is contained in our booklet, "Cause and Effect." A copy will be mailed you absolutely free. Write for it *now*.

HART-BELL COMPANY, 1401 Times Bldg., New York

DEALERS: We want your co-operation—write for our special proposition.

Books That Build Mental, Moral and Physical STRENGTH

The Heart and Blood-Vessels

Their Care and Cure and the General Management of the Body. By **I. H. Hirschfeld, M.D.** Get this important new book. It shows you *how to* be sound and happy, and avoid the discomforts and dangers of breakdown—How to reconstruct a mismanaged or "run-down" body. Plain, practical guidance along the lines of simple, natural living, by a physician of unquestioned authority. *Cloth bound. $1.25 net; by mail, with average carriage charges, $1.37.*

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By **Keith J. Thomas.** In this book the author clearly points out ways to develop will-power, mental concentration, and winning personality. He gives practical directions for acquiring the faculty of reading men, and understanding human nature, including those basic impulses that move men to definite action. In a word—the book fits men for *leadership. Cloth, 300 pages. $1.75 net; by mail, with average carriage charges, $1.87.*

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By **Dr. Paul Dubois**, *author of many standard works on mental science.* "This book shows the priceless value, mental, moral and physical, of the habit and power of self-control. It tells the ordinary man or woman just how to go to work and how to continue, in order to secure the benefits of such a valuable habit of life. The discussion is always philosophical and charmingly direct and personal."—*N. Y. Times. Cloth. 350 pages. $1.50 net; by mail, with average carriage charges, $1.62.*

The Education of the Will

By **Jules Payot, Ph.D.** *A famous book.* Dr. Payot shows how one may begin to educate the will, and how the habit, once formed, will grow stronger each day. He is no *theorist;* he is intensely *practical. Cloth. 450 pages. $1.50 net; by mail, with average carriage charges, $1.62.*

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And How to Avoid Them. By **Charles D. Musgrove, M.D.** Any man who sets out to accomplish important, and therefore necessarily trying work, is obliged to equip himself with some knowledge of the nervous system—its possibilities, capabilities, and its liability to exhaustion. Truly, as Dr. Musgrove says, "It is the natures of finest fibre which accomplish the most, and it is they who are most liable to give way beneath the strain." *12mo, cloth. $1.00 net; by mail, with average carriage charges, $1.08.*

Funk & Wagnalls Company
354-60 Fourth Avenue, New York

Stirring Inspiriting
Books Which Point the Way to Added
Power and Poise

CHILD TRAINING

A new book by **George W. Jacoby, M.D.,** *Fellow New York Academy of Medicine; Member American Neurological Association, New York Neurological Society, etc.* He tells things that thousands of people never stop to consider, and shows why parents, physicians and teachers should make it their purpose to thoroughly understand the important relation of the organs of the body to mental functions. "A splendid work that cannot fail to be of great assistance in training children."—*Medical World,* Philadelphia, Pa.

With 15 full-page illustrations.
Price $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62

A New Book for Parents Physicians Teachers Nurses

Funk & Wagnalls Company
New York



ESSENTIALS OF ENGLISH
Speech and Literature
By **Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D.**



The Latest "A good book—sound and always stimulating."—*Brander Matthews, Litt.D., LL.D.,* **Columbia Univ.** "One of the most valuable books on the subject."—*Prof. Raymond Weeks, Ph.D.,* **Columbia Univ.** "Very interesting and illuminating book."—*Prof. Geo. Trumbull Ladd, D.D., LL.D.,* **Yale Univ.** "Clear and accurate, interesting at every point."—*Prof. C. H. Grandgent,* **Harvard Univ.** "A great amount of valuable information."—*Prof. F. H. Stoddard, Ph.D.,* **New York Univ.**

An outline of the origin and growth of the language and its literature, with chapters on the influence of the Bible, the value of the dictionary, and the use of the grammar in the study of the English tongue. $1.50, by mail $1.62.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

were not quite straight. At first he thought the light was playing a trick on his eyes, but a closer inspection convinced him that it was not the real store safe. He hurriedly summoned another policeman. They entered the store and caught three men working on the real safe.

The loft burglar had quite a profitable time of it until the police found out his methods of work. He would conceal himself in a building before it was closed for the night. After the help had departed, and the watchman was out of sight, he would help himself to the particular kind of loot he was after—bolts of silk, cloth, or furs. This, with the aid of confederates, he would remove to a near-by cellar. If there was much booty to be removed he would sometimes use a wagon. The plunder would remain in the cellar until such a time as the thieves thought it could safely be carted away and disposed of.

The advent of summer always brings thieves and burglars to town. The dumb-waiter thief is active at this season of the year. He works with a confederate. He is small and wiry. He gets on the dumb-waiter, and his companion, in the basement, hoists him to the floor of a deserted apartment. It is a simple matter for him to jimmie the dumb-waiter door into the kitchen.

Then there is the fire-escape burglar. He reaches a fire-escape from a roof or hall floor. Two such thieves usually work together, one as a lookout to sound a warning to his companion at the first sign of danger. A fire-escape burglar has been operating about Washington Heights that the police would like to get. He has a peculiar sense of humor. After robbing his victims he takes pleasure in hiding their clothing in odd places. His victims have found their trousers hanging on fire-escapes, behind radiators, and stuffed in the family ice-box.

In several precincts the police are warning householders to be on the lookout for bogus inspectors. This thief gets into a flat on a pretext that he has come to inspect the gas-meter. When he departs, something is found to be missing. The dishonest servant has come to play a considerable part in the city's crime. She gets a position by using fake recommendations. She usually remains no longer than two or three days in a place. When the family goes out to spend the evening the servant decamps with the family valuables. This thief often works with a male confederate, whom she keeps informed of the movements of the family. Two years ago three sisters, posing as servants, got more than $20,000 worth of loot before they were caught.

A game now being tried by thieves is to call up a grocery-store or wine-shop and order several dollars' worth of goods to be delivered at once to the apartment of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, at such and such an address. The man giving the order requests the store to send change for $10. A delivery boy is sent to the house with the goods and the money. At the entrance to the house he is met by a man who asks him if he has the order for Smith.

"I am Mr. Smith," the man says. "Give me the change for the $10, and I'll run up to the apartment and get the money for you." Needless to say, he does not return, and on inquiry it is found that no one by the name of Smith lives in the house.

THE CHILDHOOD OF ADVERTISING

NOW when the streets bloom at night with electric signs, and every view of the sky through rifted walls is cut off by a blinking, gum-chewing lady or a garter-donning gentleman done in Mazda lamps, we are apt to think that advertising has not only reached its prime by American industry, but owes its very birth to American minds. But we are far wrong; advertising is hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years old. The Philadelphia *Press,* in a review of Dr. H. W. Hess's book on "Productive Advertising," informs us that advertising was known to the Egyptians more than three thousand years ago. When Mr. Ptah, or whatever his name may have been, found out that his favorite olive-oil bearer had decided to run away, he is said to have hastened at once to the equivalent of his writing-desk, and written out a "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen" advertisement on a slip of papyrus. This was the first bit of advertising copy. The account of this epoch-making act is vouched for by the original bit of writing which is preserved in the British Museum. We are told, moreover:

The copy still lives as an exhibit of considerable archeological importance and as an example of what our advertising experts of to-day would do if they, like the Egyptian, did not have the benefit of up-to-date information.

The Egyptian knew nothing about the topography of advertising nor the effect of different colors. He didn't know, for instance, that red is the most effective eye-catching color, and that green is second, and black third.

He didn't know that an advertisement could be made to appeal to the mind or to the emotions; that various words, and phrases, and numerous devices may be used to affect the psychology of persons in a particular way, or that there is such a thing as eye-movement and that a badly arranged advertisement may be an eyesore.

Of these and a thousand other things that influence the character of present-day advertisements he was totally in ignorance. But he gets full credit for making the first attempt at a written advertisement.

We do not know whether he got the slave back, but he deserved to.

With the development of community-life, advertising commenced. Various human desires began to develop and soon there was competition among people to supply the thing that would satisfy this desire, whether it came from hunger, vanity, love of comfort, or what not.

As communities developed into towns and cities, those that had goods to dispose of established permanent locations.

The town crier began to yell out the names of various wares and people gradually became more and more discriminate in their purchases.

Finally, the written advertisement came into being, and, as has been stated, an Egyptian land-owner gets the credit for writing the first ad.

Then among the Greeks, we find that due to the high regard in which they held art,

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

Introducing-

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA"

At the Automobile Shows in New York and other principal cities, we shall introduce what we sincerely believe to be the most beautiful car in America.

This, we admit, is a bold and sweeping statement.

It is probably the most sensational announcement that has ever been made by a manufacturer of medium priced automobiles.

But we mean precisely what the words imply, and only ask that you reserve final judgment until you have seen our exhibits with your own eyes.

It is not our purpose, in this advertisement, to describe one single detail of the latest and greatest Paige Achievement.

We merely invite you to attend the Automobile Shows—key your expectations up to the very highest pitch—and determine for *yourself* whether or not we have been guilty of exaggeration.

A moment's reflection, however, must convince you that we would not and could not make any such claim unless it were substantially correct.

Our entire reputation and position in the motor car industry depend upon the accuracy of our public utterances.

Knowing this, it is not likely that we would voluntarily assume responsibility for a statement which could be refuted to our everlasting discredit.

If, though, you are still inclined to doubt, please remember that Paige has been one of the truly *creative* factors in the motor car industry.

From the very beginning our body designs have been absolutely unique and refreshingly distinctive.

If imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, we should indeed feel elated, because it is generally admitted that Paige designs have served as the models for practically every quality car in the industry.

Nothing could more strikingly emphasize the fact that Paige has *always* built beautiful cars—and can be logically expected to produce—"The Most Beautiful Car in America."

So far as the mechanical features of our product are concerned, you need only consult the thousands of owner records which have been established during the past seven years.

The Paige motor and chassis are world famous. They have been developed by the ripest engineering genius that the industry affords.

In them, we have incorporated every improvement, every refinement, that could possibly increase the efficiency of a smooth running, ever dependable motor car.

As we have said time and time again, you can only expect to get out of an automobile precisely what the manufacturer puts into it.

There is no substitute for basic quality. To build the truly great things in this world one must work with his Heart quite as well as his Hands.

But for the present, we are going to say no more. When the doors of the first Automobile Show are thrown open to the public, our case will be in the hands of the jury.

It is then that we want you to remember this advertisement—every word of it—and determine for yourself whether or not our claims are justified.

Will you make it a special point, please, to see—"The Most Beautiful Car in America?"

At the New York Show—Space A-4

THE PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

Mr. Speaker—Would You

Win **your auditors?**
Hold **their interest?**
Persuade **them?**
Conquer their prejudices?
Bend them to *Your Will?*

Take intimate counsel with these *Master-Speakers,* whose books tell *their personal methods of success. Read*

These 3 books by Grenville Kleiser

How to Speak in Public A practical guide to elocution and public speaking—a work which can be studied alone or with the help of a teacher. Contains exercises for developing the speaking voice, deep breathing, pronunciation, vocal expression and gesture; also varied selections for practise. A useful book for students, teachers, business men, lawyers, clergymen, politicians, clubs, debating societies, etc., etc. Neat, strong cloth binding, $1.25 *net;* postpaid, $1.40.

How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking Every man seeks power. This book gives practical suggestions and exercises for building up the body, voice and vocabulary—for training the memory and imagination—for developing dramatic power in speaking—power in conversation, extemporaneous speaking—etc., etc. Many selections for practise. Neat, strong cloth binding, $1.25 *net;* postpaid, $1.40.

Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience In preparing this volume the author has been guided by his own platform experience extending over 12 years. During that time he has given hundreds of public recitations before audiences of almost every description, and in all parts of the country. It contains *successful* recitations, sketches, stories, poems and monologs, combining old favorites with *new* selections—several written especially for this work. *3d Edition.* Strong cloth binding, $1 *net;* postpaid, $1.11.

IMPORTANT REFERENCE WORKS

Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations Only the seasoned public speaker knows what great assistance he can get from apt quotations. Some speakers seem to carry an inexhaustible supply of them. Truly there is an illustration for any kind of argument, "for or against," it only remains for you to *find it. You can find it in* J. K. Hoyt's Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations, as thousands of speakers who own this work will testify. It contains more than 30,000 quotations, embracing a comprehensive field of subjects; also proverbs from foreign languages, Latin law terms, etc., etc. Buckram binding, 1,205 large pages, price $6, patent thumb-index, 75 cents extra. Carriage 50 cents additional.

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3 Books That Will Freshen Your English

A Desk-Book of Errors in English The purpose of this volume, by Frank H. Vizetelly, is to point out common errors which many speakers and writers unconsciously commit. It is designed primarily as a quick-reference book, to decide mooted points and show the best usage; as such it is arranged alphabetically. Cloth, 75 cents; postpaid, 83 cents.

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
New York and London

advertisements of concerts, musical affairs, plays, and contests of all kinds, were very general. They began the use of music in aiding publicity, and also evolved the first ideas about the use of ornament in adding to the attractiveness of the announcements. We read:

They gave us the idea of employing bands to attract attention, undoubtedly one of the most successful methods of drawing a crowd at any place and time. The "song-pushers" who have come quite frequently of late to tour the principal streets of our city in a slow-moving wagon, seeming hardly able to carry the tuneless piano inside, attempting to popularize "$10,000" songs, have the Greeks to thank for the privilege of imitation.

At first, a town crier accompanied by a musician playing a lyre or a harp mingled among the Greek peoples and used only the best and choicest Greek in his extravagant praises of the product he was exploiting. Later, however, private advertisements in writing began to be introduced, particularly on the whitened walls of the homes, giving some information regarding the social standing and the age of the residents, their financial rating, the family lineage, and the number of unmarried daughters.

The Romans advertised in many ways. They named their streets, advertised shows, exhibitions, and sales on the terra-cotta wells of public baths, acquainted the public with sales of estates and absconded debtors, and began the practise of notifying the Romans of articles lost and found, and houses for sale or rent.

The Romans are commonly credited with the origin of the sign-board. To-day we have the bulletin-board, which corresponds to the Roman *tabellæ* found in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, where public announcements were made.

Advertising met the same fate as the Romans did when the barbarous Huns came sweeping down from the north. Until the middle ages very little of it is seen. But with the appearance again of the town crier, supplied with the customary long-winded declarations and a choice supply of adjectives, advertising began to make itself felt in the conduct of business affairs. The public criers began to organize themselves both in France and in England and they were persons with considerable prestige.

From crying out the superior qualities of merchandise and all kinds of goods and wares, the crier soon began to make announcement of things lost and found, of sales, weddings, christenings, and other interesting events.

Gradually, as time went on, proprietors began to feel the pinch of competition in running various hostelries and shops. People had to be induced to remember which shop it was which seemed to them so delightful, and which was the one where they could purchase such wearable linen or honest-weight gold chains. The inn- and shop-keepers began to use distinctive signs to mark their establishments, just as individuals used coats of arms. Of these, it is said:

All kinds of devices were used and are still used by inns to the present day. All such signs as the blue anchor, the black dragon, the three tuns, the boar's head, the red lion, and so on, made definite representations and implications.

Of course, with the development of the printing-press, advertising took a great spurt. The use of posters came into vogue, and all kinds of pamphlets were printed and distributed. Printing gradually began to supersede the hand-written manuscript. William Caxton set up his press in Westminster Abbey in 1471, and two centuries later, in 1622, a newspaper, believed to be the first real newspaper, was printed. It was called *The Weekly News,* and purported to contain news of doings in Germany, France, Hungary, and Bohemia.

From then on newspapers, mostly weekly publications, began to appear from time to time in increasing numbers. Advertisements of medicines began to be inserted in the newspapers as early as 1600. The insertion of the first real newspaper advertisement, however, is credited to Nathaniel Butler, who advertised books.

CURING SEATTLE'S CURIOSITY

THE sort of curiosity which, according to legend, killed a cat once, has done desperate duty again—this time getting nothing less than a real, old-fashioned spanking for some of Seattle's prominent business men. Some of the gentlemen who were spanked had not felt the chastening rod for forty years, and, being so long spared, had been consequently spoiled. At least so the clerk of the county court thought, for he found that about ninety-nine out of a hundred men whom he approached and to whose curiosity he appealed, yielded with breathless readiness. The story of the wholesale spanking is related by the Seattle correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune,* who explains that a list of the victims of the spanking was kept. Regarding this, the informer recounts:

More than one thousand prominent Seattle men have actually been spanked with a rubber hose by Ed Murray, a clerk in the city-county building, during the last three weeks because of their curiosity to look at pictures.

The list includes Superior Court judges, city councilmen, heads of city and county departments, dozens of lawyers, and an assorted crowd of others, some of them from other cities.

Because each victim wanted to see his friend spanked the news has been kept quiet.

Most of the names are now on record in the controller's office, and the list reads like a professional directory, blue book, and city directory all in one.

"Have you seen the Seattle blackmail pictures?" whispered Murray to a fellow worker one day three weeks ago.

"No," was the reply.

"Well, they're going to be destroyed to-morrow," he went on. "If you want to see them I can fix it up for you."

This was the lever used on all victims.

Conversation hinting that the pictures were "hot ones," and showed "some of the big bugs of the town," in compromising situations, usually followed. Then Murray and his victim went through dark



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RAYNTITE

The Ideal One-Man Top Material

THE modern one-man top demands light weight. Rayntite single texture top material weighs about half as much as double texture material of equal waterproofness.

It is guaranteed one year against leakage, but built to last the life of the car.

Its strength is ample to stand the strains of service.

Why make your car top heavy, and the "one-man" top a joke, by using material twice as heavy as it needs to be?

Rayntite has been on the market and in active service on thousands of cars for nearly two years. We have yet to receive the first claim under our guarantee.

Now Made in Two Varieties

RAYNTITE No. 1—Single texture with Fabrikoid surface
RAYNTITE No. 2—Single texture with Fairfield Rubber surface

Each is guaranteed one year against leakage.

If the car you are considering is not topped with Rayntite, find out whether you or your wife can really handle the one-man top.

Samples of either variety on request

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Delaware

Works at Newburgh, N. Y., and Fairfield, Conn.

Canadian Office and Factory, Toronto


Wagner Quality
The Power that Cranks
Out of the abundant experience of 25 years specialized training comes the real power which cranks the car equipped with
The Wagner Starter
The Starter that is built to order
It is the power to create which has written the name Wagner in large letters in the history of electrical advancement.
It is the power to do things better which is so evident in Wagner motors, generators, transformers and converters.
It is the power which comes from a strict adherence to Wagner Quality instilled into every member of the Wagner organization.
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Selling Agencies
Memphis New Orleans Sioux City Dallas Salt Lake City London, Eng.

Smith Form-a-Truck



The heavy illustration shows the Smith Form-a-Truck Attachment, which carries 90 per cent of the load, bolted to the car power plant, with a vise-like grip.

$350

F. O. B. Chicago

Best for Winter Hauling

Over 9,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks are now in use in all parts of the country. Several thousand have been in daily service for a year or more. Thousands now ordered for delivering and hauling are to be placed in service during the winter months.

The enviable reputation established by Smith Form-a-Truck as "best for winter use" is the result of the remarkable efficiency, sturdy dependability and high economy standards in all kinds of service under the hardest conditions of winter driving. Smith Form-a-Truck is light; with the Ford it weighs about one ton. Frozen roads do not wrack it and the tires stand up without being cut to pieces. The Ford power plant used in Smith Form-a-Trucks now in service is powerful for rough roads and deep snow—is reliable and efficient even on the coldest days.

This applies equally well to power plants of Dodge, Chevrolet, Maxwell, Buick and Overland Cars, for which Smith Form-a-Trucks are now made.

The Smith Form-a-Truck dealer organization is built up of many of the biggest men in the motor trade industry—each is the leader in his vicinity.

Send for your copy of "Delivers the Goods," a booklet crammed with valuable information

Smith Form-a-Truck Co.
1470 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Eastern Branch
1834 Broadway, New York
Southern Branch
120 Mariette St., Atlanta

Pacific Coast Branch
Pico and Hill Sts., Los Angeles
Kansas City Branch
1808 Grand Ave.

hallways to one of the long-record vaults on the first floor of the county-city building.

"I'll keep watch," was the next word. "They're in the box in the corner. Just pick 'em out."

When the victim leaned low, the trusty rubber hose came into play. "Whack!" it resounded as it hit the victim where dad used to apply the paddle.

"Wow!" wailed the victim.

Murray, who is gray-haired and always serious-appearing, discovered he had uncovered a great indoor sport.

His victim worked with him in decoying others, and Murray became a master in the art of swinging the hose.

"Name, please," he asks them, after landing the one swift blow. Red-faced and twitching between agony and laughter, the victims gave their names and were recorded in Murray's book, which now contains more than one thousand names.

One man came all the way from Everett, walked into the controller's office, went to Murray, and asked confidentially if it could be fixt up so he could see the pictures. Murray arranged it. And the man went back to Everett and sent down more victims.

MODERNIZING THE CLASSICS

NOWADAYS they are modernizing everything. The theater is no longer desirable in its old form, the settings are antiquated, and the acting is unnatural; the novels of Scott are too long and too diffuse; they are too cut-and-dried to suit the twentieth-century mind. The art of the past gives way to Picasso and Matisse, so that now we have ladies with one eye or gentlemen with purple hair and orange cheeks instead of the old portraits of Reynolds or Romney. And the tentacles of modernism have reached even into the realm of poetry.

They are talking a lot about *vers libre*, and the ease with which you can say a thing poetically if you are unhampered by rime and regular rhythm. And so, just to show you how it can be done, a clever contributor to *The New Statesman* has laid hold of Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters" and shown how it would be written, as he says, by "the latest shackle-breaking school." How much more to the point, how much more easily understood, is the new version, he says. Of course, some may reply, it lacks the poetic imagery of the original, but that is part of the joke, since in no poetry are the image and the innate beauty of spirit brought out as in the real free verse. But the writer, as it goes, must have his touch of humor, even at the cost of truth, so he frames it thus:

I

Ah!
Ough!
Umph!
It *was* a sweat!
Thank the Lord, that's over!
No more navigating for me.
I am on to
Something
Softer;
Conductor, give us a tune!

II

Work!
Did I used to work?
I seem to remember it . . .
Out there
Millions of fools are still
At it,
Jumping about
All over the place . . .
And what's the good of it all? . . .
Buzz,
Hustle,
Pop,
And then . . .
Dump
In the Grave.

III

Bring me six cushions—
A yellow one, a green one, a purple one, an orange one, an ultramarine one, and a vermilion one;
Colors of which the combination
Pleases my eye.
Bring me

Also
Six lemon squashes
And
A straw. . . .

IV

I have taken off my coat;
I shall now
Loosen
My braces.

V

Now I am
All right . . .
My God . . .
I *do* feel lazy!

HIS "YOUNG UNS"

THERE is a sisterhood under their skins which all women feel, according to Mr. Kipling, but there are certain kinships which men feel one for the other, too, and some students of humanity have called it a realization of the traits which all men, in all walks of life, have in common. The financier in New York, the essayist in Boston, the mountaineer of Kentucky, have all of them some common sympathies, and perhaps the greatest of these is their regard for the welfare of their children. No matter what the labor or rank of a man, he has always a weather-eye out for the tiny counterpart of himself who is growing up at his side, and his devoutest wish is for the youngster's rearing.

In a report to the National Geographic Society, Miss Ethel De Long tells of some of her experiences in the Kentucky mountains, and of the almost universal hopes reigning there for the younger generation. Among them is this striking picture of the pathetic yearning of a mountaineer to gain educational advantage for his motherless brood of seven:

A man has just walked in from Big Creek, thirty miles away, to try to enter all of his seven children in our school. He would not leave only the older ones, because, he said:

"If I part 'em while they're leetle fellers, they won't have no feelin's fer each other when they're raised. I want ye to take 'em all or none. Hit was their mammy's last wish that I keep 'em together. I'll jest do fer 'em myself the best I kin, if you cain't take 'em all."

He brought with him an irresistible appeal in his tale of how he has "keered" for them. Thirty-four years old, worn, stooped, toothless, he has made a gallant fight to rear his children right. He mentioned the children's clothes.

"I've made 'em all," he said. "I couldn't hire nobody to sew fer 'em, so I jest made 'em everything they wear, myself. I've washed fer 'em, I've tended 'em, an' then I've gone out in the cornfield to work fer 'em. I've raised 'em as right as I know, but I cain't do fer 'em lak I ought.

"I get right sick with the phthisic, an' I've studied about what would happen to 'em if I was to be tuk off from 'em. When I have to go away from 'em to earn a leetle money, hit's sech a dread on me, les' they git burned up at night, s'posin' the house should ketch fire, an' leetle fellers allus so sleepy-headed at layin'-down time. Sometimes I'm afeard to go home."

"Why didn't you marry again," I asked, "so as to get help in raising your children?"

Tears came into his eyes. "Hit's best fer leetle young uns to hev jest one mammy, an' s'posin' I'd thought to help 'em a-marryin' again, I might a got 'em in a mighty bad state."

"If we take the children, are you going to marry again?" I asked.

"No'm, I'm done with marryin'. I jest want my young uns raised right, while I'm a tryin' to make the money fer 'em."

"You see, we don't want children whose parents want to get rid of them," I explained, "but ones whose parents want them to have a good chance."

"Yes," he said, "I know. That's the reason I want 'em here. You want young uns whose parents has got diligence and with innards to raise 'em toward humanity. Yes, I'll pay ye all I can make fer 'em, ef ye'll jes' raise 'em right. I've raised 'em to work. I've worked myself. I begun when I was seven, an' I couldn't git much education. In my raisin' up hit was one day in school and the next day out; one week in school an' the next week out. I want 'em to git a chance to make their livins; to live, an' not be bowed under lak I've been. No, they don't sw'ar, ner cuss; an' they hain't got no mean ways when they're in my sight. I've brought ye a reecommendation from folks that met ye when ye come through Big Creek five or six years ago."

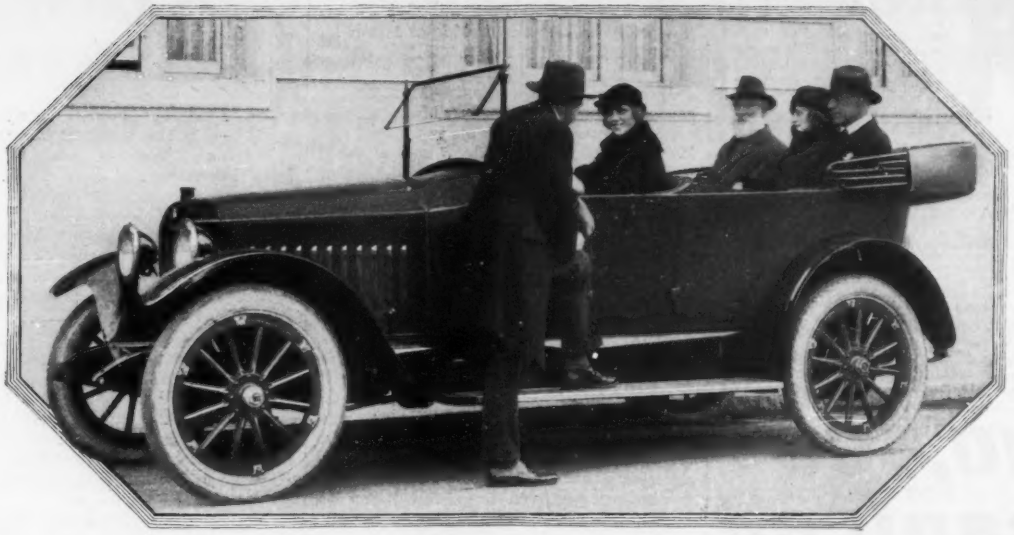
We were moved with compassion, altho our annual pledges must be multiplied fourfold to care for the sixty children we already have, besides the seven "leetle fellers," from the "chunk of a girl jes' goin' on five" to the fifteen-year-old boy who has hoed corn all summer.

How could we resist those faces and the patient father who has done the best he "knowed"? We told him to bring them, all seven. An hour ago he started back on his long thirty miles to make the children ready.

Pessimistic.—SHE—"Do you believe that too many cooks spoil the broth?"

HE—"Yes, altogether too many."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Success of the Liberty



THE success of the Liberty is that it meets the demand for a quality car, at a medium price, embodying every feature of owner comfort. The car itself is its own best salesman. It is self-selling—to motorists who know. That's why the Liberty is covering the country.

Liberty salesmen don't argue over this car. They let their prospect drive—they let him ride—the car does the rest.

The Liberty will sell itself to you in just this way—on performance. Go to your dealer—or see the car at the automobile shows. Ride in it—drive it.

Compare the Liberty for driving ease and riding comfort with every other car made. Make your own investigation—for your own protection. Buy on facts.

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Get into the driving seat. Your hands and feet fall naturally into correct driving position. Controls are where you would place them yourself—for comfort—for safety.

Try that surprising gear shift. Make even the unusual shift from third to second at full speed! Smooth—silent—no clash—mechanical perfection.

Try the clutch, which on most other cars requires hard pushing—and consequent fatigue. The Liberty clutch yields almost to the weight of your foot—yet it engages at a pressure of over a ton—smoothly—surely.

Try that infallible emergency brake applied with a pull *of one finger*. It stops the car instantly without a jolt—but without a doubt.

New Riding Comfort

A ride in the Liberty is a revelation. Ride anywhere—over car tracks and cobbles, ruts and breaks. You don't have to pick out the best road. Perfect springs and deep seats give a long, easy swing that means complete relaxation and solid comfort. You sit *in* the Liberty—not *on* it.

Get These Facts

Does your car steer hard? Steer the Liberty. Does your clutch throw hard? Try the Liberty clutch. Does your car ride hard in the back seat? Try the Liberty over the cobbles and the ruts. If you can't stop your car instantly, with a finger pressure, at full speed, try the Liberty emergency.

This is the straightforward way the Liberty sells itself to you—who know cars. It's a new kind of motoring because it is motoring planned, designed and built for one thing—your comfort, ease, convenience and pride. That's why the Liberty succeeds. Get into one today. Take this statement along and check it up—word for word. If it's true in every detail, you want a Liberty car.

See the Liberty at the National Automobile Shows, New York—Grand Central Palace—third floor—Jan. 5th-13th; Chicago—Armory—Jan. 27th-Feb. 3rd. Five passenger Touring Car and Four passenger Close Coupled Car, $1095. Detachable Sedan, $1295. Shopping Brougham, $2350.

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LIBERTY SIX



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If you want to know more about your rifles and ammunition; if you want to understand them more thoroughly and use them more skilfully, you will be delighted with this new book of information and instruction. It is needed by every Sportsman, Manufacturer and Army or Navy Man.

Rifles and Ammunition

by Lieutenant H. OMMUNDSEN, who was probably the best service rifle shot in England before he was killed in the present war, and E. H. ROBINSON, author of several authoritative treatises on shooting. The book explains exhaustively the practical side of rifle shooting on the range, in the field, and in war, treating expertly the thousand and one problems which puzzle everyone who handles a rifle. It describes the evolution of the rifle and its ammunition, from the 15th century types to those of the present day. There are 64 full-page plates and 37 drawings illustrating the text.

Big, thick, handsomely bound book. 335 pp.
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Gentlemen:—Send me PARKER'S PULPIT BIBLE for $10 (carriage prepaid), regular price $15. I agree to send you $2 within five days of receipt of the work, as the first payment for the same. I agree to remit the balance of the price in monthly instalments of $2 each until settled in full. It is understood if I consider the work unsatisfactory I may return it at your expense within five days of receipt and I will owe you nothing. L. D. 12-30-16

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Address.....

Date..... City.....

THE SPICE OF LIFE

An Asset.—SHE—"My husband, unfortunately, is always misunderstood."

THE SENATOR—"Unfortunately? Why, madam, it will be the making of him if he goes to Congress."—*Judge.*

Dangerous Predicament.—MRS. MULLINS—"What's the matter, Mrs. Jones?"

MRS. JONES—"Why, this young varmint 'as swallowed a cartridge, and I can't wallop 'im for fear it goes off."—*London Answers.*

Shows Promise.—FRIEND—"What is your baby going to be when he grows up?"

FINANCIER—"A blackmailer, I'm afraid."

FRIEND—"Impossible! What makes you think so?"

FINANCIER—"We have to give him something every little while to keep him quiet."—*Til-Bits.*

Incomprehensible.—"Maggie, how was it that I saw a young man talking with you in the kitchen last night?" asked the mistress of her cook.

The girl pondered for a few moments and then answered, "Faith, an' I can't make it out mesilf; you must have looked through the keyhole."—*Harper's.*

Vers Libre" as It Is Liberated.—

How I wish,
Rita,
I were a microscopic organism,
Sitting
On your eyelash
And laughing
At my brothers
Drowning in your
Tears!

—*Record.*

Gross Flattery.—"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?" asked Frederick Jimson of his friend Benderley.

"Never," replied Benderley.

"Well, mine does; she flatters me."

"Often?"

"Oh, yes, frequently—particularly in winter," replied Frederick.

"Why does she flatter you so much in winter?"

"Whenever the coal-fire needs replenishing she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick, the grate.'"—*Til-Bits.*

An Unhappy Inference.—A student assistant, engaged in reading the shelves at the public library, was accosted by a primly drest, middle-aged woman who said that she had finished reading the last of Laura Jean Libby's writings, and that she should like something just as good.

The young assistant, unable for the moment to think of Laura Jean Libby's equal, hastily scanned the shelf on which she was working and, choosing a book, offered it to the applicant, saying, "Perhaps you would like this, 'A Kentucky Cardinal.'"

"No," was the reply, "I don't care for theological works."

"But," explained the kindly assistant, with needless enthusiasm, "this cardinal was a bird!"

"That would not recommend him to me," said the woman, as she moved away in search of a librarian who should be a better judge of character as well as of Laura Jean Libby's peers.—*Harper's.*

Some Carrier.—Mrs. W. E. Brown in blue satin with silver lace overdress and carrying pink roses and Dr. R. A. Franklin.—*Jamestown Mail.*

Contrary.—"People should marry their opposites."

"Most people are convinced that they did."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Madding Crowd.—NEWCOMER (at resort)—"Is this a restful place?"

NATIVE—"Well, it used to be until folks began comin' here for a rest."—*Boston Transcript.*

True Pity.—HOSTESS—"Doesn't it seem a shame, Mr. Jones, that this poor little lamb should have to die for us?"

MR. JONES—"Ah, yes, indeed! It is rather tough."—*Ideas.*

Easy Going.—"I shouldn't think it would be so bad living abroad."

"Why not?"

"If you can't pay your debts you just declare a moratorium. And if you are late for work you simply turn the clock back."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Incriminating.—WILLIE—"I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy."

TOMMIE—"What makes you think that?"

WILLIE—"Because he knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing."—*Puck.*

Preparation.—"My daughter has obtained a position in a lawyer's office. She starts on the first."

"And in the meantime is she doing anything to fit herself for the work?"

"Yes, she is reading 'Bertha, the Beautiful Blond Stenographer.'"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Indirect Taxation.—BRINKER—"Yes, your wife's clothes have cost me a good bit of money."

TINKER—"My wife's clothes! What do you mean?"

BRINKER—"Why, every time your wife gets a new gown, my wife must have one just as expensive!"—*Judge.*

Ladies, Try This.—Two ladies on the other side of the Border were holding a stairhead confab one morning on the troubles of life, and husbands in particular.

"I dinna wonder at some puir wives having to help themselves out of their husbands' trouser-pockets," remarked the one.

"I canna say I like them underhand ways myself," responded the second matron. "I jist turn ma man's breeches doonside up and help masel' off the carpet."—*Til-Bits.*

Her Turn.—Smith got married. The evening of his first pay-day he gave his bride fourteen dollars of the fifteen-dollar salary and kept only a dollar for himself.

But the second pay-day Smith gave his wife one dollar and kept fourteen dollars himself.

"Why, John," she cried, in injured tones, "how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"Darned if I know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."—*Topeka State Journal.*

Why the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift was Adopted as Standard Equipment on New Models

When we first heard of the Gear Shift we were frankly skeptical. Is it practical? Does it always work? Does it wear out the battery? These were questions that bobbed up in our minds. But the Gear Shift was important enough to warrant an investigation.

A committee of our engineers went to Milwaukee to get first hand information. When they returned they all wanted to talk at once. They told first of the Cutler-Hammer plant, staggering stories of size and efficiency, but when they came to the Gear Shift, they fairly boiled over with enthusiasm.

It was a long story—a story of unqualified success, a story of a product so perfect, so *competent* as to be almost uncanny.

Then followed the third degree. We installed the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift in the Premier Aluminum Six, we subjected it to the same gruelling treatment that every bit of mechanism had to undergo before it went into the car—every test known to engineering skill, involving months of time and thousands of miles of driving.

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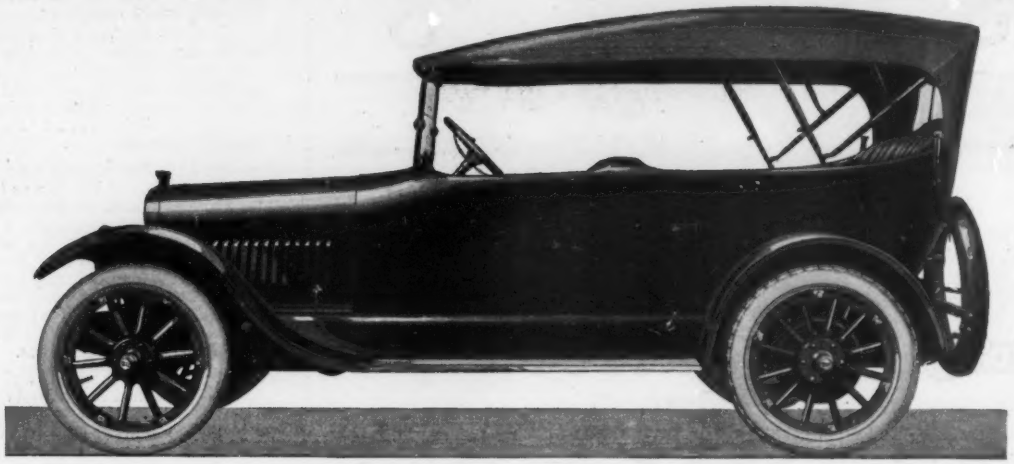
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CURRENT EVENTS

THE EUROPEAN WAR

WESTERN FRONT

December 14.—The British report taking a number of German trenches near Monchy-au-Bois, in the Arras sector, inflicting heavy casualties.

London states the belief that the German desire for peace is mainly due to tremendous losses on the Somme, where the German casualties are said to exceed 700,000, including 95,000 prisoners, according to independent French and British estimates.

December 15.—The French report another decisive success at Verdun as they drive the Germans back for two miles along a seven-mile front, capturing 7,500 prisoners. This is stated by the French press to be the hardest blow of the entire Verdun campaign. Vacherauville, Louvemont, Chambrettes Farm, and the forts at Hardaumont and Bezonvaux are taken by the French, together with many lines of trenches.

December 16.—In the face of a violent Teutonic attack, the French hold the gains of December 15, and report the capture of 1,500 additional prisoners, as well as the capture or destruction of 81 enemy guns.

December 18.—Paris states that the Crown Prince, in a counter-attack, attempts to regain the ground recently lost to the French, but, having taken one trench, loses it again. The entire three-day attack costs the Germans 11,387 men in prisoners alone, and the loss of 115 cannon, 107 machine guns, and 44 bomb-throwers.

December 19.—German counter-attacks are reported from the Verdun sector, without appreciable results however. An attempted French advance in the vicinity of Reims is reported repulsed by Berlin.

IN THE BALKANS

December 14.—London hears that the Entente have presented a new series of demands to Greece, to forestall attack on General Serrail's army, as it is announced that the Central Powers have renewed artillery attacks on Monastir, killing several citizens.

Additional Teutonic successes are announced from Roumania as the Central Powers take the entire Cernavoda bridge, driving out the defenders from the district. Russian troops within range of Korosmezo, at the Jablonica Pass, bombard the town. Contrary to previous reports, dispatches from Budapest state that the Roumanian Army in the Prahova Valley has escaped the German trap north of Sinaia, retiring to the district of Buzeu.

December 15.—The Greek King grants the latest Entente demands, calling for the withdrawal of all troops from Thessaly and the concentration of only a few in the Peloponnesus.

Practically all of Wallachia passes into Teutonic hands as the troops of the Central Powers take Buzeu with 4,000 prisoners. General Sakharoff's troops, driven back north of the Cernavoda-Constanza line, retreat toward the Danube swamps.

December 16.—The Teutonic forces continue their sweep through Wallachia, crossing the Buzeu River. Fighting is reported along the Sereth, in Moldavia, while troops cross the Bucharest-Futestit Railroad. Baltchik, on the Bulgarian Black-Sea coast, is shelled by the Russian fleet.



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December 17.—Berlin reports that the Teutons captured 1,150 more prisoners at the fall of Buzeu, with 19 locomotives and 400 cars, mostly loaded. The Roumanians retreat to the Danube loop in the Dobrudja and across the Sereth and the lower Calmatuiul rivers, in northern Wallachia. Braila and Galatz, in southeastern Moldavia, on the Danube, are evacuated by the Roumanians. The Bulgars take Fetechti, at the western end of the Cernavoda bridge, on the Danube.

December 18.—The remnants of the Roumanian Army are reported by London as safe behind the Russian lines near the Sereth for reorganization. Russia now is holding a front of 1,000 miles, from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

December 19.—The capture of 1,000 additional Roumanians and Russians on the Wallachian front is announced by Berlin. Captured oil-wells are said to have been found so slightly damaged that the oil can be taken from them, and much has been shipped, according to reports, back to Germany.

GENERAL

December 13.—German casualties for the war, as far as December 1, are reported by London to have been 3,921,869. The list for November exceeds 166,000.

Berlin states that since the beginning of the war, the Entente losses in warships have reached a total of 192, of which 123 were British. The total tonnage lost is 744,600.

December 14.—The Entente capitals receive the German peace-overtures with distrust, while the British House of Commons votes an additional war-credit of $2,000,000,000.

A panic is reported on the Tokyo stock exchange when peace is proposed. The governors accordingly order the exchange closed until December 16.

Orders of forcible deportation of Lithuanian peasants to work in Germany cause several riots, particularly in Suwalki. Many railways, telegraphs, and bridges are reported by London as destroyed.

Seventeen American muleteers and eleven of the British crew of the transport-ship *Russian* die as the vessel is sunk by a *U*-boat in the Mediterranean.

December 15.—The Russian Duma unanimously votes a categorical refusal to entertain any German peace-proposals at the present time.

London reports that the Entente Powers have agreed to grant safe-conduct to Count Tarnowski, the newly appointed Austrian Ambassador to the United States.

British troops, taking the offensive near Kut-el-Amara, occupy a number of Turkish positions on the Hal River, to the south of Kut.

December 18.—The Italian forces operating in the Carso sector take a crater south of Bos Comalo, according to Rome.

According to reports from Berlin, the French losses to date reach the total of 3,800,000 men. British losses number 1,300,000. At the same time it is claimed that on the Somme German losses have not passed the 500,000 mark, while the Allied losses there have been about 800,000.

FOREIGN

December 13.—John W. Garrett is selected to succeed Dr. Henry Van Dyke as Minister to the Netherlands, according to Dr. Van Dyke's report from The Hague.

December 14.—Edmund Schulthess, of Aargau, is elected President of Switzerland for 1917 by 176 out of 189 votes.

Jean Marius Antoine Mercié, noted sculptor and painter, dies in Paris, aged seventy-one. He was known in America as the sculptor of the Lee monument in Washington and the Francis Scott Key memorial in Baltimore.

According to Lisbon newspapers, the formation of a new cabinet along coalition lines is again considered.

The French Government decides on total prohibition throughout France of whiskies, brandies, and liqueurs, but not wines or beer.

Representatives of General Carranza admit that the First Chief has not signed the protocol between his country and the United States, and further state that the agreement is not sufficiently definite regarding the pursuit of bandits by American forces to admit of acceptance by him.

DOMESTIC

December 14.—The American submarine *H-3* is wrecked at the entrance to Humboldt Bay, Cal. The twenty-six members of the crew, after being imprisoned all day, are rescued.

The Senate passes by a vote of 64 to 7 the new Immigration Bill carrying the illiteracy clause twice vetoed previously.

The House Judiciary Committee votes to submit the nation-wide prohibition amendment at the next session of Congress. This forbids the sale and manufacture of liquor in the United States and its dependencies. The national suffrage amendment is also reported.

December 16.—The American Telephone and Telegraph Company announces a bonus of $6,000,000 to its employees, in view of increased business.

Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard University, dies suddenly in the midst of a lecture to students. He was fifty-three years old, and widely known as a psychologist, and more recently as a defender of the German side of the war.

December 19.—Boston votes to remain wet by 53,459 to 29,997.

Quick Work.—HICKS—"She married in haste."

WICKS—"And repented in leisure, I suppose."

HICKS—"No, she repented in haste, too."—*Somerville Journal.*

Provision for the Spirit.—"I'm awfully sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

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"I suppose you are a poor curate, sir?"

"Er—no," weakly replied the bishop, "not exactly—but—but I was once a curate."

"I see," commented the other; "that 'orrid drink again."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*



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The moderate wheel base of the Wolverine Eight, 118 inches, means easy handling anywhere; and its scientific distribution of weight gives this car extraordinary "*surefootedness*." Four full elliptic springs assure ease of riding almost incredible in its superiority.

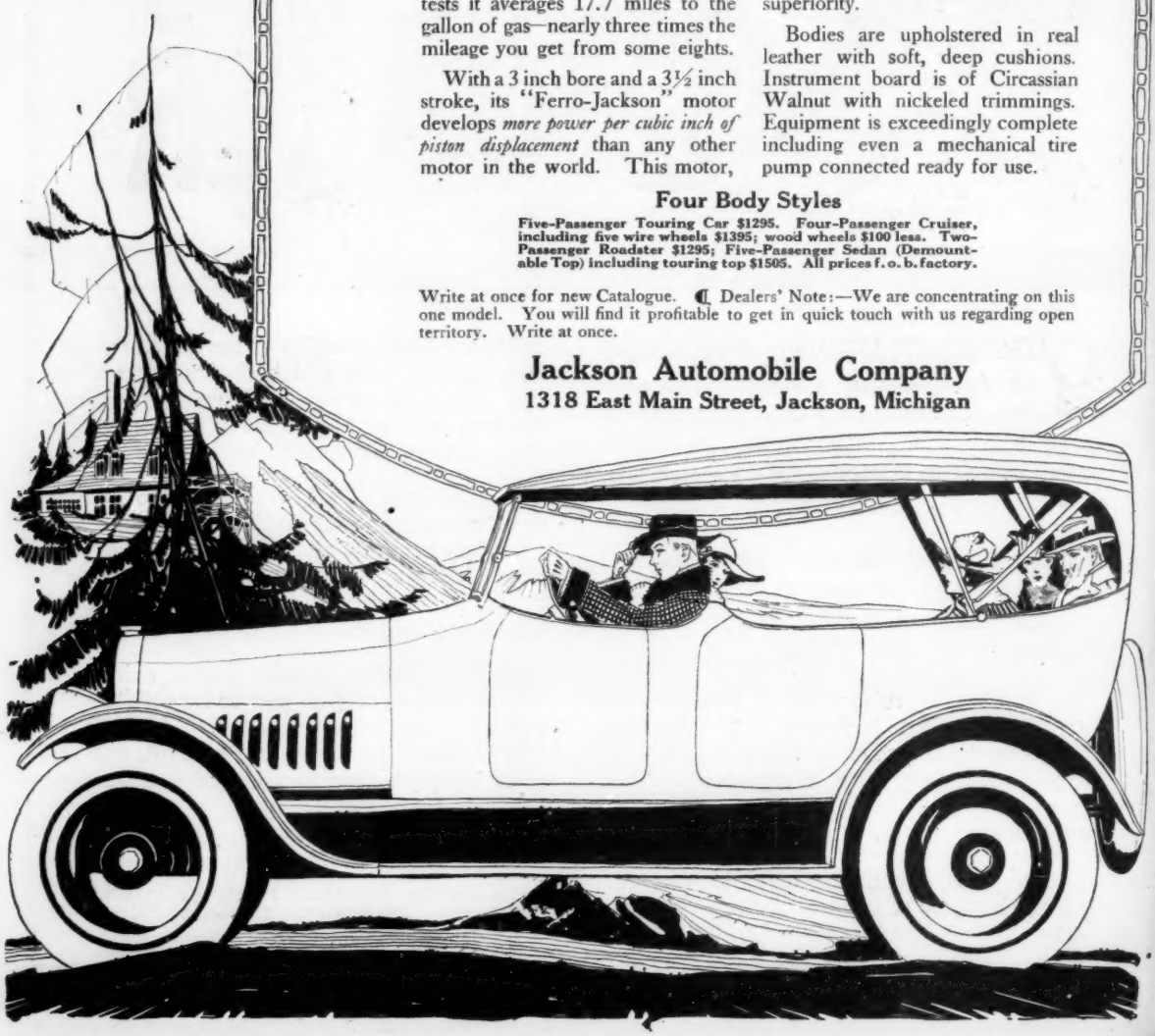
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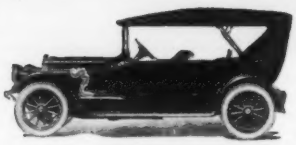
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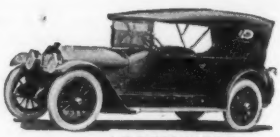


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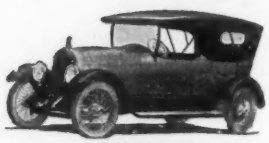




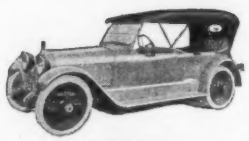
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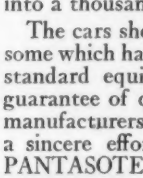
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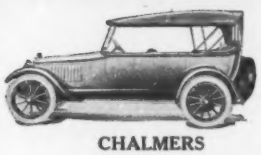
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

RECENT DECLINES IN FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS

IMMEDIATELY after the publication of the Federal Reserve Board's recent warning in regard to purchasing foreign Government bonds, there was a considerable decline in New York in their quoted prices. The best-known, the Anglo-French bonds, fell to a new low level—under 93—or one at which they yielded 6.95 per cent. on an investment in them. On other foreign issues the yield varied somewhere from 5 to 7 per cent. The warning of the Federal Reserve Board had, as its immediate result, the closing of subscription-lists for the new French municipal issues, which declined so that, on the curb, they could be purchased at a price to yield over 7 per cent. In the case of the Anglo-French bonds there have been contributing causes for the low prices at which they have sold since they were taken over by the syndicate. One notable cause was the announcement several months ago by the Du Pont Powder Company that it would use these bonds in paying some of its obligations, while more recently the Hercules Powder Company announced that it would pay 47½ per cent. of its extra dividend in these bonds. Combined with the action of the Federal Reserve Board, these causes may largely account for the low price of the Anglo-French bonds. Below is given a comparison, taken from *The Wall Street Journal*, of recent closing prices, with low- and high-record prices and the yield basis on which foreign bonds were selling:

	Present	*Low*	*High*	*Decline*	*Yield*
Anglo-French 5s, 1921	93½	93⅜	96¼	2⅝	6.95%
Am. For. Sec. 5s, 1919	98	98	99⅛	1⅛	5.98
Great Britain 5s, 1918	98¾	98	101	2¼	6.08
Great Britain 5s, 1929	98¾	98⅛	99¼	⅛	5.98
Great Britain 5s, 1921	98⅛	97⅝	98⅝	½	5.05
Canada 5s, 1921	99⅞	99⅞	100⅝	⅝	5.04
Canada 5s, 1926	99½	97⅛	101¼	1¾	5.05
Canada 5s, 1931	99⅞	96⅝	102¾	2⅛	5.02
Russia 6½s, 1919	99½	99½	102¼	2¾	6.60
Russia 5½s, 1921	94½	94	94⅝	¼	6.81
Paris 6s, 1921	96½	96¼	99⅛	2⅝	6.93
French Munic. 6s, 1919	97¼	96½	98	¾	7.04

The compiler of these statistics noted that a comparison of these war-issues with some of the foreign Government bonds that have been on this market for a considerable time "shows some discrimination against the new issues of the belligerent countries, altho there are not enough foreign bonds traded in here to make a very accurate comparison." Below are given recent closing prices, the high and low for this year, the declines from the high, and present yields on foreign issues that were previously listed in the New York market:

	Present	*Low*	*High*	*Decline*	*Yield*
Argentine 5s of 1909	92	89¾	95⅝	3⅝	5.84%
Chinese 5s of 1911	72½	69	78¾	5¾	7.50
Japanese 4½s, 1925	88½	82¼	88⅞	¾	6.32
Second 4½s, 1925	88¼	78½	88¼	...	6.31
Germ. st. 4½s, 1925	80⅝	73	84¼	3⅝	7.65

COMMODITY PRICES STILL HIGHER

Not since the period of reconstruction following the Civil War have commodity prices, such as those which now prevail, been known in this country. *Bradstreet's* index-number for December 1 stood at 13.6805, which is an advance of 7.9 per cent. over November 1 this year, of 28 per cent. over December 1, 1915, and of 51 per cent. over the like date of 1914, the latter practically four months after the war began. Compared with December 1, 1913, the increase is 48 per cent. *Bradstreet's* makes on these figures the following comments:

"It is interesting to note that at the opening of the present month, commodity prices, collectively considered, were 25 per cent. higher than the level registered at the outset of the year. While prices in the United States advanced 7 per cent. during the period November 1–December 1, the increase in England during the same time was 6.5 per cent., according to the London *Statist*, with the *Economist's* figures showing a rise of approximately 4 per cent. Few things have receded, the only conspicuous reductions being in wheat, corn, and flour, supplemented by some ease in hog products. To name the articles that are at high levels would entail a roll-call of our exhibit. But passing mention may be made of the altitudes to which provisions, leather, textiles, and metals have soared. Indeed, examination of our compilations discloses that live stock, provisions, hides, and leather, metals, oils, and building materials all reached peak points on December 1 last. It is noteworthy that the previous high-level mark for building materials, that touched in August of 1901, was surpassed by the index-number for December 1 this year. Perhaps high prices for non-essentials or commodities that need not be frequently used may be curbed by buyers refraining from making purchases; but in connection with such essentials as leather and wool, to name a few important commodities, relief is nowhere in sight, even tho current levels are higher than ever, and, of course, Australian wool is not available.

A wide range of price movements is set forth in the following table, in which are given the index-numbers (the totals of the prices per pound of ninety-six articles) for a period of years, opening, high, low, and closing points being indicated for the earlier years, with the monthly levels for the later ones:

1904		1911		1914	
Open'g	$7.9885	Jan	$8.8361	Jan	$8.8857
High	8.0973	Feb	8.7662	Feb	8.8619
Low	7.6318	Mar	8.6917	Mar	8.8320
Close	8.0579	April	8.5223	April	8.7562
1905		May	8.4586	May	8.6224
Open'g	8.0827	June	8.5294	June	8.6220
High	8.3014	July	8.5935	July	8.6566
Low	7.9073	Aug	8.6568	Aug	8.7087
Close	8.3014	Sept	8.8191	Aug 15	9.8495
1906		Oct	8.8065	Sept	9.7572
Open'g	$8.3289	Nov	8.8922	Oct	9.2416
High	8.9023	Dec	8.9824	Nov	8.8620
Low	8.2321	1912		Dec	9.0354
Close	8.9023	Jan	$8.9493	1915	
1907		Feb	8.9578	Jan	$9.1431
Open'g	$8.9172	Mar	8.9019	Feb	9.8621
High	9.1293	April	9.0978	Mar	9.6197
Low	8.5246	May	9.2696	April	9.7753
Close	8.5246	June	9.1017	May	9.7978
1908		July	9.1119	June	9.7428
Open'g	$8.2949	Aug	9.1595	July	9.8698
High	8.2949	Sept	9.2157	Aug	9.8213
Low	7.7227	Oct	9.4515	Sept	9.8034
Close	8.2133	Nov	9.4781	Oct	9.9774
1909		Dec	9.5462	Nov	10.3768
Open'g	$8.2631	1913		Dec	10.6473
High	9.1262	Jan	$9.4935	1916	
Low	8.2167	Feb	9.4502	Jan	$10.9163
Close	9.1262	Mar	9.4052	Feb	11.1415
1910		April	9.2976	Mar	11.3760
Open'g	$8.2631	May	9.1394	April	11.7598
High	9.2310	June	9.0721	May	11.7485
Low	8.7844	July	8.9522	June	11.6887
Close	8.7844	Aug	9.0115	July	11.5294
		Sept	9.1006	Aug	11.4414
		Oct	9.1526	Sept	11.7803
		Nov	9.2252	Oct	12.0399
		Dec	9.2290	Nov	12.7992
				Dec	13.6805

"The groups that make up the index-number are set forth in the following table:

	Dec. 1, 1915	Oct. 1, 1916	Nov. 1, 1916	Dec. 1, 1916
Breadstuffs	$0.1089	$0.1439	$0.1632	$0.1607
Live stock	.4085	.4925	.4970	.5030
Provisions	2.3992	2.8439	2.9491	3.1047
Fruits	.2545	.3277	.3727	.3447
Hides and leather	1.5925	1.8800	2.1650	2.5650
Textiles	2.6033	3.2315	3.4107	3.6236
Metals	.7446	.8948	.9248	1.0331
Coal and coke	.0071	.0084	.0124	.0125
Oils	.4256	.5122	.5518	.5620
Naval stores	.0962	.0825	.0843	.0917
Building materials	.0894	.1044	.1045	.1163
Chemicals and drugs	1.6469	1.2038	1.2116	1.2166
Miscellaneous	.2706	.3143	.3521	.3466
Total	$10.6473	$12.0399	$12.7992	$13.6805

"Three groups—breadstuffs, miscellaneous products, and fruits—declined, the last because of a drop in California lemons. Breadstuffs fell because of peace talk, and the miscellaneous division descended owing to a recession in Pacific-Coast hops. The other ten groups advanced, virtually all of them, in keeping with conditions that are well known and that have been operating for some time past."

MORE FOOD PRODUCTS THAN EVER

From Washington recently came an announcement, which strikingly confirmed the contention that several newspapers and others have maintained as to the causes of high prices for food. That these prices are largely due to exploitation rather than to scarcity seems to have been well-established. With some exceptions, it has been demonstrated by the Department of Agriculture that the food production in this country during the past ten or fifteen years has kept pace with the increase in population. In some instances, in fact, production per capita has actually increased in that time. For example: the per capita production of meat in the United States in 1909 was estimated by the Department of Agriculture at 213.9 pounds, whereas in 1915 it was 219.6 pounds. The production of milk in 1909 was 81.0 gallons per capita and in 1915 only 75.5 gallons; of poultry, 5.3 in number in 1909 and 5.5 in 1915; of eggs, 17.3 dozens in 1909 and 17.8 in 1915; of cereals, 35.3 bushels in 1909 and 40.2 in 1915; of sugar, 18.3 pounds in 1909 and 19.9 in 1915. The Department has pointed out that meats and dairy products constitute 37 per cent. of the average diet, fish, 2 per cent.; cereals, 31 per cent.; Irish and sweet potatoes, 13 per cent.; and other vegetables, 8 per cent. It noted in conclusion that, notwithstanding the rapid increase in population the production per capita of the commodities enumerated, with the exception of meats and dairy products, has remained in this country approximately the same or has increased.

THE PER CAPITA DEBTS OF NATIONS

A correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal*, having asked its editor for data showing the debts of the principal nations of the world before the war and their debts at the present time, has received the following data as to their national debts—that is, their Federal or Imperial debts, exclusive of state and provincial debts. The figures below for such debts are given with six ciphers omitted. For example: the pre-war debt of France was $6,607,000,000, while the present French debt is $18,005,000,000:

	Pre-War Debt	Per Cap.	Present Debt	Per Cap.
France	$6,607	$168	$18,005	$455
Great Britain	3,485	77.5	17,336	382
Germany	5,198	80.1	16,978	255
Austria-Hung'y	3,970	80.5	8,197	164
Italy	2,836	83.6	4,551	129
Turkey	640	26.7	999	47.1
Russia	4,537	28.3	7,161	43.7
Japan	1,251	23.9	1,234	23.3
United States	1,048	10.7	1,080	9.5

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BRITISH TRADE INCREASING

Figures for imports and exports in British trade continue to show higher returns. There has been large expansion in imports of food and raw materials. Cotton textiles, for example, in November, gained 2,500,000 pounds. At the same time, a decrease was noted in cotton goods shipped to the United States. Following is a summary of figures for November of this year as cabled to *The Journal of Commerce:*

"Statistics for November show increases in imports of more than £17,300,000 and increases in exports of £6,849,000 over the import and export figures of October. The principal increases in imports were: Food, £7,000,000; and raw material, £11,000,000. The raw material included cotton from America, £6,000,000, and cotton from Egypt, £1,500,000. The leading gains in exports were in manufactured articles, of which cotton textiles were represented by £2,500,000. Cotton goods exported in November aggregated 340,500,000 yards, compared with 348,847,000 yards in November, 1915. The exports to the leading foreign countries compare as follows (in yards):

	1916	*1915*
United States	5,079,000	5,024,000
India	87,549,000	137,902,000
China	21,080,000	22,884,000
Netherlands	3,451,000	1,454,000
France	4,880,000	13,355,000
Switzerland	8,051,000	1,614,000
Egypt	24,366,000	25,516,000
Cent. and So. America	48,603,000	29,547,000
Dutch East Indies	10,362,000	19,943,000
All other countries	127,079,000	135,426,000
Total	340,500,000	348,847,000

"Exports to the United States during the month included 313,000 yards of woolens, which compares with 313,000 yards the same month last year. Worsteds exported to the United States totaled 397,000 yards, against 1,222,000 yards in November, 1915. Of worsted yarns 1,000 pounds were exported to the United States, against 5,000 pounds a year ago. The following table shows the trade of the United Kingdom in November, 1916, compared with the same period in 1915:

November	*1916*	*1915*
Imports	£98,116,406	£71,622,274
Exports	51,563,965	35,639,166
Excess of imports	£46,552,441	£35,983,108
Jan. 1 to Nov. 30 (11 months)		
Imports	£893,510,812	£783,533,865
Exports	475,606,930	350,354,817
Excess of imports	£417,903,882	£433,278,048

"The following table gives the trade of Great Britain for the year to date, by months, compared with the corresponding months of last year and the previous year:

IMPORTS

	1914	*1915*	*1916*
January	£68,005,009	£67,246,391	£74,948,241
February	62,053,651	65,200,472	67,348,243
March	66,947,315	75,462,049	86,092,894
April	61,626,830	73,638,582	75,685,362
May	59,099,290	71,008,588	83,814,030
June	58,281,653	76,008,588	87,036,349
July	59,376,484	75,723,767	76,772,371
August	42,342,707	69,400,919	76,116,834
September	45,006,607	70,286,237	77,488,368
October	51,379,435	67,816,406	80,816,406
November	55,518,130	71,622,274	98,116,406
December	67,316,898	70,326,915	.....
Total for year	£696,635,113	£851,893,350	.....

EXPORTS

	1914	*1915*	*1916*
January	£47,806,165	£28,247,592	£36,757,167
February	41,261,797	26,176,937	36,335,782
March	44,518,661	30,176,066	37,598,119
April	39,916,822	32,169,733	36,817,832
May	59,099,290	71,600,894	47,024,411
June	58,281,653	76,008,588	47,274,563
July	44,405,380	34,731,511	46,323,057
August	24,211,271	32,438,855	47,720,323
September	26,674,101	32,308,432	43,477,677
October	28,601,815	31,968,965	44,714,96
November	24,601,619	35,639,166	51,563,905
December	26,278,928	33,947,519	.....
Total for year	£430,721,357	£384,865,448	.....

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